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NOVEMBER 16, 1946

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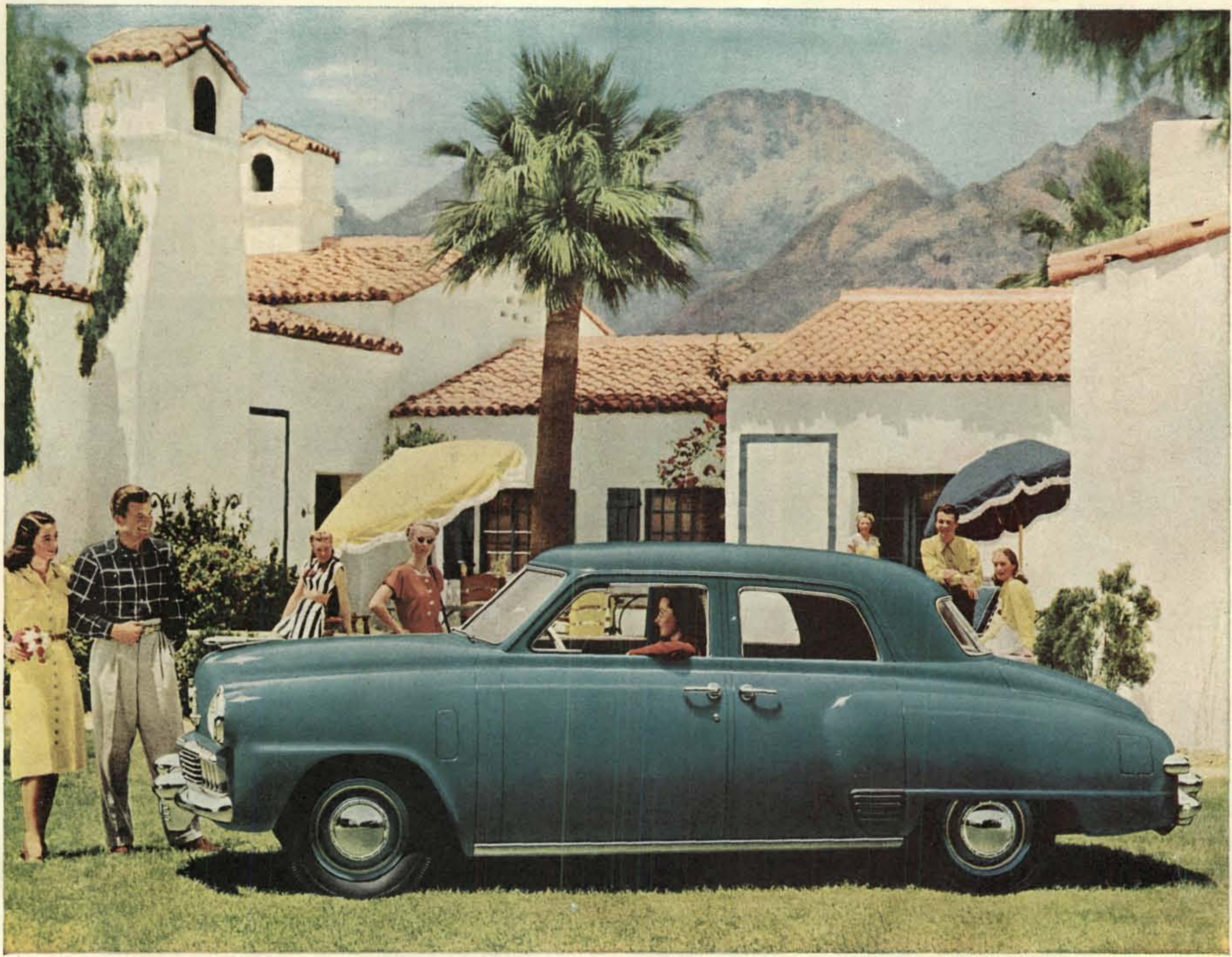

Actual color photograph of 1947 Studebaker Champion Regal De Luxe 4-door sedan

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Home-town pride and family pride go into Studebaker craftsmanship—And its high quality is evident in the way Studebaker cars and trucks stand up year after year, mile after mile. Most Studebaker craftsmen have made a lifework of their jobs. Unique father-and-son teams, such as Clayton L. and James J. Ash, shown above, are numerous.

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For weeks he had schemed to meet her and now, on his first date, he was definitely in the doghouse, and pretty unhappy about it. All evening she had acted bored, indifferent and sulky . . . and he hadn't the foggiest idea of what the trouble was. And she, of course, wouldn't tell him; ladies simply don't discuss delicate matters like that*.

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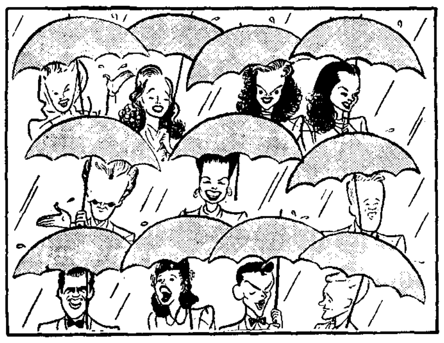
Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"
IN TECHNICOLOR
Starring (alphabetically)

JUNE ALLYSON — VAN JOHNSON
LUCILLE BREMER — ANGELA LANSBURY
JUDY GARLAND — TONY MARTIN
KATHRYN GRAYSON — VIRGINIA O'BRIEN
VAN HEFLIN — DINAH SHORE
LENA HORNE — FRANK SINATRA
ROBERT WALKER (*as Jerome Kern*)

Story by Guy Bolton. Adapted by George Wells
Screen Play by Myles Connolly and Jean Holloway
Based on the Life and Music of JEROME KERN
Directed by................RICHARD WHORF
Produced by................ARTHUR FREED



The fountain of melody that was turned on by the undying talent of Jerome Kern comes now to the screen in a lush geyser, illuminated by Technicolor, and entitled "Till The Clouds Roll By". This new M-G-M film, presented so beautifully, artistically, and personally, places the accent where it belongs—on the story behind the songs.

Today we are singing and dancing to the Kern tunes of two generations. The talent that went to work at the turn of the century will live, perhaps forever, in the strains of "Ol' Man River", "All The Things You Are", "Who?", and a hundred other hits. The showmanship which was his has created such memorable evenings as "Sally", "Sunny" and "Showboat". America is rich in its popular composers but along with Stephen Foster a special niche in the Hall of Lilting Fame is reserved for Jerry Kern.

M-G-M has done well by the theme of a self-made man on the Broadway scene, one who never grew old but was always in tune with the people about him. The cast is a "Who's Who" of acting and singing talent. Judy Garland plays Marilyn Miller, and Robert Walker gives the best performance of his career in his impersonation of Jerome Kern. June Allyson, as a musicomedy star, sings the title song, "Till The Clouds Roll By".

The celestial array continues with Lucille Bremer lyrically requesting "One More Dance", and Van Johnson replying "I Won't Dance" (but he does!); Kathryn Grayson singing "Long Ago And Far Away"; Lena Horne wondering "Why Was I Born?"; Tony Martin sighing for "All The Things You Are"; Dinah Shore singing "They Didn't Believe Me"; Frank Sinatra bringing the house down with "Ol' Man River"— and many, many more stars.

Guy Bolton deftly wove the story, George Wells adapted it, and Myles Connolly and Jean Holloway wrote the screen play. Arthur Freed's production is masterful throughout, and Richard Whorf's direction has the authentic touch. "Till The Clouds Roll By" is pure sunshine!

COLLIER'S
November 16, 1946

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●

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

TREE LOVERS

DEAR EDITOR: Men like Francis Bartlett, whose work is described in Rita Halle Kleeman's Clinic of the Forest (Oct. 26th), long ago recognized this obligation to a better life and have done much to increase the love for fine trees. Although a few persons still look on trees as merely things that drop leaves which must be raked up, I am happy to observe that there are many thousands of tree-loving Americans who really appreciate the important part trees play in our daily lives.

P. P. PIRONE, Assoc. Prof. of Plant
Pathology, Rutgers University.
New Brunswick, N. J.

. . . Government foresters, entomologists and pathologists have thus far been able to make only a small-scale and spotty attack on the problem. More intensive warfare would save much valuable timber. A bill was introduced in the last session of Congress that would have authorized a stepped-up program, but Congress adjourned without taking action on it.

DANA PARKINSON,
U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, Forest Service.

BRAINS AND BEAUTY

DEAR SIR: Three cheers for girls like Susan and Gisella Svetlick (Brains in the Ballet, Sept. 28th). Nice girls like them are hard to find. However, I'm keeping my eyes open.

HUGH F. BASKIN, Poynor, Texas

INCOME AND OUTGO

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In the article, Chaos on the Coast (Sept. 21st), Mr. Marshall says, "the California Unemployment Fund was headed for bankruptcy . . . by early summer it was more than $15,000,000 in the red."

The Fund increased by some $12,000,000 during the year when readjustment from wartime employment in this state was at its peak. Since June 30, 1946, the Fund has further increased to $716,000,000—a long way from "bankruptcy."

No doubt Mr. Marshall was referring to the fact that in the earliest months of this year disbursements outstripped income. The rate of pay-outs has now dropped, however, to a point within current income.

T. H. MUGFORD, Chief,
Division of Accounts & Tax Collections,
California Department of Employment.

SLEEPING PILLS

DEAR EDITOR: The article Lethal Lullaby (Oct. 19th) seems to me to be a forthright presentation of the situation which certainly does not overemphasize the extent of the misuse of the barbiturates. The House of Delegates of the American Medical

(*Continued on page 56*)

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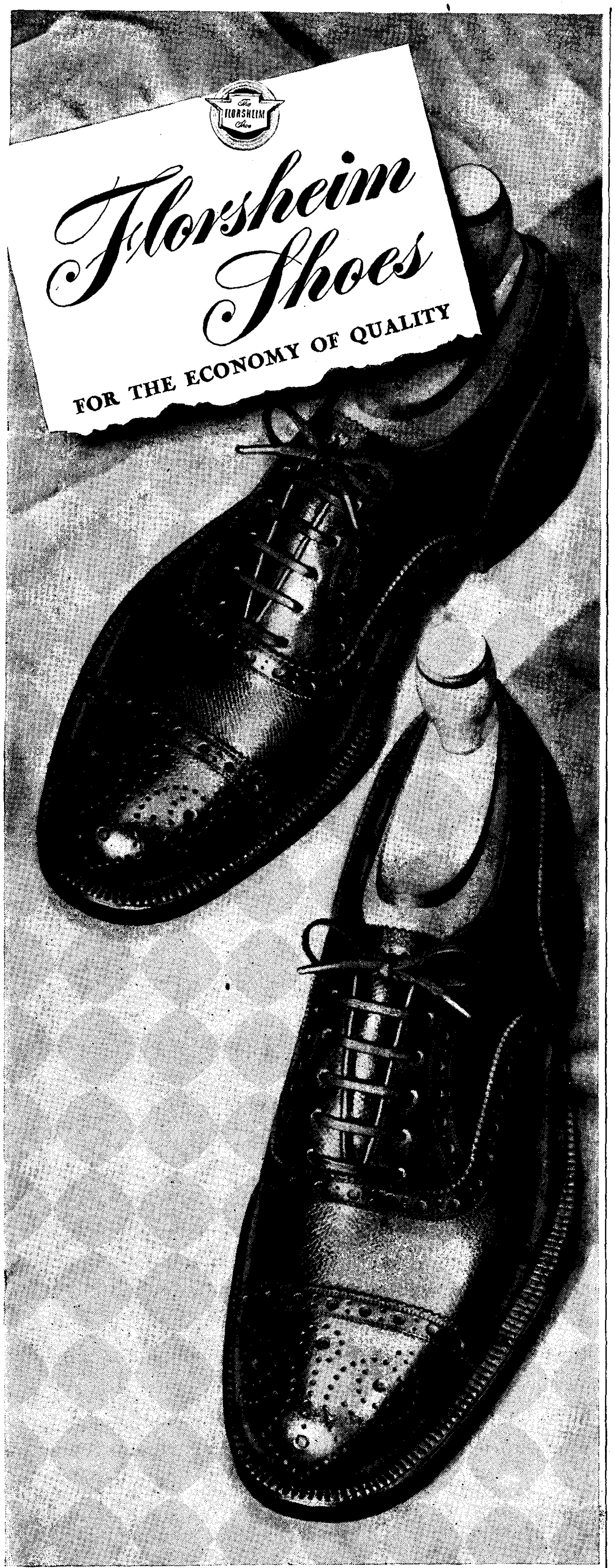

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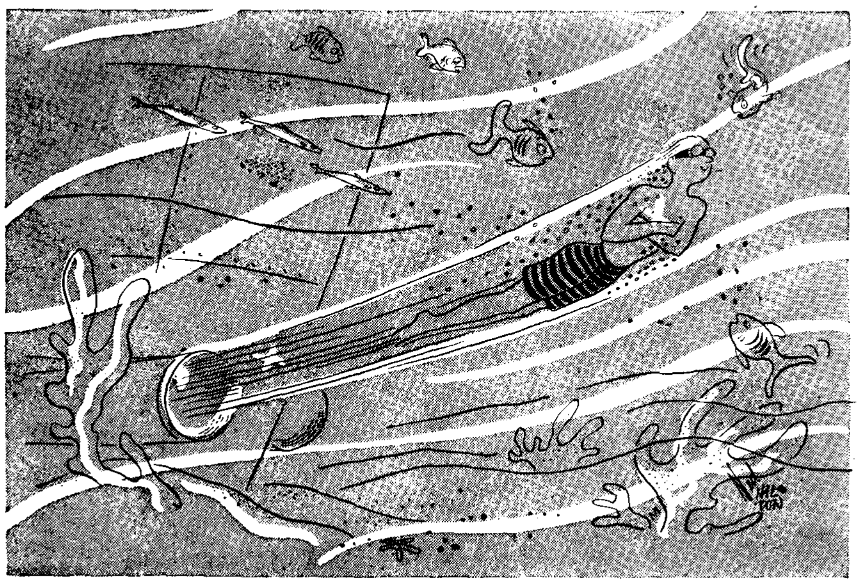


NED HILTON

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

To prove that men could escape from a sunken submarine by being shot out of its torpedo tubes, Ensign Kenneth Whiting of the U.S. Navy was propelled in this manner from the Porpoise while it was lying on the ocean floor off the Philippines in 1909. Although ordered not to try it, he was later commended by the Navy; and submarine commanders were urged to use his method in emergencies. But Whiting is still the only man who ever attempted it.

The largest sum of money ever received from the sale of a private library in the United States was the $1,932,000 brought by the 14,588 lots of books and manuscripts of Robert Hoe auctioned in New York in 1911-1912. But the world's record sum was the $2,975,000 received for the collection of Samuel Christie-Miller which, in 13,707 lots, was sold in London between 1916 and 1927.

The oldest symbol representing a word is "&," known as the ampersand. Originally, it was one of the 5,000 signs in the world's first shorthand system which was invented by Marcus Tiro in Rome in 63 B.C. and used for 1,000 years. Not only is "&" the only one of these signs to have survived, but it is used today as the symbol for the word "and" in several hundred languages.—*By Charles A. Grefe, Washington, D. C.*

In Great Britain, the rank and title of a baronet is inheritable and a man who claims succession must prove that he is the rightful heir. As holding a baronetcy is a highly prized honor which automatically makes a man and his family members of the nobility, potential heirs spend much time accumulating the necessary papers. Yet, of the 1,294 baronetcies in existence today, 30 are vacant because succession cannot be proved.

Making dresses and other garments from used flour and feed bags decorated with colored designs has become so popular in the past ten years that probably 20 per cent of the 500,000,000 bags sold in 1946 will be printed for this purpose.

A new feature has recently been added to bullfighting in Spain to increase its excitement. The barbed darts plunged into the neck of the animal to enrage it are now equipped with an incendiary device that, on contact, bursts into flame and inflicts such pain that the bull virtually goes insane. In the first fight with these fire darts, a crazed bull gored one horse through its heavy protective mat and tossed another horse and its rider several feet off the ground.

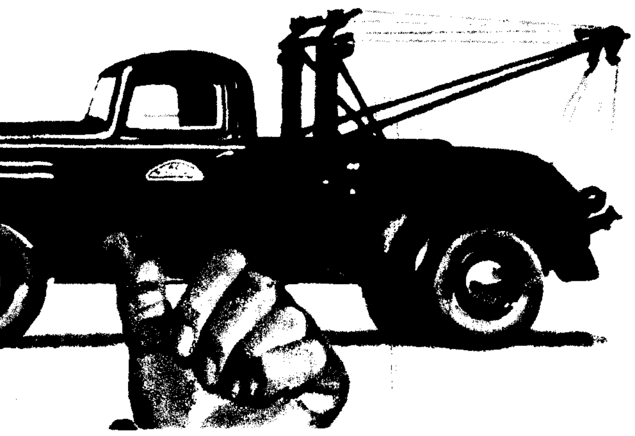
Trains of the Southern Pacific passing through its 35 miles of tunnels and snowsheds in the Sierra Nevada and Cascade Mountains are hauled by a unique type of locomotive whose cab is in the forward end instead of the rear. Thus the vision and comfort of the engine crew is not endangered by the smoke and steam that would otherwise envelop them. In fact, in these tunnels, the steam escaping at nearly 800 degrees F. is so hazardous that, in trains carrying livestock, ten cars separate the locomotive from the first car of animals to protect them from overheating.—*By A. H. Hoffman, South Pasadena, Calif.*

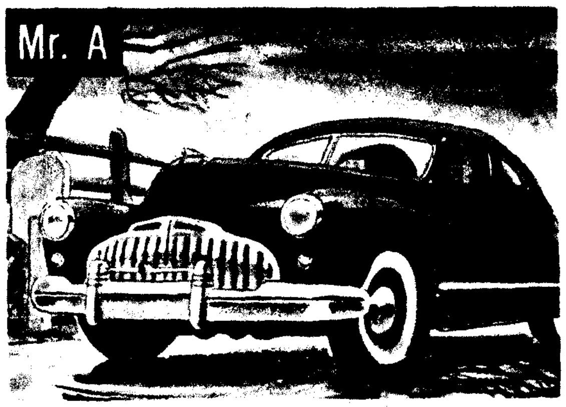
A recent study of the longevity of Americans shows that white males up to the age of 60 have an average expectation of life 2.04 years longer than Negro males, while after 60 the Negroes have an average expectation 0.41 years longer than the whites. But white females have a greater expectation than Negro females until the age of 75, averaging 3.63 years longer, while after 75 Negro women average 0.44 years longer than white women.

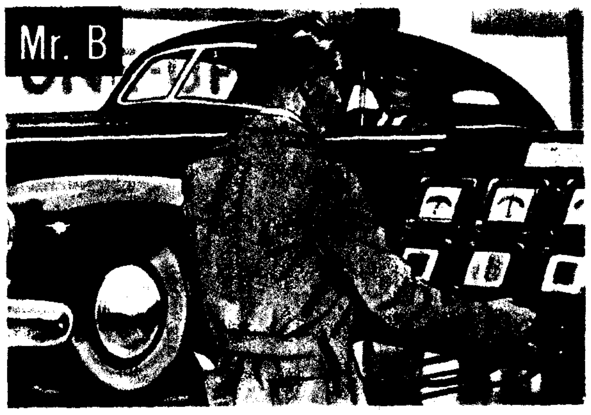
The largest rainbow trout ever caught by an angler was taken from Pend Oreille Lake in Idaho on July 15, 1946. The official record of its weight is 32.5 pounds, or 13 times that of the average-sized rainbow.

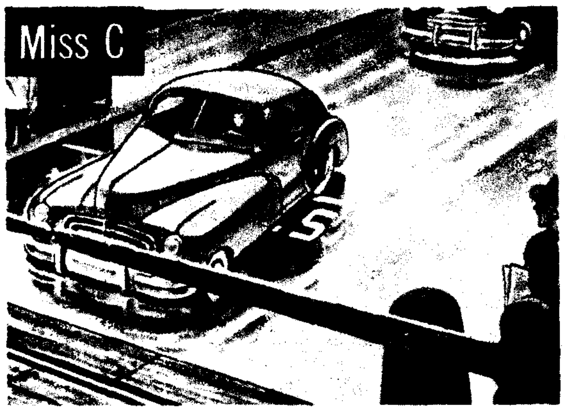
Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. *This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission*

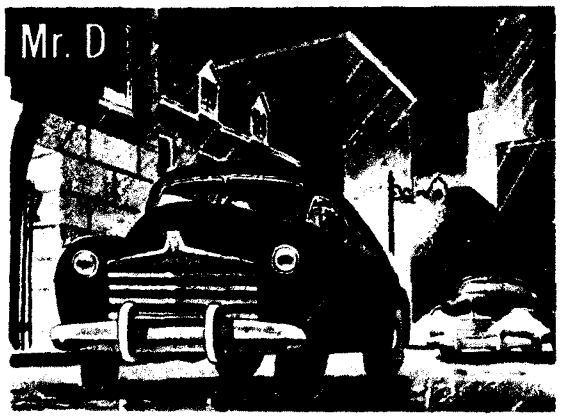
who's next? CAN YOU PICK THE FOUR DRIVERS WHOSE CARS ARE MOST LIKELY TO WIND UP BEHIND A TOW TRUCK?

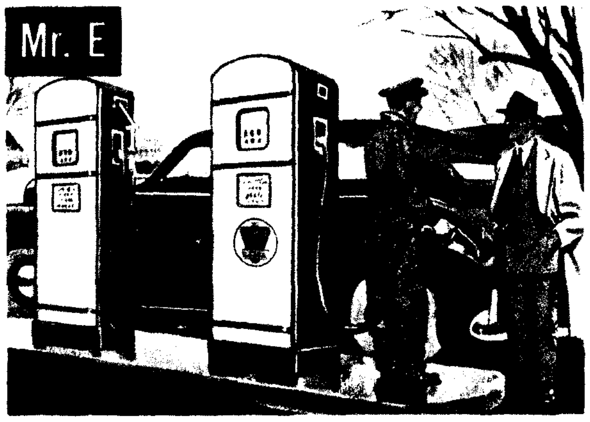


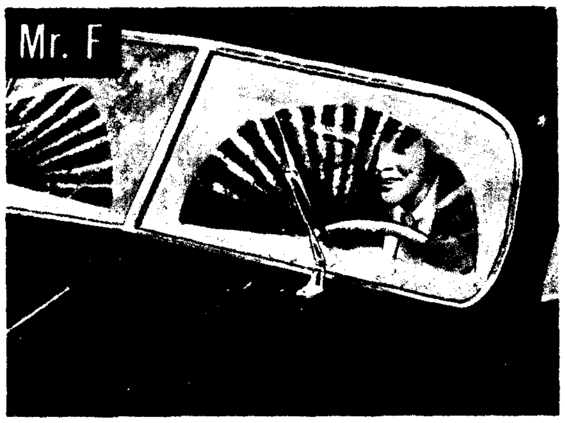












Check your answers with these—

Mr. A is a candidate for the tow truck if he doesn't keep his tires inflated. That soft tire on his left front wheel may heat up, blow out—and then anything can happen.

Mr. B isn't likely to be a tow truck customer, because he regularly brings his car in for a check-up—keeps his brakes adjusted, his engine tuned up and everything else shipshape.

Miss C pulls up too close to the lowered gates at a railroad crossing. If her nice new car should be bumped from behind and pushed into the path of a train, it might take more than a tow truck to get it unscrambled!

Mr. D forgets to turn on his lights before he pulls away from the curb. Another driver may not see him, and the tow truck will get a new customer.

Mr. E isn't likely to have trouble. How do we know? Just look at the gasoline he's buying. A man who knows the value of good products—Ethyl gasoline, high-quality oil, batteries, anti-freeze, tires—is more apt to keep his car trouble free. By spending a few extra pennies in the service station he often saves dollars on the road.

Mr. F has put off getting new windshield wiper blades. He won't be able to see a tree that's down across the road . . . so he'll soon be looking for a telephone to call the tow truck.

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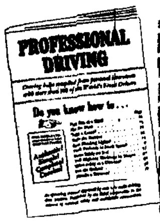

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THE WEEK'S WORK

Barbara Corrigan

THE short story by Barbara Corrigan, The Star Lake Murder (p. 93), is her first to appear in a magazine of national circulation. But it's not her only writing. A year ago, Charles Scribner's Sons published her first novel, Voyage of Discovery, and prior to that she wrote all sorts of things: sales talks for magazine subscriptions, pep talks for a house organ and even radio scripts. The latter were for a program that was talked about a lot but was never produced.

Born in Ogden, Utah, Mrs. Corrigan has bounced about the country ever since. She remembers attending thirteen grammar schools and four high schools, but only one university, California. She's lived in Utah, California, Texas, Florida, Illinois, Oregon, New York and Mexico. Eight years ago she married George Corrigan, a philologist who, she says, "has long ago given up trying to teach me to spell or punctuate."

Mr. and Mrs. Lagemann

The Corrigans are living in California with a cocker spaniel named Golden Luster—after their fifth wedding anniversary. And if you want to be popular with them, you'll ask why. "Simple," says Barbara. "Luster means a five-year period in Latin. We call him Lusty and he is. A very mean little dog, too."

JOHN KORD LAGEMANN (author of Handwriting on the Ice, p. 18) wonders why Americans aren't more curious about international relations, which in his opinion have as many thrills as baseball and more drama than soap opera—two fields which get a wider audience. He says: "Probably one reason is that it's hard for correspondents to write of foreign affairs without getting solemn and pontifical."

Lagemann isn't likely to get that way, feeling as he does about many things, including the Marx Brothers. In this connection he says: "The butler's-pantry view my reporting jobs have given me of international diplomacy makes me appreciate Groucho's profound contribution to the art of wearing a swallow-tailed coat." Lagemann has watched a good many swallowtail-coated gentlemen in action, since his first foreign assignment to the League of Nations in Geneva in 1929.

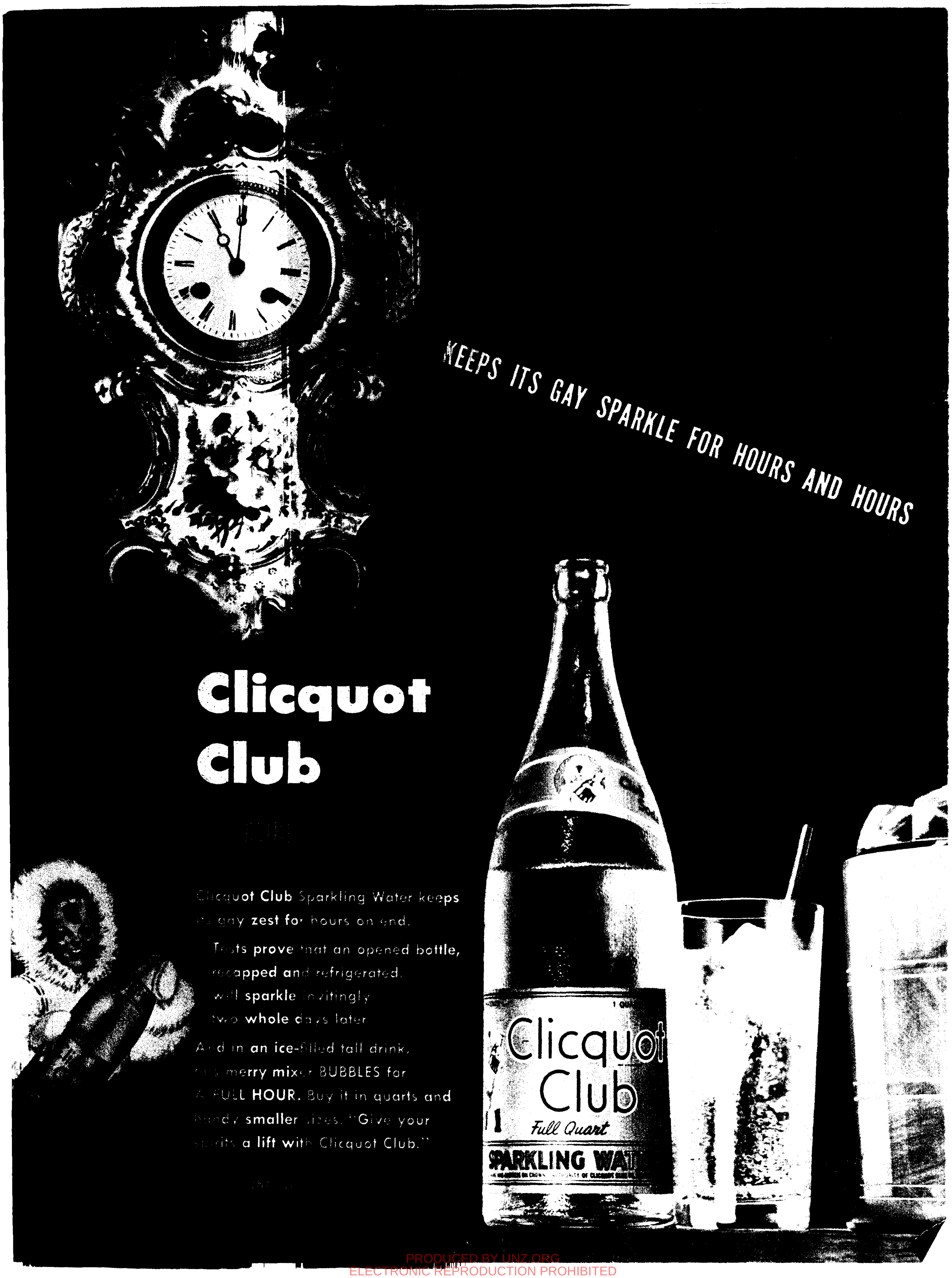
THE shame of Avery S. Denham's childhood was that she couldn't sing very well (although she writes very well indeed about singing, in her article, Preacher in Song, p. 44). "I come from an old and noted clan of musicians," she tells us. "I was brought up on opera and German lieder. My earliest memories have to do with my parents intermittently trying out my voice, and their dismay at my squeaky tones. I heard a great deal about 'the uncles,' and what they would think of me."

She lived in fear that these two relatives might appear—until one day she learned that the uncles, Max and Maurice Strakosch, opera impresarios, managers of Adelina Patti, died long before she was born.

WHEN Lawrence Galton first suggested an article on conquering the pain of childbirth "through mental education rather than use of drugs," Associate Editor Andy Fontaine was sufficiently interested in the novel notion to go part way with Galton in his investigations. He ended up as enthusiastic as the author of Motherhood Without Misery (p. 13).

This piece is Galton's first since "reconversion"—until July he was an Army lieutenant, stationed in Berlin. . . . A. P.

Lawrence Galton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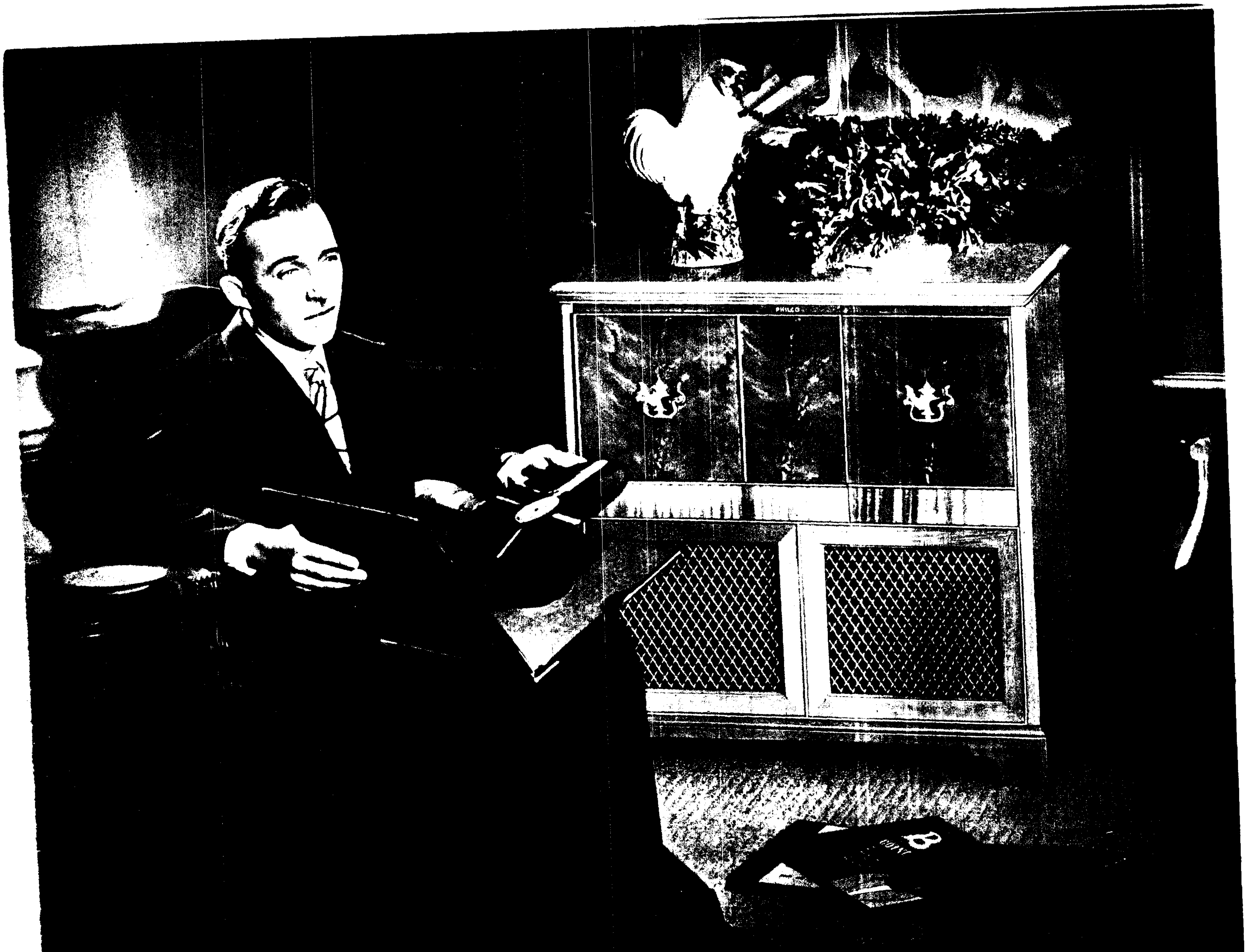

Good Listening . . . BING CROSBY AND A PHILCO

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Illustrated is Bing Crosby listening to a Philco 1213 Chippendale Radio-Phonograph, now on display at Philco dealers

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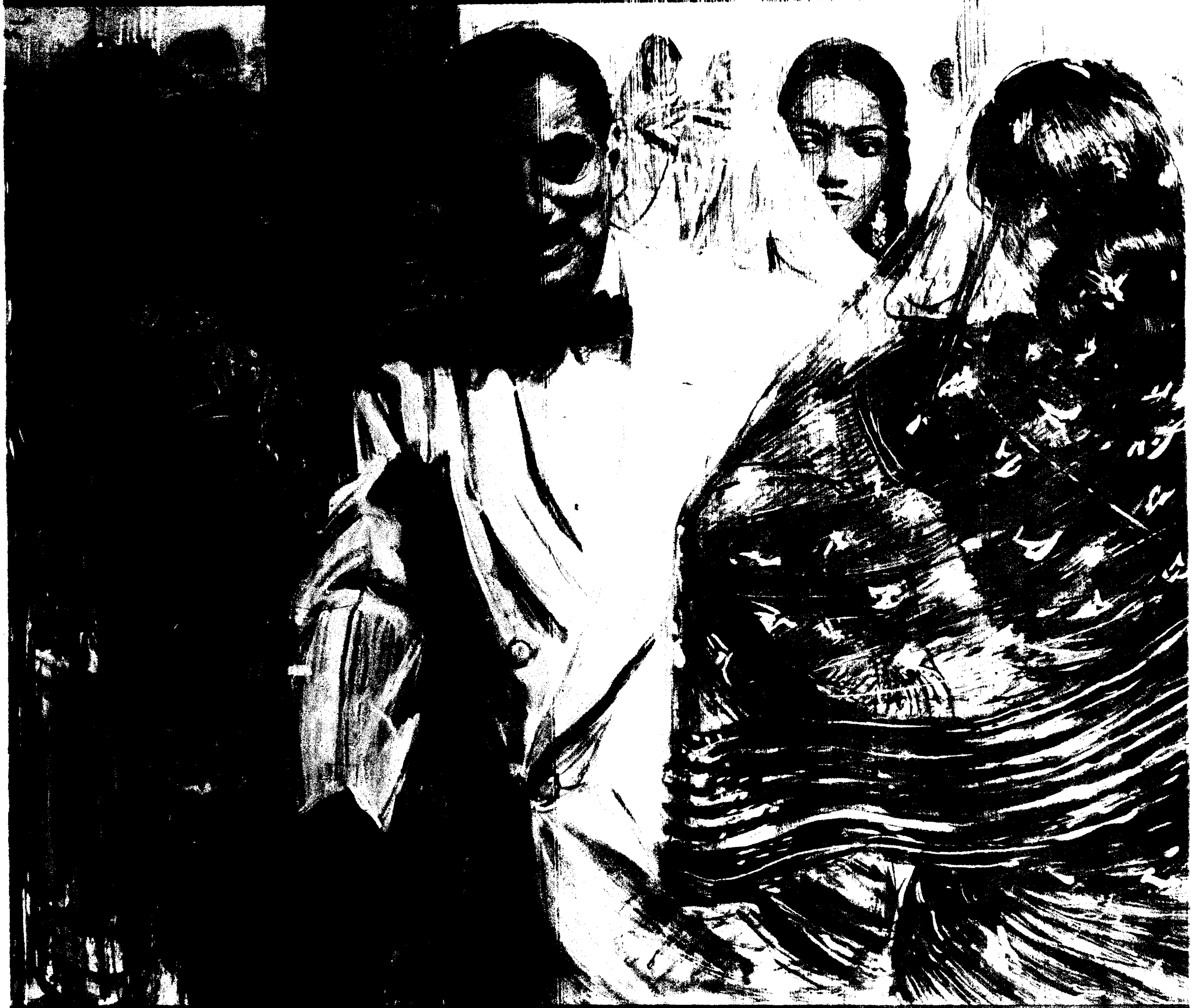
I'll always remember that first sight of Ram—he seemed the only touch of white in an orgy of color.



THE VULTURES

BY
BEVERLEY
NICHOLS

Wherever he went, whatever he did, they watched him. Theirs were the relentless eyes of day, of night, of distance, of history—and of death

I FIRST met Ram in Bombay toward the end of April, 1940. He must have been about thirty. The occasion was a cocktail party given by one of the rich Parsis who live in those big houses on Malabar Hill. Ram was a Parsi himself, of course; in fact, the whole of this story is about his being a Parsi, and what it did to him.

I shall always remember that first sight of him because he seemed the only touch of white in an orgy of color. In the background were the flame trees, blazing in the late sunshine, and against them the cool blue of the jacquerandas. All around me were saris—and I needn't remind you that Bombay women like their saris bright—they were magenta, and ice-cream pink, and peacock green and heaven knows what else. Through this kaleidoscope I saw Ram advancing toward me relentlessly, with his face like a big white blob. He was very proud of his white skin—which is queer, when you think how he loathed the British. People used to say unkind things about the money he spent on face creams and powders. I don't know if they were true. Probably.

I had been warned that he was a crashing bore. He was. He had an idea that he could write; and whenever anybody even remotely connected with literature appeared in Bombay—whether he was British or American or French or Dutch—Ram was on his doorstep within forty-eight hours, armed with a pencil and a notebook, politely requesting an interview. The interviews were so ghastly that they were hardly ever published, but the celebrities couldn't be expected to know that. When the interview was over, Ram would murmur, "Excuse . . ." and fish out of his pocket an envelope containing some of his own manuscripts—poems, stories, essays—all terrible. He would press these on his victims, with a request that they should read them and send him their opinions. Sometimes, out of politeness—or maybe in sheer desperation—the celebrities would scribble him a note of conventional praise. Ram treasured these notes as if they were nuggets, extracted the juicy bits, and printed them in leaflets which he sent his friends. This sort of thing:

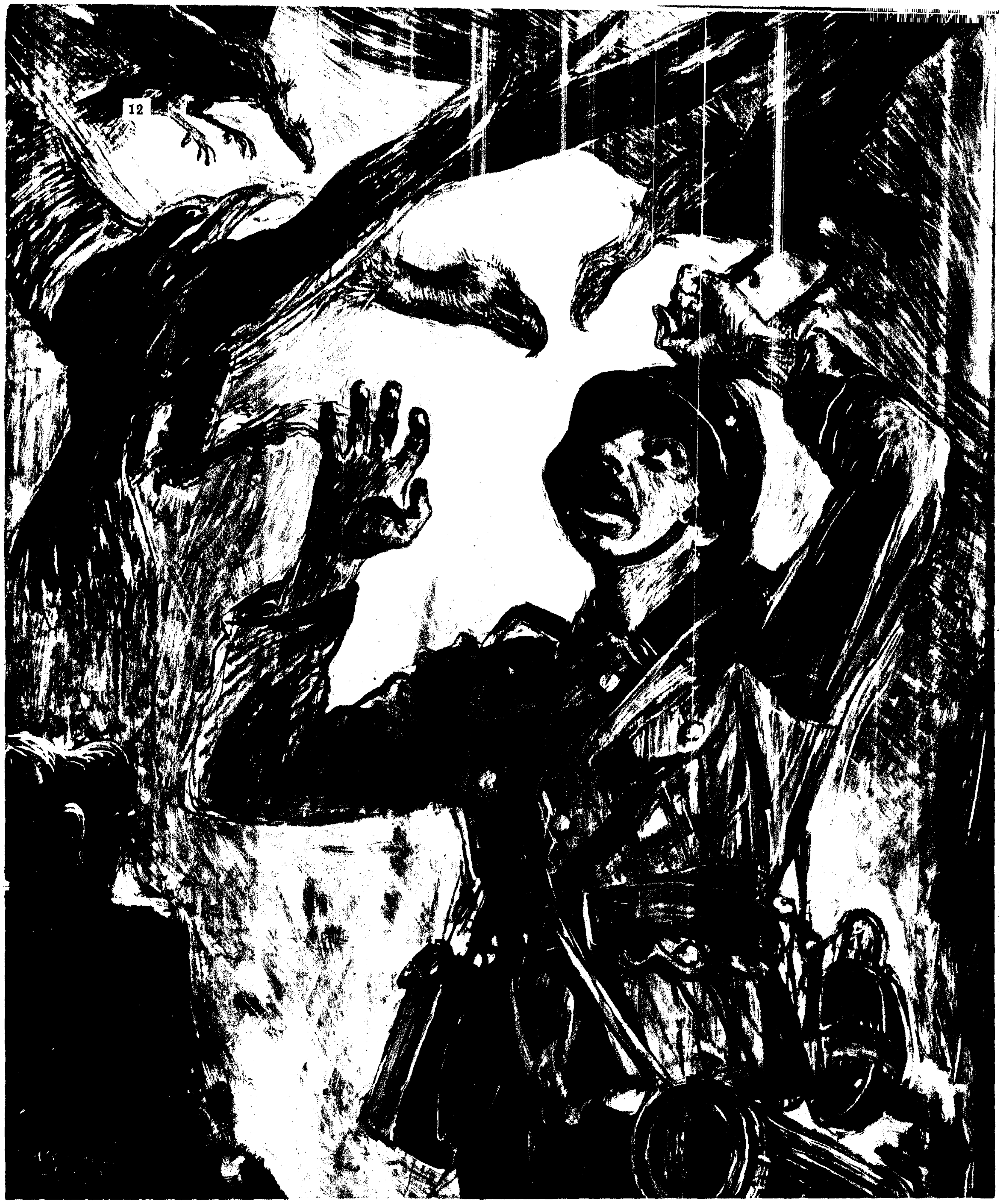
"You have chosen an inspiring subject." Noel Coward.

"Shows a genuine love of nature." Stafford Cripps.

"These problems must certainly be faced." Eleanor Roosevelt.

Since he was such a bore, I often wonder why I saw so much of him. Maybe it was because I felt

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS



"The wultures—they are coming for me . . . Please come . . . please!" There was a dreadful urgency in the voice

that he was rather pathetic; he'd so obviously have given his soul to be able to write a decent sonnet. I also found that, on one subject at least, he was very good "copy." Like every other journalist who's ever had a drink in the Taj Mahal Hotel, I was dallying with the idea of a book on India, and Ram typified the blind, unreasonable hatred of the young Indian intellectual for everything British. Mind you, I don't think the British record is stainless by any means. I am a Swede—but during the war I was pro-Ally. I still am. And Britain was a noble Ally. But for Ram every page of that British record dripped with blood. To him, the most harmless old clerk, sweating in the Army and Navy stores, was a licentious baby-killer.

We used to walk up and down Cuffe Parade under the palm trees in the cool of the evening, while he held forth on the evils of British rule.

"The prisons are overflowing!" he would cry, waving his fat white hands. "The people are starving. There will be a terrible vengeance."

"You've been saying that for a good many years."

"Yes, but the hour has struck at last." (He always talked in melodramatic clichés.) "Germany will win the war. And then . . ."

"And then, I suppose, everything in the garden will be beautiful?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "At least," he said, "it will be better than the British."

IT MUST have been a month before I asked Ram to take me to the Towers of Silence on Malabar Hill. As you know, this is the place where the Parsis take the bodies of their dead, and leave them to be devoured by the vultures. It sounds pretty shocking, though I don't think the shock is logical; after all, if you believe that the body is nothing and the spirit everything, it can't very much matter what happens to your flesh and bones; you might very well argue that it is better for your mortal remains to be swept up in that way, and carried off into the air, than to be left to the mercies of worms.

Anyway, I wanted to see the place; and you couldn't get inside unless a Parsi took you.

When I asked Ram, he went quite pale. "No!" he cried. "Please do not ask such things."

"But why not? You're a Parsi, aren't you?"

"Of course I am a Parsi." He spoke proudly, though his voice was trembling.

"And you believe in all this?"

"I believe in it."

"And one day . . ." I paused. I couldn't think of a polite way of saying, "One day those birds will be eating *you*."

Ram sighed. He was evidently in deep distress. Then he said, in a sort of whisper, "I do not like the wultures." (He could never pronounce the English v.)

"Well, I don't suppose anybody likes the idea of dying."

"It isn't that. It is the wultures."

"If you feel like that, why not be cremated? Or buried?"

"That would be impossible, under our religion."

"But there's no *law* forcing you to be a Parsi—any more than there's a law forcing you to be a Christian or a Hindu."

"The wultures would get me, whatever I did, and wherever I was."

"That's sheer nonsense, Ram, and you know it. You might be drowned in the middle of the Atlantic. What'd your vultures do about it then?"

He did not answer. So I let the matter drop.

ALL the same, on the following Sunday he took me. It was his duty, he said, to his great Swedish friend. And he made a number of rather pompous remarks about Parsi hospitality. I think his real reason was that he wanted to see if he could overcome his revulsion; he felt my presence would be comforting to him.

As things turned out, I was no help at all. It was all right as long as we were going round the gardens, listening to the guide explaining the Parsi philosophy (it's rather beautiful in some respects, with its doctrine of the purity of fire, and all that), but when we drew near the Towers I began to feel ill at ease. They aren't really towers; they're more like miniature arenas, with a high wall running right around them. No one ever enters them, except the men who carry in the dead bodies, and they only stay long enough to say a prayer, and hurry out again.

But the vultures are there, all the time, perched in the neighboring trees, waiting. There were a lot of them that afternoon. There was going to be a funeral at sunset and, according to Ram, they always knew when a banquet was on its way. You'd think they could read the obituary columns.

We stood there in the shade of a eucalyptus tree, staring up through the branches at those great black brutes. They sat very still, not fluttering a feather. The sun shone on their cruel beaks; they looked incredibly evil. You felt that they were hungry for blood. Far away in the road I could hear cars going by, and the cries of children. Here there was no sound, only those black things, watching.

Then Ram broke the silence. "They go for the eyes first," he whispered. His face was whiter than ever, and his forehead glistened with sweat.

"They always go for the eyes," he repeated, in a sickly, singsong voice. "They like them best."

"Shut up, Ram. You make me sick."

He seemed not to hear me. He might have been hypnotized.

"Come on," I said. "Let's go." I turned, and hurried down the hill.

When he caught up with me, I felt rather ashamed of myself. After all, I'd asked to be taken. "Sorry," I said, "but birds like that are best kept for the cool weather."

(Continued on page 68)

MOTHERHOOD WITHOUT MISERY

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

A new obstetrical technique is getting startling results in achieving childbirth without the use of anesthetics and without pain

ONE noon in 1943 when a hysterical woman lay in labor in a small Lakewood, New Jersey, hospital, a call brought Dr. Blackwell Sawyer hurrying from his lunch.

On that particular day, a book by an English doctor, ordered in 1941 but delayed by the blitz, had finally arrived. Sawyer was in the midst of reading it when the call came. Reaching the hospital, he made a quick decision. He was going to try the revolutionary technique advocated by Dr. Grantly Dick Read, the famed London obstetrician.

The result was startling. With a few words, Sawyer turned a screaming woman into a calm, co-operative patient. One hour later, almost painlessly, and without anesthetic, the baby was born. Immediately, before the first cry had died away, the mother looked at her baby, smiled and said to Sawyer:

"You changed my delivery from a nightmare into the finest experience of my life. Why didn't you tell me about this sooner?"

After his own amazement that day in 1943, Sawyer tried a year-long test in 1944. The new technique was successful with nine out of ten of the 168 patients on which he used it, and results have been the same ever since.

I went down to Toms River, New Jersey, to see and talk to Sawyer, to nurses in the Lakewood hospital where he practices, and to patients themselves.

I have a young son of my own, and youngsters in my family are numerous. I've heard many mothers talk about childbirth, but none like those in Toms River. I could scarcely believe them.

"This," they told me, "isn't just painless childbirth—it's a whole new concept of childbirth—childbirth without fear—childbirth as the finest, most thrilling experience a woman can have."

The Read theory, which Sawyer uses, has been a long time developing. Thirty-five years ago, fresh from Cambridge, Grantly Dick Read took up practice in London's crowded, poor East End, where much of his work was obstetrics. He was shocked at the agony of labor. He had come, in his medical training, to expect it, yet the actual daily reality of it hit home.

For Read was a country boy. He had spent most of his life in the fields. He had seen rabbits, sheep and cattle all reproduce their kind —with effort, yes, but with no evidence of pain or shock.

As he continued to practice in London and think back over his experiences with animals, certain things began to fall into place in his mind. The dog, he recalled, needed more care than rabbits or sheep. So did pedigreed herds and horses. The more domesticated the animal, the nearer to man and his attentions it lived, the more it suffered strain and distress. He also recalled having noted how some men who attended deliveries upon the farm invariably had difficulties and the animals showed anxiety, while with others they were confident and calved and foaled freely.

Then one night Read sat by a quiet girl of nineteen in a London hovel while she worked with a will for her baby. She smilingly refused choloroform as her baby was born. In the light of one candle, Read sat on a sugar box by her sack-covered bed and asked her if it had hurt very much, and why she had not taken the anesthesia he had offered. She smiled. "It didn't hurt—it wasn't meant to, was it, Doctor?"

"I thought for a few minutes," Read now recalls. "And I replied, 'No, it was not meant to hurt.' "

The war intervened at this point. But during it Read traveled widely, spent much time in Asia. "I witnessed," he recalls, "the birth of babies to women of less cultured races. I saw painless effort and happiness combined in childbirth. I saw a woman walk away from a harvest field exalted and laughing with her newborn baby wrapped in a cloth."

It was when he returned to London that the Read theory was born. Briefly and succinctly, it is, in all its simplicity, just this:

1. That childbirth is a natural function. Then why should it be the only natural function which is painful? That, moreover, it is almost exactly like other evacuating functions. Again—and with double emphasis—why should it be painful?

2. It is painful because of the fear-pain cycle. Childbirth in our civilized society—unlike the situation with wild animals and uncultured peoples—is affected by emotional influences such as no other normal function is. From the time they are toddlers, girls hear that pregnancy is woman's horrible burden. All their lives, women harbor dread and fear associations. The moment labor begins, the fears and dreads cause tension. Tension produces pain. Pain multiplies the fear. The cycle is complete and vicious.

You can understand the fear-pain cycle if you consider what happens to a child with a cut finger. If the youngster has no past fear associations with bleeding, if now when he cuts his finger his mother does not become hysterical, then the youngster is content to have the blood flow checked, the cut disinfected, and go on about his play. But if he has associations, and terror shows in his mother, the youngster screams and honestly believes he feels a pain that actually does not exist on the physical level.

Add a further complication, however, in childbirth. The child's cut occurs once. But in labor each contraction is equal to another cut finger, and the cycle continues with mounting fear, tension and pain until an unbearable climax is reached.

3. Now, says Read, just remove the tension, substitute relaxation—and childbirth can be painless.

That's the long and short of the theory. It doesn't sound revolutionary. It doesn't sound even as if it could be effective, but Read has reported its success in 700 carefully recorded cases. The report was made in the very careful and conservative Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology of the British Empire. I have in my possession the testimony of dozens of Read's patients. But England is far away and I couldn't have believed that anything as simple as this could be as effective if I hadn't seen and talked to dozens of Dr. Sawyer's patients in Toms River.

Mrs. L., a highly emotional woman of 32, had had a very painful first experience. I saw her a few months after the birth of her second child. "This," she told me, "was completely different. There was no pain. It was wonderful."

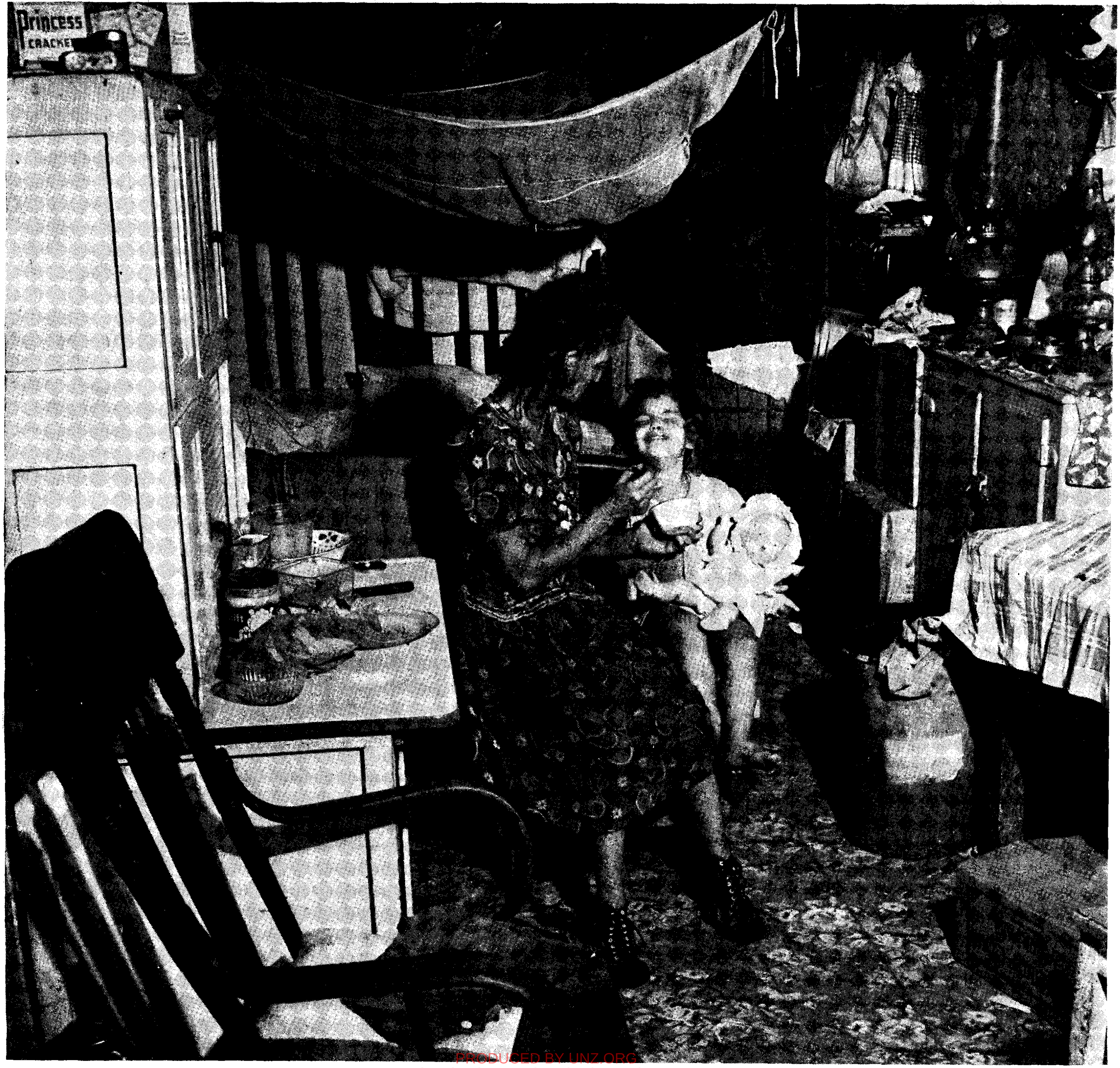
(Continued on page 88)

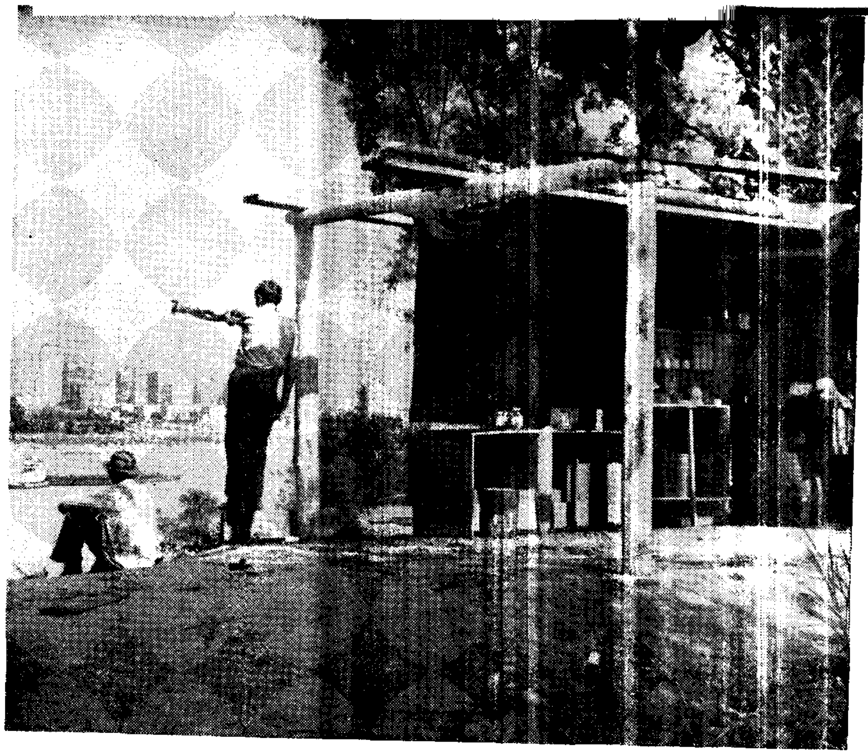
OLD MAN RIVER'S CHILDREN

BY MARIE WATHEN

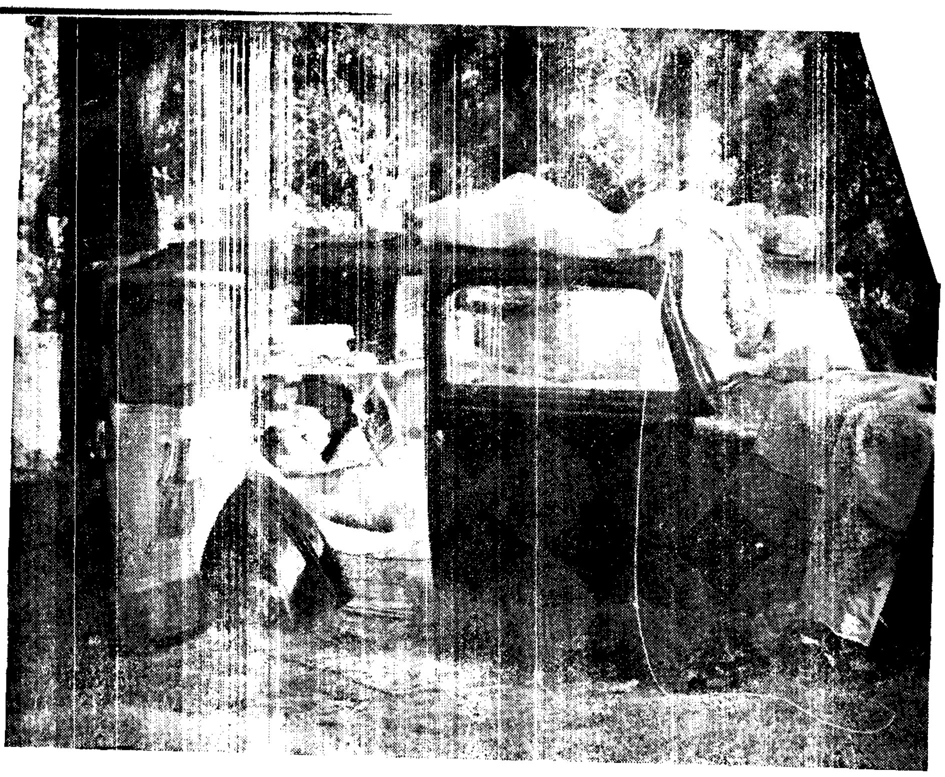
They're a floating population, in old and battered boats. They make their own laws and live by their own standards, and men of good judgment don't interfere. They're the river rats

Some build shacks of tar paper, driftwood and whatever scraps of roofing can be found. Though crowded, a family can live comfortably and rent-free

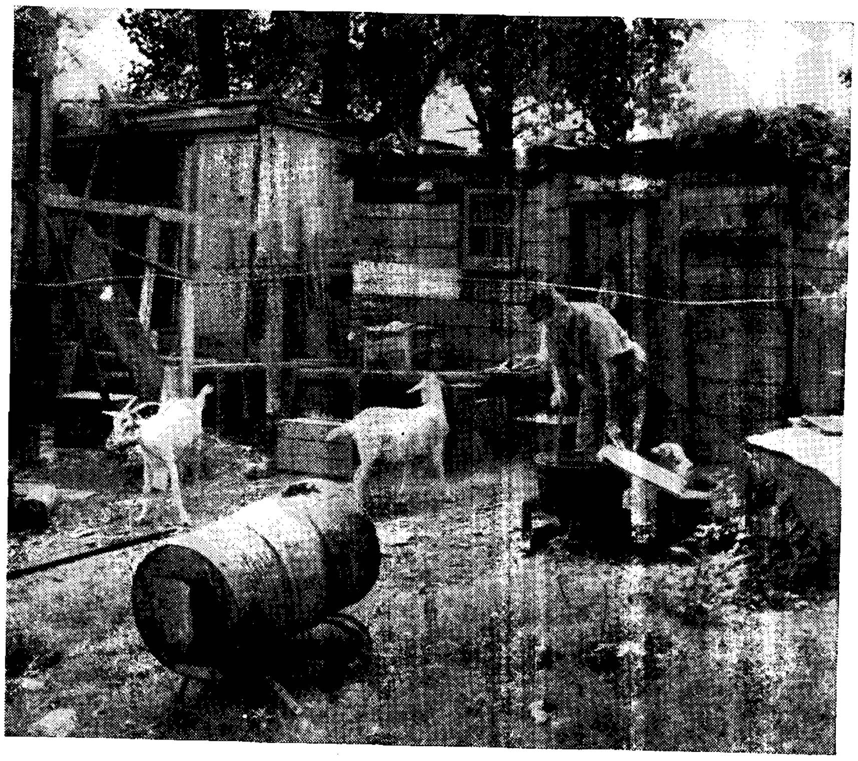




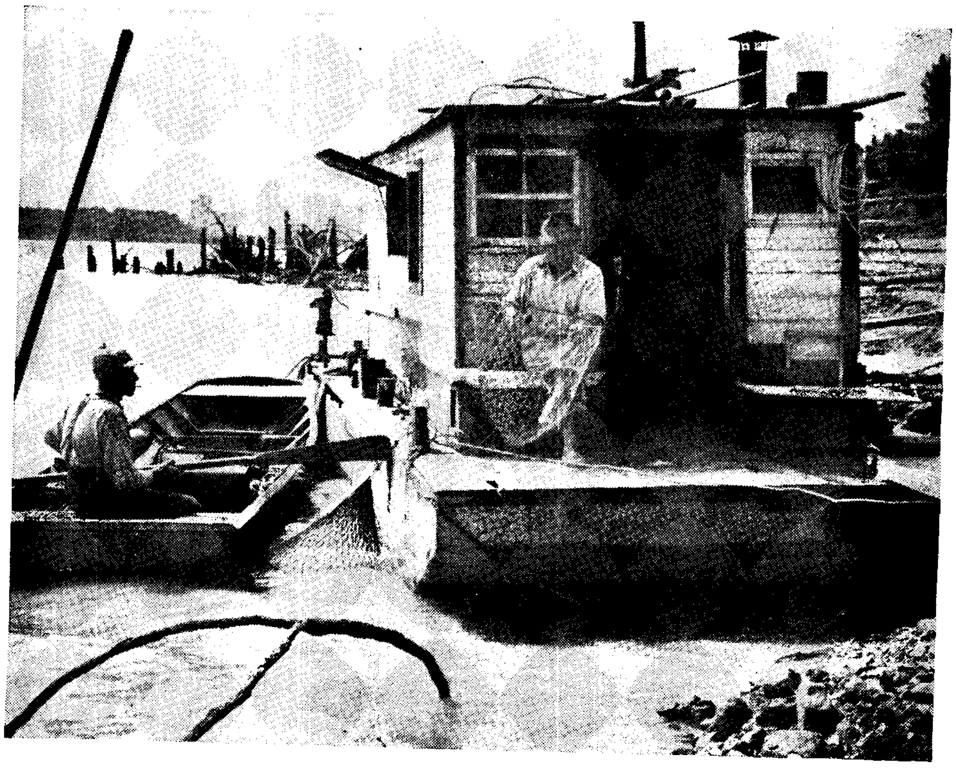
From the veranda of this simple home, the river dwellers have a beautiful view of the stream, with the skyline of Memphis in the distance



Architecture is far from standardized along the river. This ingenious young man has contrived living quarters from the body of a long-abandoned automobile



A former ship's carpenter built this shack, and he and his wife live in it. The goats are friendly pets and furnish milk for the couple



Fishing is the main source of sustenance for the river folk. These men have just returned to their water-edge shack with fish they have caught on the river

A BIG chew of tobacco bulged the old man's cheeks, and his few remaining teeth gripped the stem of a corncob pipe. He sat comfortably in the bow of a dingy, weather-beaten shantyboat, which was moored to a clump of willows in the cove on the east bank of the Mississippi River some fifty miles below Memphis.

All around him was his gear—bait cans, old fishhooks, buckets, pieces of rope, rusted ringbolts, lengths of chain. A single-barreled shotgun lay on the deck beside his chair, and near by, an ancient dog wearily scratched himself. On the roof, nets and fish lines dried in the August sun. On a line which stretched from the chimney to the stern flapped the week's wash, a few calico dresses and patched and faded overalls.

Tied alongside the shantyboat was an old skiff, with a decrepit outboard motor clamped to the stern. Floating at the end of a short half-inch line was a live-box, half filled with buffalo, yellow perch and catfish—big yellow-bellied "mud cats." Half a dozen set lines were within reach of the old man's hand, and occasionally he hauled one in, took a flopping catfish off the hook, and tossed it into the live-box. Once he pulled in a garfish, which he quickly killed and flung into the river with a snort of disgust. For the gar, which resembles a sort of fresh-water swordfish, is good for nothing; the river folk think the cussed thing was created simply to destroy nets and tangle fish lines.

"Tried to eat a gar once," said the old man. "Just as soon eat an old rubber boot. I been on the river, man and boy, for nigh on seventy year, and I never seen nobody yet that liked to eat a gar."

"How do you make a living on the river?'"

"Ketchin' catfish. Of course, I get some buffalo and some perch, and my woman's got a little bean and corn patch over beyond the willows, but catfish is the main thing. We eat catfish two and sometimes three times a day. Nothin' better. If a man wants to, he can make five, ten dollars a day ketchin' catfish. Never had no use for that much money myself."

"How about the wintertime?"

"Well, I used to do a little loggin' now an' then, but I got a bad misery in my shoulder twenty years ago, so now I just cut loose and float down the river till I get where it's warm enough. Catfish is always bitin' somewhere. Come summer I pull back up the river with the kicker. I nearly always tie up on this stretch along here. My woman likes it, and nobody ever bothers us. Seems kinda like home."

"What was your pappy's name?"

"Now, bub, mind your own business. I don't mind talkin' to you, but my pappy's name ain't none of your business. Mine ain't, neither."

The old man is a good specimen of the nomads whom the folks along the lower Mississippi, meaning from St. Louis to the mouth of the big river a hundred miles below New Orleans, call river rats. He's better fixed than most, for he has a shotgun, an outboard motor, a skiff and a woman to tend for him. And compared to the great majority of river rats, he's a solid and settled citizen; he has been known to remain in the same little cove, his boat tied to the same clump of willows, for as long as three months at a time, while his woman planted and harvested her little patch of corn and beans.

It has been rumored along the river that once he even went into town and voted. But most of his kind, whether of the shantyboat aristocracy or of the lower orders who own little more than a battered old skiff or bateau, creep endlessly up and down the river, clinging like crawfish to the bank and sliding in and out of the fog like so many eels. There was one old river rat who lived along the Arkansas shore for almost forty years, and never once ventured out to the middle of the stream.

"No reason to," he once *(Continued on page 75)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN—PIX

THAT TIME, THAT SORROW

BY VAN CORT

When they were eighteen, this slender, pale girl was an embodiment of their dreams of women. And they never forgot her, even as they never forgot their dreams . . .

THE music subsided into a whisper and ended with a soft crash of strings. The house lights came up. People began rousing themselves for their intermission of gossip and visiting in the foyer. But I noticed nothing of this.

Elsa took me by the arm. "What's the matter, Erik? Don't you feel well?"

I got up then, smiled palely and made my apology, and went with Elsa out on the huge balcony outside the foyer, overlooking the King's Newmarket. The breeze running down the sound and in over Copenhagen's harbor reached gentle fingers across the rotunda to cool our brows. Only mine refused to be cooled. Elsa was watching me. "What's that dreamy look?" she said, slapping both my cheeks gently with her hands. "Wake up! Wake up! The ballet is over. . . . Did you fall in love with the new ballerina? She *was* good, wasn't she?"

Ordinarily I would have taken her hands and kissed them; now I merely pressed them down gently. "Will you excuse me for a minute?"

I went down the grand staircase of the Opera and found one of the head ushers. "The stage door, please; would you show me where it is?"

The man led me into a hall and pointed to a small door at the far end. "There."

Alone, I went over and touched the door handle, my heart beating furiously. But I never opened that door. I must have stood there for minutes before I finally went back and joined Elsa. The second part of the program was something I had wanted to hear for a long time; but though we had good seats in the parterre, I don't know what was sung, or how. Elsa's hand was resting in mine, but I wasn't at the Opera at all. . . .

IT WAS a bright, sunshiny Saturday morning and Paul Gersted and I were clattering happily aboard old Captain Larsen's little sail yacht, Marie, in Beach Island's south harbor.

We were supposed to sail to Torreborg where Paul's uncle and aunt, the Baron and Baroness Gersted, lived, and I was filled with a sense of romance, for they lived in a castle.

The harbor was deserted; the little ferryboat to Falster had left about twenty minutes before our arrival. We took our sweet time about getting ready, and at last hoisted a jib and cast off.

We were moving slowly toward the harbor entrance when we saw her.

She sat on a suitcase at the end of the small freight shed across the basin from us; her chin rested in her clenched fists while she stared dejectedly out over the strait. And she looked as if she were crying. "Missed the boat," said Paul. "That means she'll have to hang around here till the four P.M. one . . ."

We exchanged glances. The noble knights in us were rapidly coming to the surface. To hear us talk we were great connoisseurs and woman hunters. We were eighteen. "Damn' shame," I said.

She gave us a quick, preoccupied glance. She looked very pretty from where we were. Paul said, "We could run her across. It wouldn't take so long. . . ."

"Might only have to tack once or twice if we ran close," I said. "You ask her."

We warped the boat across the basin with the jib, and Paul stepped ashore. He touched his cap and said in his deepest voice, "How do you do. I presume you missed the ferry to Stubbing?"

She was baffled and somewhat impressed by Paul's handsomeness and correct manner.

"I did."

"There is no other boat till four . . . we'll be glad to take you across; if you'll pardon the presumption . . ."

She wavered in indecision and I added from the pier edge, "We'll have you across in no time." She looked up at Paul for a long moment and then rose. He picked up her bag.

Graceful as a doe she walked toward me. Her legs were lovely and she moved with a slight sway of her hips that at once disturbed me. She was blond and pale, almost frail-looking, with a fine transparent skin and large deep gray eyes. I hurried to hand her down on deck and guided her to a seat in the cockpit.

She seemed to change the whole aspect of our ship—once aboard and seated comfortably she was distinctly more at ease than we.

We pulled the sheets hard up and ran southeast in close-hauled silence while I thought about how to get acquainted before we reached Stubbing. The wind increased and the current did us no favors; it took us half an hour to gain midstream above the town. We smiled at our passenger and explained about the wind and current having the same direction at this time of day, and she nodded and smiled back at us.

Of a sudden I blurted out my name and presented Paul.

"And I'm Miss . . . Thompsen," she said after a moment. "Lenore Thompsen."

We had not heard of her on the island. "Lenore," I said clumsily. "I like that . . . it's a nice name."

"Thank you, and I like yours. Is this your own boat?"

"Oh, yes, this is our boat . . ."

Paul gave me a look for that one and took over. "How do you like Beach Island? I suppose you've been vacationing?"

"Oh, it's all right," she said with a tiny grimace. "The place *is* a bit provincial. You probably expected too much."

"Maybe I did . . . there isn't much life, is there? I mean of amusement and entertainment . . ."

"Heavens, no; the Beach Islanders work much too hard at being good."

The name Lenore fascinated me. "I had a hunch when I first saw you," I said. "Do you mind if I ask you something?"

She turned a pair of round, apprehensive eyes on me; her face seemed tense. "I guessed you were an actress . . . or anyway something on the stage. Am I 'way off?"

"No-o—well, I'm not exactly an actress. I'm a dancer. In fact, I went to the Royal Ballet School in Copenhagen."

At once enchanted, I saw her in the aura of footlights, pirouetting across the vast stage to the music of the Royal Symphony.

Something about her made you feel you had to know her, that you had to know about her. Her eyes were haunting gate lights to the secret, fascinating world of women.

Beachville was no place for *her* to be stranded! Beyond two little resort hotels and a couple of taverns near the navigation school there was nothing to offer people of taste. She must have been frightfully bored. Despite the fact that she was probably younger than Paul and I, or no older, she seemed sophisticated and somehow mature.

WE TACKED again, for the third time, and still got Stubbing drifting too fast across our bow. But Lenore seemed to be in no hurry.

Paul said, "We had no intention of kidnaping you like this . . . or," he smiled and added with a sudden inspiration, "had we? The current will shift after a while."

That broke whatever ice was left and we all laughed. Strangeness vanished. She was looking at Paul a lot, studying him intently as though she could not make up her mind about him.

"Anyhow," I said, "you won't have to starve on shipboard. We have plenty of food along. We're going down to Pine Island to lunch and swim. The current won't slack off till shortly before noon. Then we can put you back to Stubbing and you can catch the two-o'clock train for Masned."

She looked from me to Paul.

"Please come, it'll be fun." I urged. She stared at Paul; she looked back at me again. "Are you both still in school?"

"Beach Island College," Paul said gravely. "Don't hold it against us."

She considered and then said with what sounded like a little note of defiance, "Well, after all, why shouldn't I come with you?"

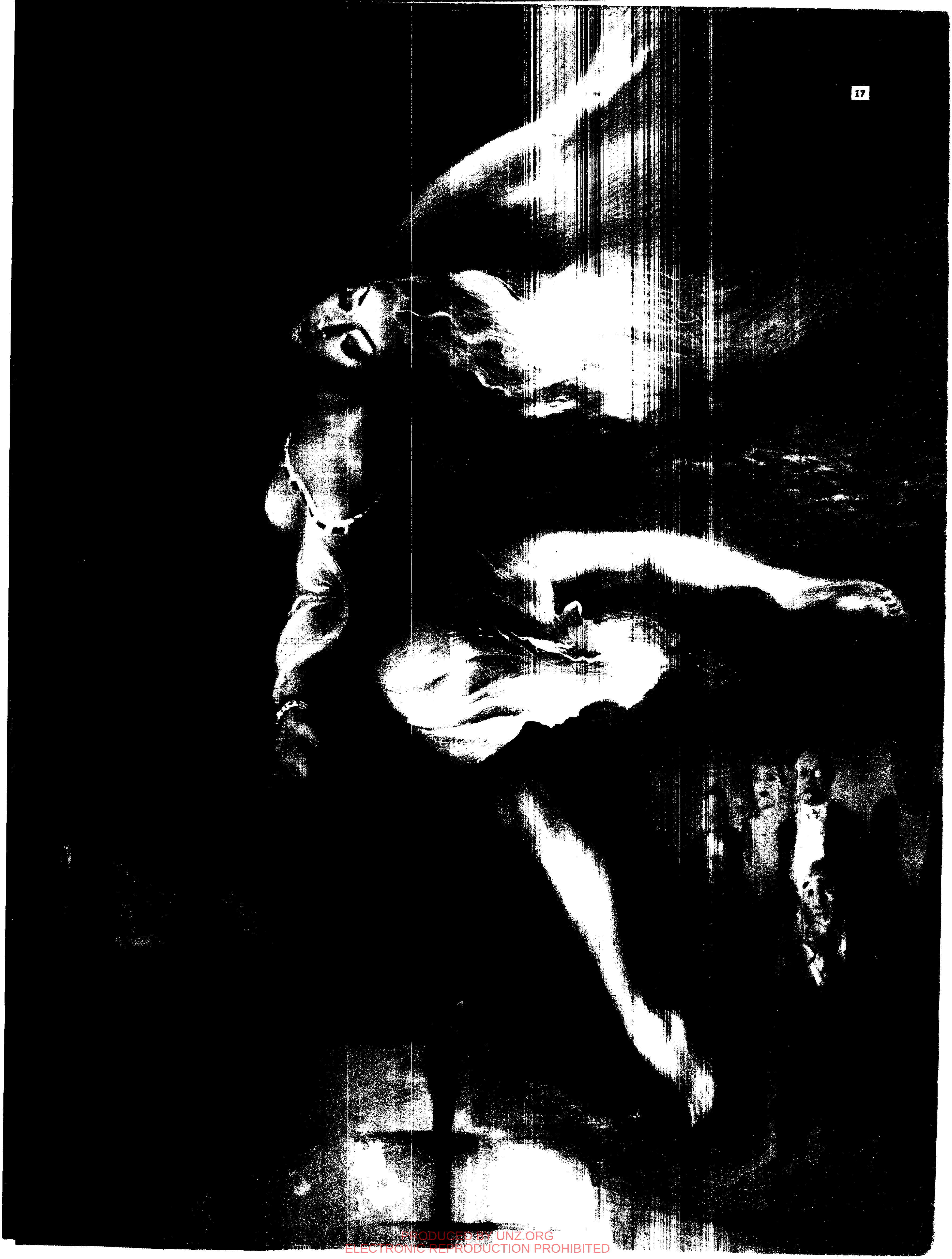
I hurried to the cabin and returned with one of our two bottles of cheap sherry. "Let's celebrate!"

We laughed and talked like old friends, and life was suddenly very bright and exciting. Lenore took off her hat and let her hair fly in the wind. She was lovely. After the second glass of sherry she said, "I've never been out sailing like this. I love this boat. I'm so glad I missed the ferry."

"So am I indeed," said *(Continued on page 47)*

Her style was unique, but there was a power in her, a rhythm in her movement which held us spellbound. She spoke to us through her dance. She was throwing a challenge at the feet of the world

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF



THE HANDWRITING ON THE ICE

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

The Army Air Forces colonel had just flown back to Washington from business in Alaska. He waved his cigar at one of the polar projection maps which cover the walls of every Air Forces office in the Pentagon Building:

"The handwriting's on the ice up there," he said. "And the message starts out, 'Dear Joe . . .'"

For Joe Stalin or Joe Doakes, that icy epistle our armed forces are scrawling over the arctic is one of the most urgent documents of our time. You don't have to be a military genius or a geopolitician to figure out the difference it's going to make in your life. All you have to do is look at the accompanying map

FOR over 2,000 years civilization clustered around the Mediterranean. The glory that was Rome depended on control of the vital crossroads of nations.

The Mediterranean of the next 2,000 years, if we last that long, will be the Arctic Ocean. All the great powers of the world now face one another across its white expanse. Tomorrow—the scientists say five to ten years from now—it will provide the natural pathway for rockets, jet planes and guided missiles, carrying bombs—or commerce. Today, it brings Chicago within nonstop B-29 range of Tokyo, Shanghai, Bombay or Istanbul.

In Washington, this view of the arctic as the arbiter of human destiny is known as the "Polar Concept." In the space of little more than a year, it's become the guiding principle of our military strategy. No other view of the world can give you a clearer perspective on the issues which might bring war between the United States and Russia. But—more important—none can promise a better world—if we can keep the peace.

Once you grasp the implications of the Polar Concept, the world can never feel quite the same to you again. To fly east or west, you start north and wind up flying south. The walls of Jericho between Eastern and Western Hemispheres come tumbling down as the arctic brings the Potomac closer to the Volga than to the River Plata. As an American, one of your strangest sensations in this new world is to find yourself living on a mere appendage of the great Eurasian land mass.

For the new Mare Nostrum, like the old, is an inland sea. It's big—five times the space that separated Rome from Carthage. But to Colonel C. S. "Bill" Irvine, flying his Pacusan Dreamboat 9,500 miles from Honolulu to Cairo, the arctic looked no bigger than Lake Erie to Commodore O. H. Perry in his gunboat Niagara. In midflight, the Dreamboat nonchalantly added 688 miles to its log—to confirm a scientific hunch that the magnetic pole is 200 miles north of its location on standard maps.

One way to grasp the dimensions of our new Mediterranean is to superimpose on it the outline of the United States, with Topeka on the North Pole. It's a snug fit, with San Francisco on Point Barrow, Alaska, and Philadelphia on Murmansk.

Here, say our airmen, is the cradle of a new air civilization, or its icy grave. For our Army Air Forces, the Polar Concept boils down to this challenge: *The power which controls the arctic airspace controls the world.* But who is it going to be?

A strong United Nations dispensing justice from a denationalized arctic and backing it up with a monopoly of atom bombs might be our best hope of peace, if it were not also the most remote. But in our present state of grace here below, you have only to consult your morning newspaper to see that the issue narrows down to a contest between the United States and Soviet Russia.

In sizing up the odds, prepare yourself for a jolt: Short of war and our use of the atom bomb, the odds are heavily in Russia's favor.

Like every sovereign state in the world, Russia retains complete and exclusive control of the airspace above her territory. With an arctic coastline extending almost halfway around the world, Russia straddles every direct, transpolar air route between the United States and the entire Asiatic mainland.

Right now, we're competing with the Soviets for dominating influence in the very countries which could provide the friendly terminals we'll require for our global airlines. In peace, Russia is well aware that American airlines would compete with her own political and commercial interests in those countries. In war, she knows the same air routes would be the paths of our attack on her industries.

Will Russia willingly give us the right of free passage? That's at least as doubtful as our willingness to give her the same air privileges over the United States en route to Latin America. The Polar Concept gives Russia a far greater control over tomorrow's north-south air lanes than the Panama Canal ever gave us over the east-west sea lanes. The United States could be as tragically airlocked in the coming air age as Russia has been landlocked in an age of maritime supremacy.

Russia's vast, 25-year effort to open up her icelocked North is another development which puts the United States behind the arctic eight ball. In northern Siberia, over two million Russians have learned not only to support themselves in this rugged country but to make it pay off in timber, minerals, oil and year-round air and sea commerce. Compare this with Alaska's 40,000 white settlers who have barely tapped its vast resources. The Soviets have by far the greatest grubstake in the arctic—and the pioneering know-how to go with it.

This, say the Russians, proves their right and their ability to expand northward. Just twenty years ago, the U.S.S.R. declared its sovereignty over everything solid, including even "more or less fixed ice," between its coastline and the North Pole.

Don't try to pin that one on Soviet "imperialism." The honor of inventing this method of cutting up the arctic pie belongs to our good neighbor Canada, who suggested it twenty years before the Russians. Second honors go to Britain, who was first to invoke it officially to claim half of the Antarctica. It's called the "Sector Principle" and it gives Russia 159 degrees or about half the pie, Canada 81 degrees, Denmark 69, Norway 21 and Finland two. Our Alaskan coast line entitles us to 28 degrees—a very thin slice indeed.

Naturally, we've never recognized this kind of partitioning and as far as the United States government is concerned, the big white splotch on top of the globe is still officially *terra nullius,* the legal term for no man's land. Someday we face a showdown with our polar confraternity, and few questions of international law have greater potentialities for conflict.

No man's land or not, our military leaders don't feel we have the time right now to settle it in court. They look on the arctic with its invitation to world power as a vast military and political vacuum into which the air power of some nation must inevitably rush. They figure we'd better be the ones to rush in first. That's what's happening now.

New Global Thinking for Arctic Strategy

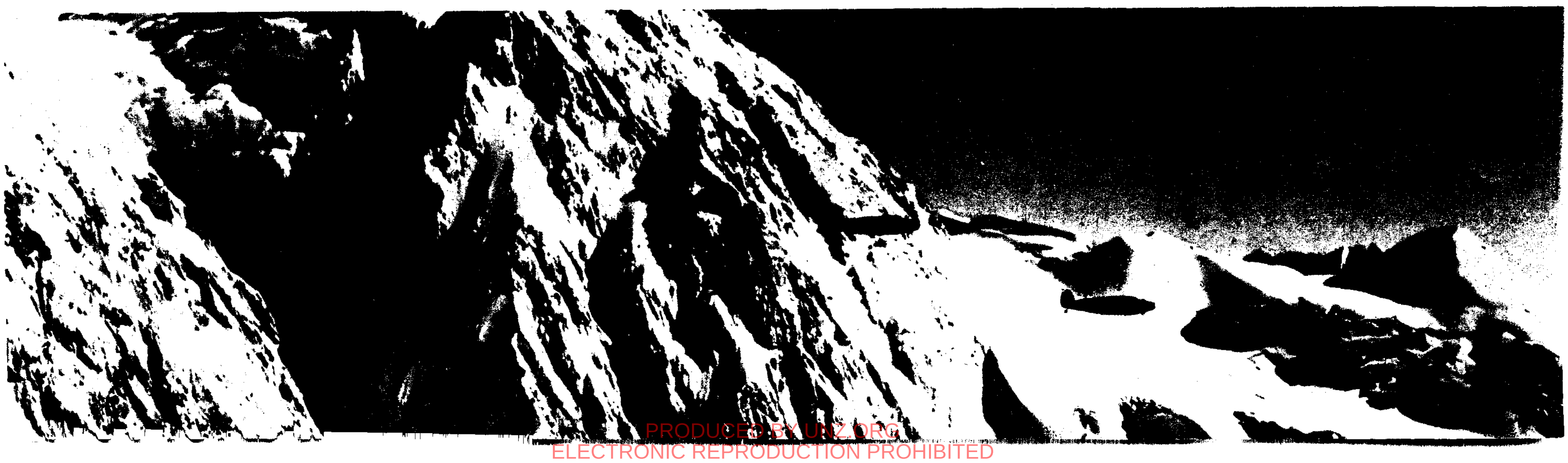
With General Eisenhower's backing, the AAF has gotten the green light to carry out its idea of a huge and flexible air arm, pivoting from strategic bases on this side of the world and instantly ready to finish off an enemy in a single pulverizing blow.

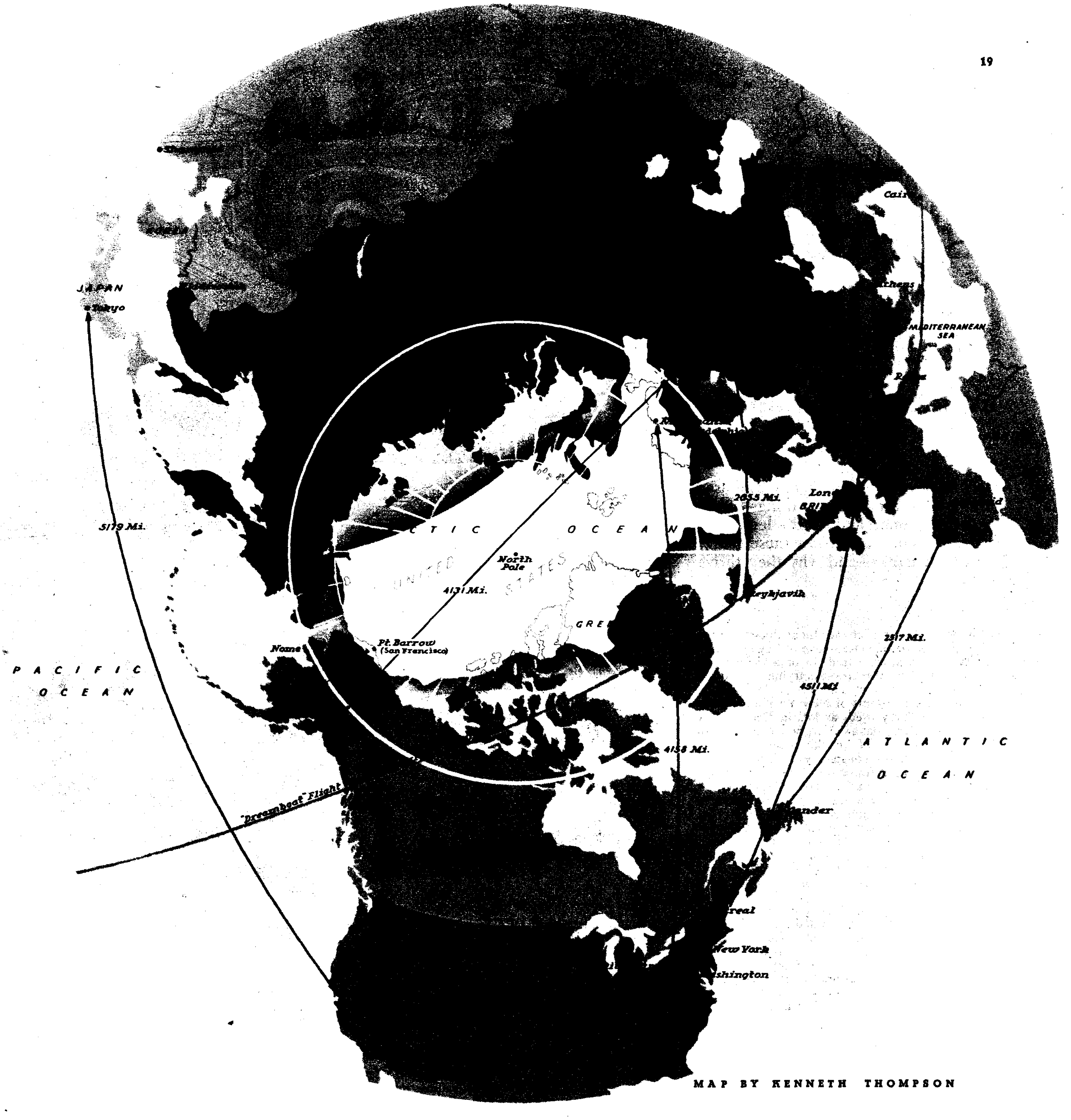
The logical pivots from which this arm can swing in any direction are, of course, in the arctic. Air Forces training and maneuvers are shifting to Far Northern bases, and the AAF's vast planning and research program is geared directly to fighting a transarctic war with an unspecified power.

Because this power is obviously Russia and because our relations with Russia are "unpromising," as one AAF general delicately put it, the atmosphere of secrecy and suspense around AAF headquarters in the Pentagon is as thick at it was during the late war, in periods preceding the big Allied moves. "I have to think twice," sighed one harassed officer in the Planning Division, "before saying my prayers."

In Alaska, the bustle of activity at Ladd Field in Fairbanks, and at Elmendorf Field at Anchorage, reminds World War II veterans of the hectic days of 1942 and '43 when the AAF was assembling its mighty bombing forces in England. Migrations of B-29s settle down over their new roosts in sky-filling formations. Flights to the North Pole have become so routine they hardly rate conversation at officers' mess. Santa Claus and his reindeer are going to have a real traffic problem this winter.

Alaska isn't, of course, the only place we have

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MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

arctic bases. But the very mention of innocent place names in Greenland, Iceland and Upper Canada is enough to chill the room temperature to a point where AAF officers find their jaws frozen shut.

The polar air maps are completely uninhabited, however, and a glance at one of them will tell you eloquently why both our government and the Russians attach so much importance to our presence in known bases in Iceland and Greenland.

From Greenland, for instance, Russia's industrial heart land centering on Moscow is only 2,200 miles, or the distance between Boston and Boise, Idaho. From Iceland bases, the distance is even shorter. But from Russia's most advanced jumping-off places in the European arctic, our own main industrial area, centering on Pittsburgh, is about twice as far.

If you want to get an idea of how radically the Polar Concept has changed our national sense of real-estate values, look back to just thirty years ago, when our government proudly announced it had given up all our claims to Greenland in return for the privilege of purchasing from Denmark—the Virgin Islands!

These are the islands, you may recall, which Herbert Hoover later called "the poorhouse of the nation."

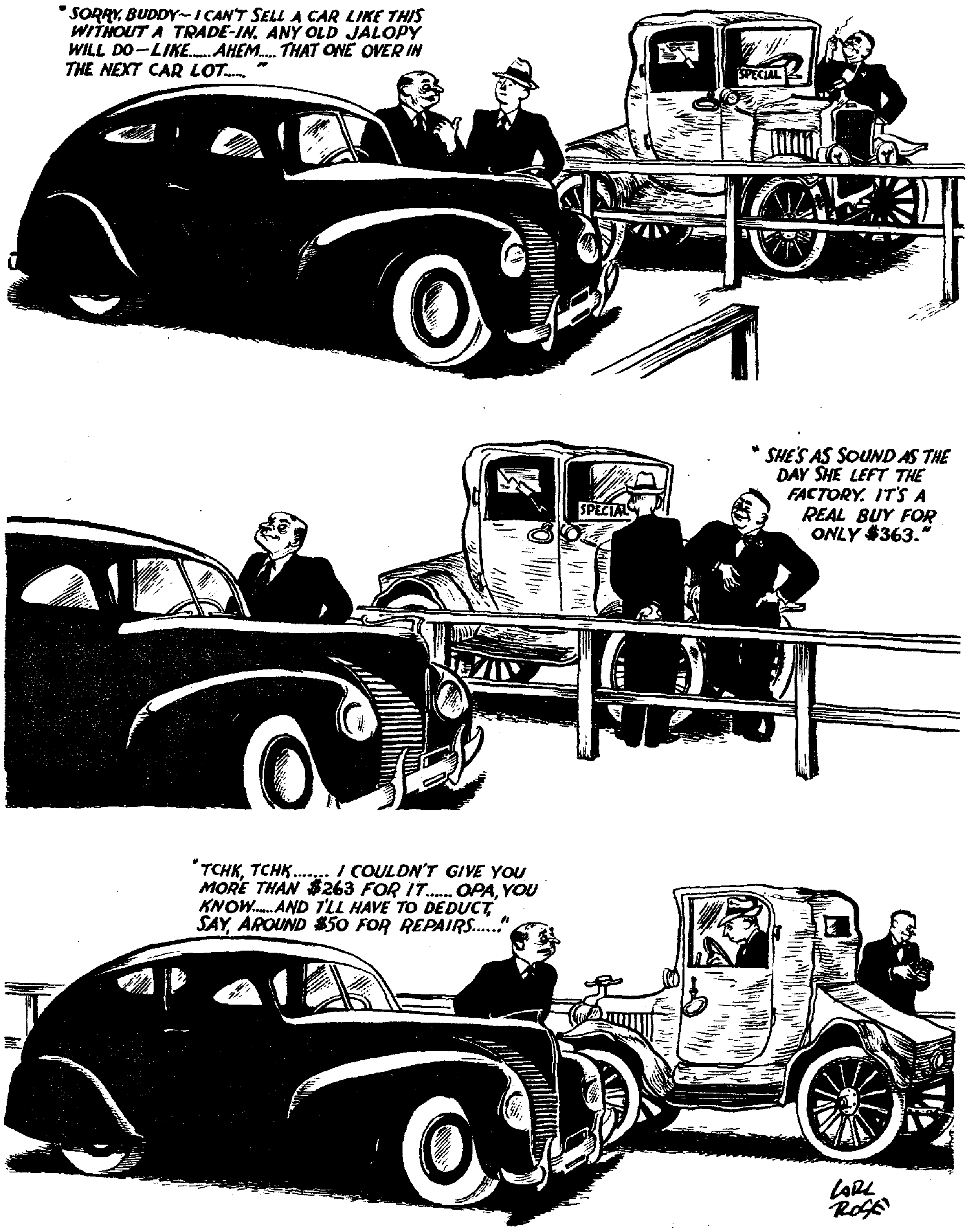
Anybody can run a speculative finger across the polar air routes. But actual, physical mastery of this polar vacuum is something else again. Our Army, Navy, and Air *(Continued on page 39)*

The highly concentrated One World pictured above contains 98% of all industry and 90% of humanity. From now on, Americans share with the rest of this world one main concern in life: Every city block, every man, woman and child, are within bombing range of aircraft based in the arctic. The outline of the U.S.A. superimposed over the arctic Mediterranean neatly bridges the space between Russia and Alaska—with San Francisco on Point Barrow and Philadelphia over Murmansk. Iceland bases bring Moscow closer than Pearl Harbor to our West Coast. From arctic bases anywhere, the entire world above the 30th parallel can be made the target of modern long-range aircraft such as our B-29s

RACKET ON WHEELS

BY KENNETH T. DOWNS

Black-market operators in new and used automobiles are making things tough for the consumer, and for the legitimate dealer as well. Here's how these gentry work their game—and why they thrive


"SORRY, BUDDY— I CAN'T SELL A CAR LIKE THIS WITHOUT A TRADE-IN. ANY OLD JALOPY WILL DO—LIKE......AHEM.... THAT ONE OVER IN THE NEXT CAR LOT......"
SPECIAL
"SHE'S AS SOUND AS THE DAY SHE LEFT THE FACTORY. IT'S A REAL BUY FOR ONLY $363."
SPECIAL
"TCHK, TCHK....... I COULDN'T GIVE YOU MORE THAN $263 FOR IT...... OPA, YOU KNOW.....AND I'LL HAVE TO DEDUCT, SAY, AROUND $50 FOR REPAIRS......"
CARL ROSE

Although it is against OPA regulations to require a trade-in, the chances for quick profits are so great that unscrupulous dealers are willing to take a chance. It is the consumer who pays in this squeeze play

WHAT sort of chance today does a veteran —or anyone else—have of buying a good car without a trade-in or a violation of ceiling price? I spent two weeks trying to find out. With cash in hand, I visited all sorts of dealers from the glittering showrooms of New York and Washington to the shady used-car lots in Detroit. My finding: The veteran has a slightly better chance than Mickey Rooney has of knocking out Joe Louis.

Not that there's a conspiracy against veterans. On the contrary, I found most new-car dealers ready to give the veteran a preferential spot on their waiting lists. But a waiting list implies waiting—from three to twelve months or more. So in order to get a good car today, not some time in the future, whether veteran or civilian, your best bet is to buy it secondhand. And in order to get a good used car, I am sorry to report, you must in most cases provide a trade-in or pay a black-market price —or both—despite the efforts of the OPA.

In Detroit, Chicago and New York, it was always the same story whenever I spotted a good car in a lot. When the salesman learned I had nothing to trade in, it was, "Sorry, mister, but that's my personal car and not for sale," or "Sorry, that car is already promised." Occasionally an exceptionally candid operator admitted, "Got too much tied up in that, Mac. Have to have a good trade-in deal."

So I didn't get a car. But I learned a lot about the black market in automobiles.

The OPA and the automobile industry have cooperated to limit the black market in new cars. Individuals reselling their new cars have been mainly responsible for what 1946 models have reached the black market. In the used-car racket, however, a minority of shady dealers are the biggest individual violators. But here, too, normally law-observing citizens are guilty of the bulk of over-ceiling sales. Veterans make up the biggest class of victims generally, having the greatest need for cars and at the same time being least familiar with OPA regulations.

In April, 1946, the OPA smashed a huge black-market ring in used cars, operating out of Detroit. Convictions were secured against 27 individuals from Michigan, Kentucky, Illinois and Missouri. This organization was alleged to have sold around 5,000 cars at prices ultimately totaling $3,000,000 above the ceiling—enough money to tempt the underworld.

But about half of the $3,000,000 illicit profit went to workers, doctors, lawyers, businessmen and other citizens of Detroit, who had sold their cars on the streets, at filling stations, at home and—in one instance—in church, to the ring's spotters. The spotters then drove them to Cairo, Ill., and Murray, Ky., where they were sold to Southern speculators, who in turn drove them to Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Tennessee and Louisiana for sale to the ultimate consumer at the eventual peak price averaging $600 above ceiling.

Last August the OPA arrested six men in Leesville, S. C., for their black-market dealings in autos. The special agent in charge said that Leesville was the "fountainhead" for operations in 14 states. In September, 71 individuals in Los Angeles faced arrest when OPA agents took drastic action to curb the used-car racket there. Twenty-three dealers and salesmen were indicted in Minneapolis. Violations of price ceilings were estimated to range as high as $2,000.

The indicted individuals in all these cases were ordinary little men tempted by the chance for quick profits. The guilty were subject to fines up to $10,000 and two years' imprisonment, plus damage suits for treble the amounts between ceiling prices and the illegal prices collected. This sort of crime-and-punishment is not going to attract many modern-day Capones.

No, the vast majority of price violations are committed by individual car owners and by sharpshooters in the used-car business. So says William E. Remy, the soft-voiced young Texas lawyer who is director of the rent and durable-goods enforcement division of OPA. He adds that OPA's current drive against chiselers and racketeers is slowly getting violations under control.

"Most violators are found in the used-car lots," Remy said. "Not all used-car dealers are violators, of course. Many of the more successful operators are former car salesmen who are satisfied with a small margin of profit on a quick turnover. There is no excuse for selling over the ceiling price. When the ceiling prices were put into effect in July, 1944, they were set very high—higher for some models than when they were new four years ago.

"The spread between OPA buying and selling prices allows the dealer at least a 25 per cent margin of profit. He buys a used car for the 'as is' price, less the *retail* cost of needed repairs. He can then make the repairs at *wholesale* and resell the car at the 25 per cent markup.

"Take a 1939 Plymouth, for example: A dealer will pay you the $512 'as is' ceiling price, deducting perhaps $112 for needed repairs at retail, for a net to you of $400. The dealer, with his facilities, can then have the repairs made for $84 and legally resell the car for the warranty price of $640, or a net profit to him of $156. On more expensive cars, his profits are proportionately higher. In order to sell at the warranty price, the dealer must issue a warranty on an OPA form that *(Continued on page 57)*

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

THE WOOING OF

CRULLER McCABE

BY WALTER McQUADE AND KNOX BURGER

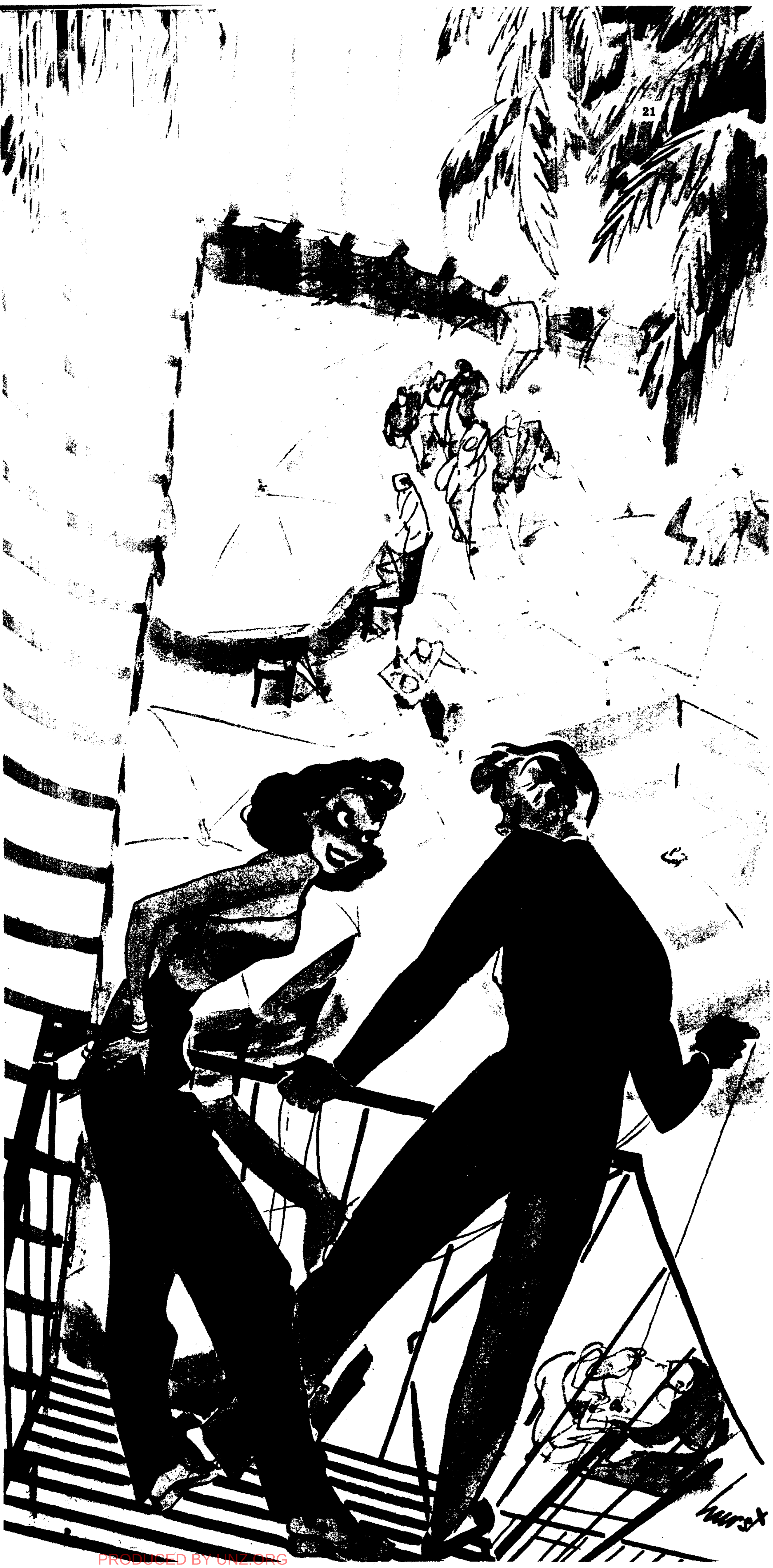
The odd behavior of an infatuated young man who really didn't know any better

FRANCIS FLANAGAN FLAGG, known as "High Red" the length of Fifty-second Street, and back along the other side, blew a discreet shower of saliva from his cornet. He looked out the window of his Greenwich Village apartment, past the fire escape, over the courtyard below. He let his gaze hover at a point directly over the outdoor dining pavilion which an enterprising restaurateur named Dicky had converted from an old vacant back yard. Now, sheltered by chaste walls of green-and-white-striped canvas, Dicky's housed a large number of small square tables and about as many couples, their heads bent over the tables as, with a great and spurious show of lack of appetite, they consumed clams and steaks and tossed salads.

Over a corner of this carefully nurtured spot of city prairie an iron fire escape climbed the brick side of his apartment house to the top floor, the fifth, where Francis Flagg was putting his well-known cornet in its usual resting place on the anvils in his fireplace; and he was sighing. It didn't matter that he put the horn in the fireplace, for there was no chimney.

SITTING at one of the tables along the side of the terrace below—the most desirable location, despite the fact that the consommé was likely to play host to a falling leaf or, a little later in the season, an inchworm—was the shining blond cause for the sighs—Cruller McCabe. Cruller was perhaps the sleekest filly in Pater Throckmorton's stable of glamorous hired hands and even without her badge-of-trade hatbox, the most innocent bystander could tell that Cruller was a model. Her long hair was piled on top of her head in a breathtaking series of loops and curls which spilled over her forehead into artfully aimless bangs. She cut her food into tiny bites, so she would have to open her mouth a very little way, thus distorting her faultless make-up to the minimum degree.

Tonight Cruller was dining, as she not infrequently did, with a large and wealthy advertising man, named Mr. Zing—a man known the length and breadth and depth *(Continued on page 27)*



It had been a long time since Flagg had gaped at a girl other than Cruller, but he did so now as Clink appeared. "Shall I sing for you?" she asked

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

RINGTAIL ON THE RUN

BY EDWIN J. BECKER

A coon hunt on the Skinner farm in Maryland gets under way just after dark, with the dogs straining eagerly at their leashes and only a lantern to guide the party through woods. When the dogs are loosed, the hunters may not see them again until a coon has been treed, but their bugling makes them easy to follow

WHEN the full moon hangs high and the frost is heavy on the corn stooks, coon hunters clean the lanterns, swipe an oily rag over the .22 rifle and inspect the pads of their coon hounds. From Maine to the deep Southland and westward as far as the ringtail roams, it's the time to hunt raccoons.

It's a rural sport. It's a tough, grueling, provoking sport. You'll cuss the guy who inveigled you into going along, but in the pale dawn, you'll forget how tired, bruised and brier-torn you may be. If you never go again you'll still remember the black-and-tan coon hounds running in the night.

Every country hamlet, every farm provides its quota of coon hunters. It would seem as though the wily ringtail would long ago have vanished from the woodland. But year after year coon hunting continues to be probably the most popular of rural sports—certainly the outstanding night sport. Some hunt coon for profit, some for fun, some to settle wagers.

My baptism in coon hunting was given me by an old master at the game. Raymond Skinner is a southern Maryland tobacco farmer. All summer long he frets and stews over his crop of big-leafed plants. But when the air begins to get nippy and the persimmons ripen so they fall with a mushy smack, then he commences to get restless.

Skinner is a great believer in the merits of the black-and-tan hound. There are all kinds of coon hounds. They come in a variety of colors and a strange diversity of shapes and sizes. Some have long pedigrees, some are hopeless mongrels. But the hounds Ray feeds during the long summer months are black-and-tans. He swears by 'em. They're big-boned, floppy-eared creatures that can unloose a stormy chorus of bugle blares. If they weren't any good Ray wouldn't feed them.

Down in Maryland's Anne Arundel County they say Ray Skinner will bet a season's tobacco crop on his hounds. I didn't believe that until I saw—and heard—those black-and-tans in action. Coon hunting is mostly hearing, and coon hunters are notoriously sentimental creatures when the full moon hangs high. To them the full-throated blast of hounds is the sweetest music that ever blared forth. True, there are a few who are advocates of the silent trailers—the hounds which sneak along the trail of a coon and don't pipe a sound until the little animal is sent scurrying up a tree. But they're in the minority. Skinner likes to hear hounds singing in the night. So do I. So will you, once you listen in on a coon-hound audition.

Ray's farm huddles close to the West River, a trifle south of Annapolis. There's a nice spread of rolling country dotted with sections of woodland. Corn is planted in the fields that edge the wooded plots. Ray likes to see the full moon big and bright over pyloned stooks of corn. He likes to lean back against a stook with a lantern beside him and listen to the hounds running.

I drove down from Baltimore. It was late November, the frost had browned the countryside, the trees were bereft of leaves. The last traces of daylight were giving way to twilight when I drove up to Ray's big white farmhouse. When I got out of the car I spotted him rubbing the pads of his hound Duke with tar. There were four black-and-tan hounds—all of them solid-bodied, big-pawed dogs: Duke, Rip, Rex and Doc. Veteran coon hounds, each knew all the tricks of the night hunt. After each hound had had its feet rubbed with tar, Ray turned his attention to me.

"Gonna get an early start," he said. "There's a big coon feeding in the north field."

Ray never goes after ringtails for the profit that lies in the taking of their pelts. In the majority of instances, he doesn't shoot the coon his dogs tree. He is a conservationist naturally; he believes in perpetuating his sport. That is why you can always put down a hound or two in the vicinity of his farm and in no time at all be listening to them tacked tight on a ringtail's tracks.

In Skinner's book it is absolutely necessary that the basic preparation for a long night of hunting coon is a Gargantuan meal. After we had risen from the supper table I felt anything but like going tramping across stubble fields and stumbling through dark woods. But after we had sat and smoked a while, talked quietly about the hounds, about the crops, about the situation down at the county seat, we were ready to be off.

"We'll take Duke and Rex," Ray decided.

That's another habit he has: Never take more than two hounds if you really want to enjoy the chase. When you take more than two hounds you're apt to be spending the night trying to figure out which dog is doing the real job. Four coon hounds all singing at once are a mixed-up medley. Half the time you can't tell one dog from the other—and coon hunters like to know which is in the lead. They may have a quart of "spike" for the cider staked on the dog responsible for "treeing" the animal.

To the ears of the coon-hunter, no music sounds as sweet as the singing of good hounds on a warm trail under a cold November moon

Both Duke and Rex are deep-chested. They can run all night long, doze a few hours the next day and be ready to start all over next night. Ray always coats their paws with tar. While they are built for rough and long going, no dog can run night after night without danger to his pads.

A coon is treed after a hard chase, and an excited dog tries to follow Peter Skinner as he climbs the tree in an attempt to shake the coon to the ground

A tooth-and-claw battle follows as the coon hits the ground. Some hunts end when the coon is treed, but good hounds must be allowed an occasional kill

Once worn through, in no matter how small a spot, the dog will be laid up. Ray guards against such things happening to his hounds.

A short distance from the house, Ray cut the hounds loose. They let out a short, quick test note, then went slashing across the pasture toward a gentle rise of land where the corn stooks were like so many pylons etched against the night sky.

"Full moon's up," Ray declared enthusiastically.

And indeed it was up! It had burst forth with a great heavenly smile from behind a mass of dark clouds and was hanging like a huge silver ball, its lower edge nicked by the trees on the horizon line.

Some coon hunters will swear that you're plumb crazy to hunt when the moon is full. Still others will insist that that is the only time. Ray likes to be abroad whenever there is the least hint of moonlight—and when the full moon is big and bright he's as happy as a cricket on a log. I've never heard of his going out on those dark moonless nights. No good, he says. No good for man or dog. Tough enough when you're helped along by moonlight.

Ray lighted the lantern and we walked slowly along. Both pipe smokers, we were immersed in our own individual thoughts. It *was* pleasant to be walking forth into the night like this. The earth underfoot was crunchy with frost, occasional ragweed was brittle and crackled sharply when we stepped on the stems. I forgot about the dogs; I was quite content to be just walking along.

We made our way across a corn-stubble field. The stooks were to all sides of us, in front of us and behind us. Dark, lonely-appearing sentinels. Still there was no sound from the dogs. I wondered where they had gone. Were they in front, off to the side or loitering somewhere behind us?

Ray set the lantern down. "They'll be hookin' on one shortly," he commented.

I settled back against a stook, facing him. "How long do they run before they tree?" I asked.

He laughed heartily. "How long? God knows. I've heard 'em run all night long. Depends on the coon. But if he's a frisky-tailed youngster he might have ideas and play about. Worst kind are the midway ones. They're smart and game. Think a hound can be lost. So they run all over the countryside, get in every cornfield in the country, go gallivantin' through every stretch of woods about. Sometimes they even take to the water. Bad coons, them kind."

"Bad coons?"

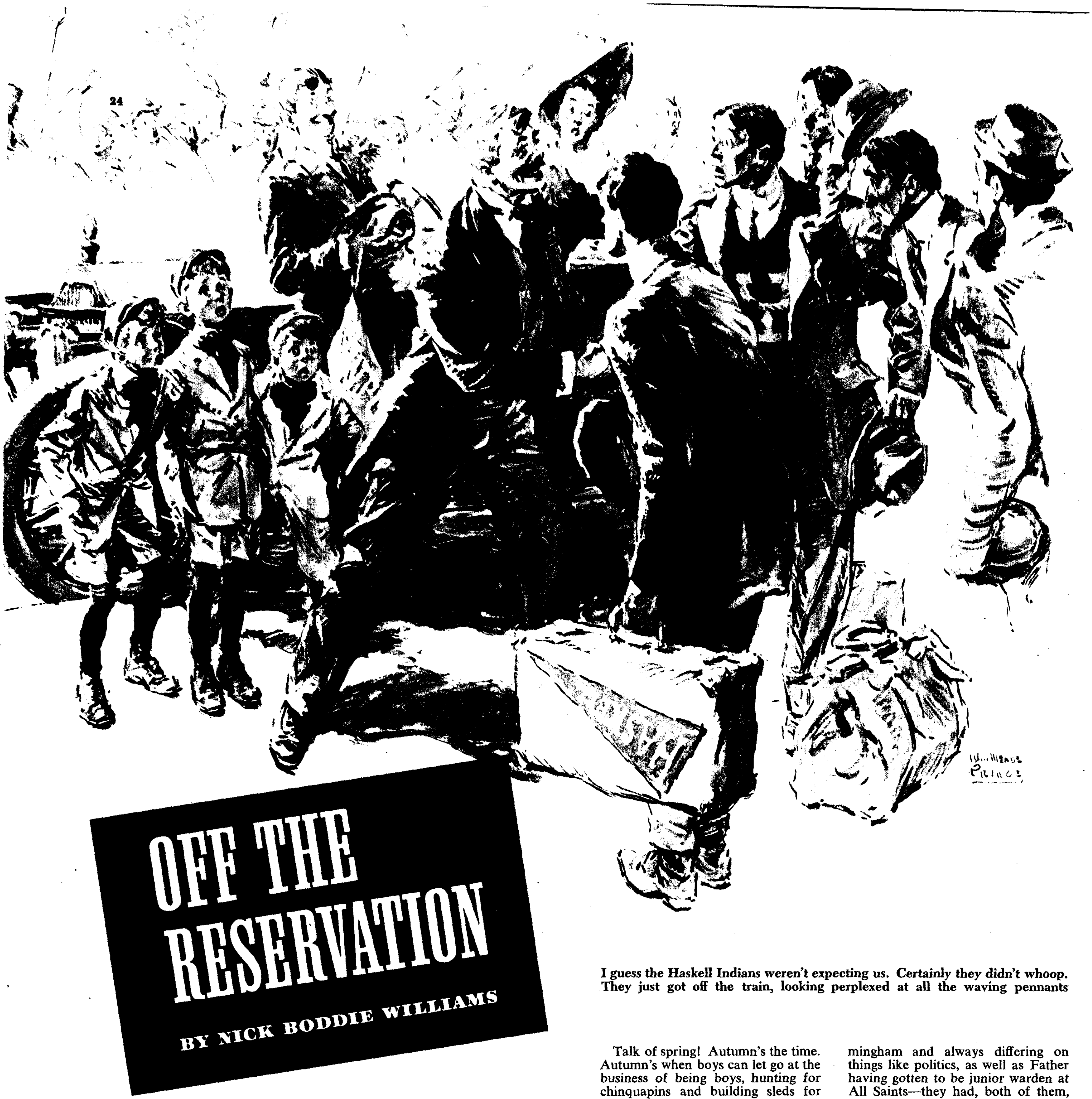
Before he could answer, the night was suddenly rent with sound.

Such sounds I had never heard before. They came from a good distance away, but very strong, very consistent. I listened closely. The deep booming *oooooohhhhh, y'ooooooooooh, yoooooww* were drawn-out sounds. And

(Continued on page 66)

The party is ready to start for home, but some of the hounds have already started off on another hunt. Ray Skinner, holding the unlucky coon by the tail, uses a hunting horn to call his overeager dogs off the new trail

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FONS-IANNELLI



I guess the Haskell Indians weren't expecting us. Certainly they didn't whoop. They just got off the train, looking perplexed at all the waving pennants

OFF THE RESERVATION

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

Father hoped the Indians could carry that ball, Mother prayed they could carry their liquor, and we boys, with the wisdom of youth, knew something bigger was at stake

ALL of this was Mister Ed Jenkins' fault, or maybe a better way to put it would be to say that all the credit goes to Mister Ed, although I don't believe he ever understood how nice a thing it really was. He thought of it, I'm sure, as just another headache. Which it also was.

That Sunday afternoon was like most of the Sunday afternoons that I remember when I was a boy in Birmingham. The sun was shining and there was a pleasantness, a solid feel of home about that place of ours out near Roebuck Springs. We'd just recovered, we three boys and my father, from one of those expanding Sunday dinners that old Drunken Mary always fixed for us, and after all that chicken fricassee, the autumn air felt good going inside of us.

Talk of spring! Autumn's the time. Autumn's when boys can let go at the business of being boys, hunting for chinquapins and building sleds for snows that down in Alabama never come, digging the hearts of pine from stumps for secret fires in secret caves. Or watching Father feel his long-forgotten oats again. That was, I guess, because with autumn, football surged into his blood again. And that was just the way it was that Sunday afternoon, with Mister Ed Jenkins leaning across that picket fence of ours just as my father braced himself to kick a punt to us.

"I'll bet," said Mister Ed, "you miss it."

My father eased his toe back to the ground. We three boys, waiting tensely for the punt, could feel the jump that his blood pressure must have taken. It wasn't that he actually detested Mister Ed, but being rivals—both of them practicing law in Birmingham and always differing on things like politics, as well as Father having gotten to be junior warden at All Saints—they had, both of them, chips on their shoulders. And living next door to each other there at Roebuck Springs made it convenient for their differing.

"You'll bet?" asked Father, snapping it.

"Well," said Mister Ed, "I never saw a man from Vanderbilt could punt worth mentioning."

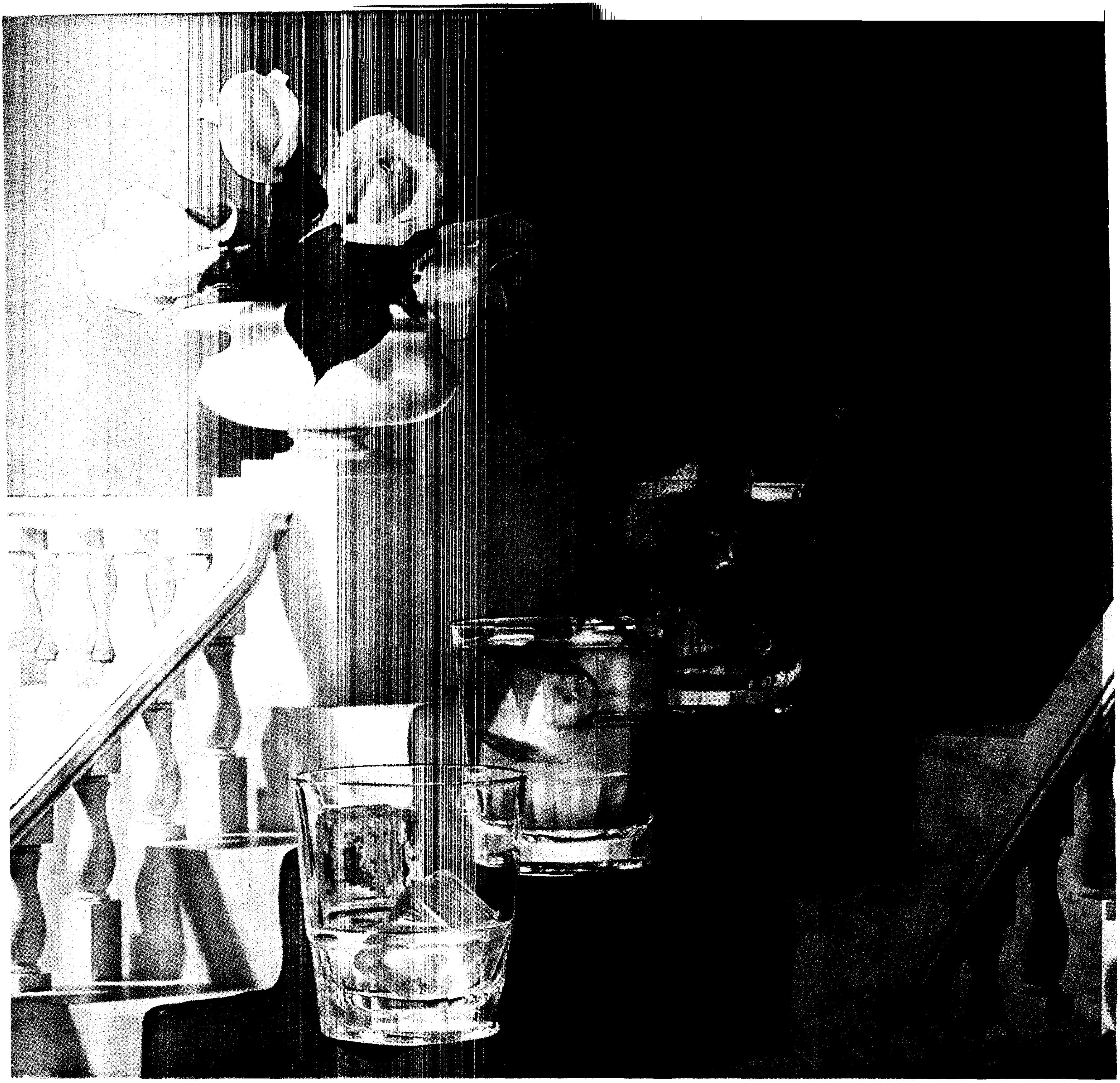
"I didn't do my punting at Vanderbilt," said Father. "All I took there was law. But when I was the fullback at Southwestern Presbyterian University—"

"Where's that?" Mister Ed interrupted to ask.

"At Clarksville, back in Tennessee," said Father, very patiently. "And when I did their punting, we wouldn't have considered playing

(Continued on page 83)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



Three steps to a "Roses Toddy"

In three very easy steps, you can make yourself America's oldest mixed drink at its delightful best.

We're referring to a Four Roses Cold Toddy, nicknamed the "Roses Toddy."

1. Into a large Old Fashioned glass, put 2 ice cubes, ½ teaspoon of sugar and ½ jigger of water.

2. Pour in a generous jigger of matchless Four Roses.

Twist a strip of lemon peel over the drink and drop it in. Stir gently.

We think, when you taste it, you'll discover how delectable a Cold Toddy can be when it's made with that truly magnificent whiskey—Four Roses.

• • •

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So smoke that smoke
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LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

THE WOOING OF CRULLER McCABE

Continued from page 21

(if a model agency can be said to have depth) of the agencies as an unmitigated bore but the dispenser of some of the best modeling jobs on the market. Cruller followed Zing's every word and gesture, that sultry wisp of a smile so sought after in a certain type of pictorial advertising, playing ever so gently about her lips.

Upstairs, five flights nearer heaven than this faintly moist couple, Francis Flanagan Flagg got up from the couch and walked moodily over to the tie rack on the back of his closet door. The neckties which hung in profusion from the rack were the room's chief decoration. There were batik ties, looking like inkblot tests; a number of the foulards were patterned with luminous paint, and glowed in the dark. Francis ran his hands lovingly through them and selected one with a series of miniature reproductions of the Mona Lisa.

Moodily he thought of Cruller McCabe.

As he wound the tie around itself once and again and once again, arriving at a knot which seemed to dwarf his boyish head, Francis was lured out on his fire escape, by some vague quirk of his mind, to look over the side which overhung Dicky's. Stepping past the window of the other fifth-floor apartment, he rested his elbows on the rail and gazed down. Wistfully he scanned the terrace to see if Cruller was occupying a table here, for he knew this was one of her favorite dinner spots. Perhaps this was because the red brick wall of the apartment building reflected a flattering tint, one of those mechanical details any scrupulous model lives by. Flagg sought the sleek gleam of Cruller's topknot among the bobbing heads below.

SUDDENLY his heart changed key. Beside the table directly below he saw the familiar gleaming crown which could belong to no other but Cruller. As her faintly sun-warmed hand reached out and stabbed a fork delicately at some shad roe, Flagg's gaze shifted to the plateaulike skull across the table. "If it's not Jones Beach with Bron, it's Dicky's with Zing," he said bitterly. "Cruller, how can you do this? *Why* do you do this?"

Francis peered anxiously down from his fire escape, as Cruller and Mr. Zing downed Manhattans, and he imagined he heard her gay laugh.

"How did this happen to me?" he asked himself harshly. There'd been other dames, though he'd never looked very closely at one from this angle before. But none of them had ever mastered him so completely as Cruller.

The first time he'd seen Cruller had been at the Club Cutcat. He had been in the middle of a chorus of Ain't My Baby. The cornet was making sounds that told him this was the way it should come out—the way Bix would want it. Enmeshed in that high ecstasy private to hot musicians who carry the scores under their scalps, he still had noticed Cruller looking at him, and glowing in a way he'd never seen her glow in a beer advertisement. At the instant Francis could believe he really had seen her lips form the enticing words, "*Who* ain't your baby?" True, Mr. Bron, a small-time motion-picture producer, had been in the background, but Flanagan had felt something pass between Cruller and himself that seemed to exclude all others from a privately shared world.

This nerve-gnawing affair had gone on thusly for months now, and where had it gotten him? To the fifth-floor fire escape, five floors above Cruller, shad roe, and Zing, reading from left to right.

Cruller still came to the Club Cutcat from time to time, walking through the smoke on the arm of a Zing or a Bron, or occasionally with a handsome or high-ranking naval officer she had arranged to be seen with. Sometimes he would come over to her table between sets, or she would go to his and they would talk.

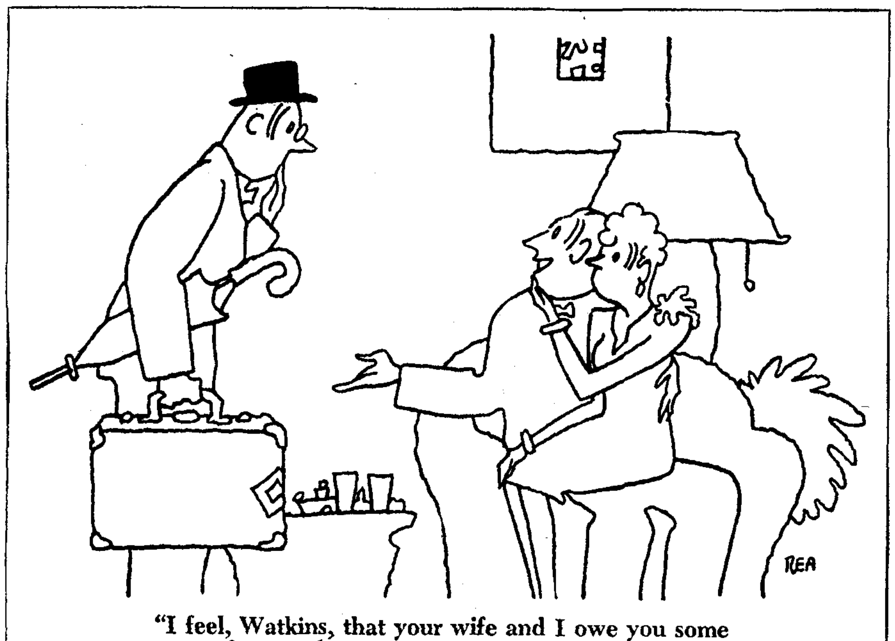
"Did you see me in the silver fox in the last *Vogue?*" she would ask, and Francis Flagg would say, "Yes, and you were beautiful, almost as beautiful as in the flesh," and his eyes would sink shyly to the tabletop, traveling by way of Cruller's tightly sheathed torso.

Or she would say, "I've never heard you do the Hut Sut song," and Francis would play the Hut Sut song, which he hated. But he couldn't help himself.

He watched now, enthralled with a horrible fascination as Zing moved his hand in an expansive outward gesture evidently climaxing a joke, and Cruller leaned back, laughing. He winced as Zing consummated a seemingly idle fumble and grasped her hand.

"That is too much," Francis Flagg gasped. "The rat! Something has got to be done!"

Clutching at the rail, he thought: But what? Should he drop his cornet on that lecher? No, you had to be careful with Cruller; she was a funny girl. She



COLLIER'S "I feel, Watkins, that your wife and I owe you some sort of an explanation. What sort would you like?" GARDNER REA

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Search where you will, you won't find a gift that will look more beautiful on "her" dressing table . . . or add more to her pride. For a hairbrush with nylon bristles—with back and handle of gleaming "Lucite,"* like the one shown here —means "the finest" to every woman you know. (Men go for nylon bristles too!) At brush counters everywhere. Look for the name *nylon* stamped on brush or package. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Dept., Room 6311, Arlington, N. J.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

might not like to have Zing's blood on the shad roe.

Turning abruptly from the corner of the fire escape he stamped past the nearer window and stepped inside his own, far too fiercely preoccupied to hear the hasty rustle of the Venetian blinds which shaded the window of that next apartment.

Down on the terrace, Cruller had succeeded in disengaging her hand from that of Mr. Zing without losing her enraptured smile. Zing was being suavely disparaging about Mr. Bron; he was telling a rather sordid story concerning Mr. Bron and another model. Cruller had assumed her most innocent expression, which was not very successful; she was called on to use it so infrequently in her work.

UPSTAIRS, Francis sat grimly down at the card table which served him as an occasional desk and reached for pencil and paper.

"Dear Cruller," he wrote, "I am on the fire escape starving for you on this iron perch while you dally with that Zing of a Zing below. Where can I meet you? Look, Cruller, I love you. My love is a great, perching thing. This can't go on. Send me a sign, or a lamb chop, by return string. Let me free you from that ugly world. Yours à la carte," and he winced as he signed the name which Cruller insisted on calling him, "Franky."

This was better than inaction. Francis hummed a break of Scatter-roof Rag as he wrapped his note and tied it on the end of a ball of string. Searching to find a weight to carry the line he now intended to dangle down the five stories from his fire escape to the table below at Dicky's, his eye stopped on the wah-wah mute of his cornet.

"What better weight?" he said to himself. "She came into my life through that. That's an omen. She'll know it's from the heart." Going to his tie rack, Francis selected one of his favorite foulards. Then he located a razor blade and proceeded to slice what he fondly hoped would pass for a ribbon. Wrapping this around the note, he started once again for the fire escape.

With one leg over the window sill, Francis Flagg recoiled like a second-story man suddenly caught in a spotlight, as his telephone shrilled.

Reaching in to pick it up, he debated as to which of his customary greetings to use, but only for a moment.

"You paid your five cents," he said. "Start talking."

"Are you the Peeping Tom that's been prowling around outside my bedroom window?" asked a female voice, breathless with a sort of indignant huskiness.

"Say, listen, lady," said Flagg. "Do you know who's talking to you?"

"I gather from the mailbox that your name is Flugg, and I gather from the strange noises that seep through the walls that you play a calliope or a sousaphone or something. . . ."

"Ohhhh," said Flagg, as the light broke through the thunderheads within his brow. "You must be the dame who lives next door."

"You're psychic," said the voice dryly. "You must have extrasensory perception, or an extra lobe on your brain. Now listen, Mr. Flugg. . . ."

"It's not Flugg, it's Flagg," Francis bristled. "Flagg, as in 'So Proudly We Hail,' and it's not a sousaphone, it's a silver-throated cornet. Francis Flanagan Flagg. You know, High Red Flagg and his Six Stripes. . . ."

"Stop sounding like an ad on one of the back pages of Offbeat," said the voice. "I never heard of you, Frank Flugg, and I'd appreciate it if you'd stop playing Romeo on my balcony. How would you like me to call the landlord, or the cops, or the Musicians' Union?"

"You wouldn't do that," recoiled Francis. "You wouldn't call the union. Look, madam, I can explain everything. I wasn't peeping. A friend of mine is in the restaurant down below eating with some goon; she's a very good friend, Cruller McCabe, the Uplift Girl in the magazines, and it's a matter of . . ."

"Look, I'm not interested in your uplift—" The neighbor's voice softened a little. "If it's a matter of what you say it is, you can use the balcony for fifteen minutes. But," she tried to make her voice a bludgeon again, "don't take your calliope out there. Fifteen minutes now. Goodby, Mr. Flagg, I mean Flugg."

Francis smashed his phone down on its carriage, but not before he'd heard a sharp click beating him to the cut. Fifteen minutes, hey? Who does she think she is that Peeping Toms should climb five flights to peep, or to tom? I should have told her that, Flagg muttered. But he glanced at his watch and hurried out to the fire escape.

He made it a point to peer fixedly off at the Empire State Building as he passed the adjoining window, but stomping by, staring away in a posture of magnificent grandeur, he stumbled and had to clutch the side railing to save himself. That husky voice came through the curtains, "Well, don't fall into her noodle soup while you're about it."

Then another decisive click as his neighbor closed her window, hard, against Francis' rumbling, "*Your* fire escape? Now listen, noodle soup—"

What does she think she's doing, spying on me? he thought, and wondered what she looked like.

Francis Flagg looked down on the restaurant once again, following the course of a waiter as he carried a pitcher of water to Cruller's table as if it were a magnum of champagne, gritting his teeth as the waiter scraped and fawned. She won't get that kind of servility from me, he thought grimly. She's gotta outgrow that holier-than-thou attitude. She's a sacred cow, the most beautiful and most sacred cow I've ever seen. But somewhere behind that frigid stare and that voice that sounds like tearing water cress, there is warmth, he thought. The Zings of the world will have a chance to see real love at work, to see love come dangling down on a string.

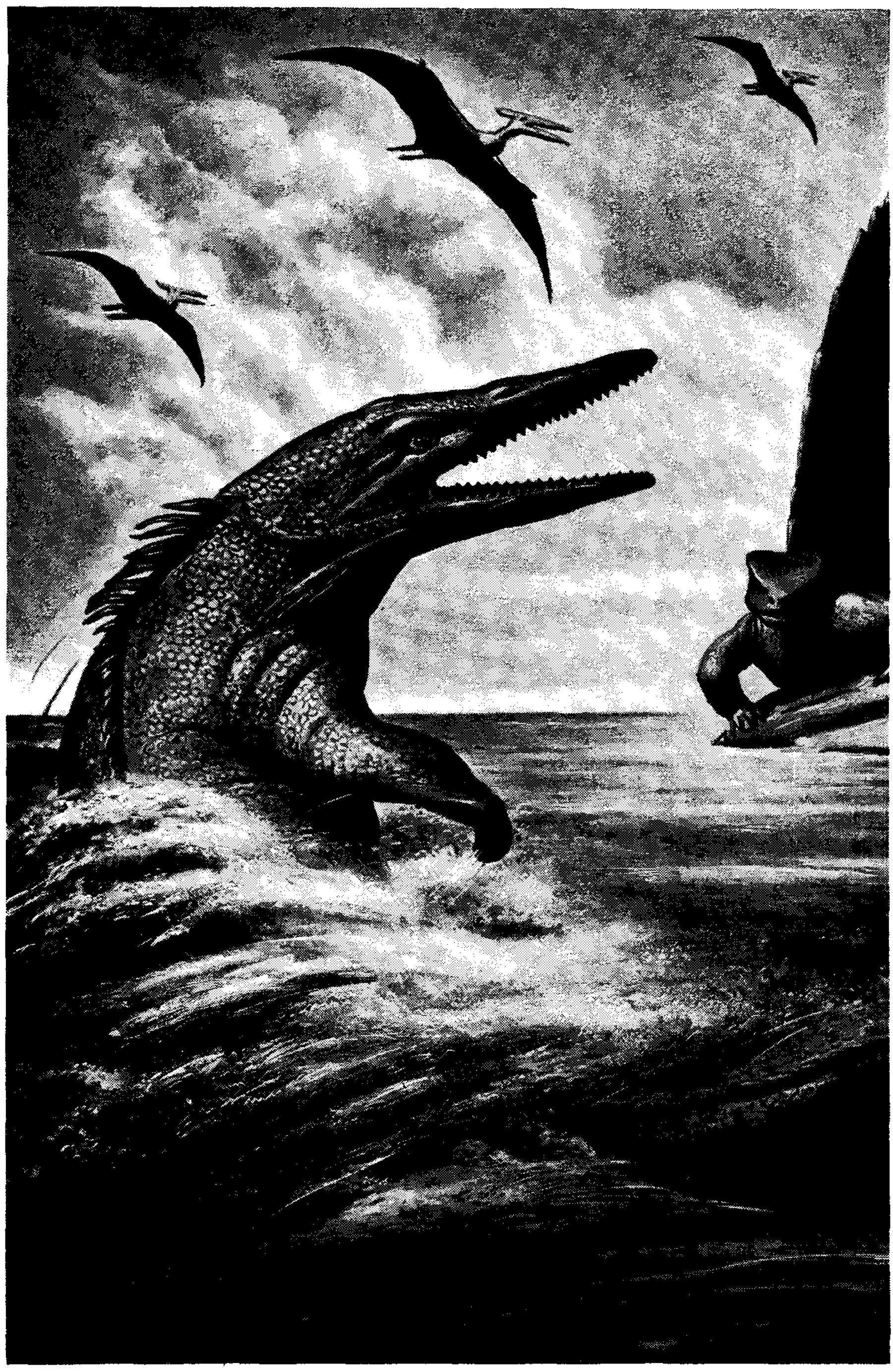
WHILE Francis was cursing and making like a yo-yo with the note, which had developed a strong affinity for a twig which lay along its downward route, the waiter below had retired discreetly, to watch Cruller with the glazed yet ecstatic expression of a newly caught haddock, and Mr. Zing was leaning across the table toward Cruller McCabe.

"But, Cruller, mink doesn't come in white," he was saying. "What you mean is ermine, and I hardly think that's very practical for a bathing suit." Mr. Zing writhed momentarily, impaled on the slender lance of her gaze. "However, if you say that's what you want . . ." He leaned across the table at an even acuter angle.

"Your necktie is dragging in the butter," said Cruller, with a flutter of her unbelievable eyelashes.

Francis had shaken the note loose and was slowly lowering it past the third floor. The setting sun glinted on the polished mute. Francis sighed. A mute for a bobber and a note for bait. Izaak Walton must be doing a samba in his grave. So intent was he on guiding the string past the foliage that lay between him and his target that he failed to hear the window behind him slide open. . . .

After pushing up the sash, Clarabelle Monroe, or—as she was better known in her home town of Webster Groves, Missouri—Clink, leaned easily on her window sill and drank in the lush breeze which shuffled over Manhattan from the Hudson River. There were times when she wished she had never come East, but this, she decided, wasn't one of them. She had a good job as a secretary, and



when Kansas was a kid

Once upon a time, mighty waves rolled o'er the Sunflower State—and through them sea monsters slithered!

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Some say it was during a forgotten era which began—approximately—120 million years ago. Others place the date more recently. They claim it was—*roughly*—a mere 60 million.

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a pipe, but quit because
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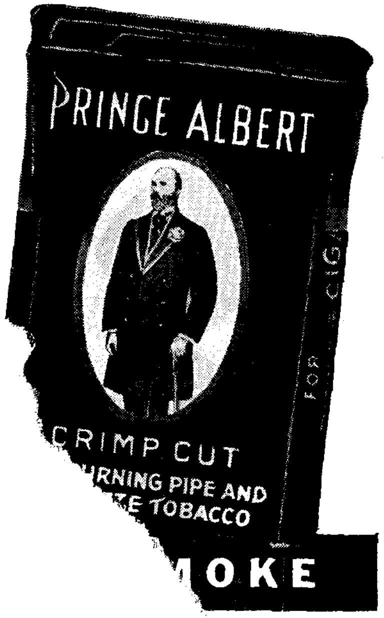


what if she never did get a salaried singing job? There was always the bathtub.

If this Prince Val of 52nd Street had chanced to look toward the slightly tilted blinds, which he pointedly did not, he would have noticed that Clink added a great deal to the general silhouette of the slatted window.

And Francis Flagg's back, leaning over the rail, did not seem to Clink to match her conception of a craven Peeping Tom, at that. Maybe she had been wrong. But he didn't look like a musician either. Somehow he didn't look as if he smoked marijuana. Her former boss and phlegmatic suitor back home, the assistant manager of the Atomizer Trust, who was against any form of smoking except Boy Scout signal fires, had especially warned her against smooth New York musicians and their evil habits. But this appealingly awkward figure with the nice shoulders, who sounded so boyish when indignant on the telephone, surely wasn't smooth. His tousled hair was much the same color as a thirdhand 1936 maroon convertible her brother drove. At that, Clink thought that this hair was much less planned than the pomaded mane of the assistant atomizer back home.

FRANCIS snarled at the swaying line, and used a few mild epithets he usually reserved for the flighty vocalists who had sung with his band. Then there was that voice again leveled at him through the horizontal slats of his neighbor's blinds.

"Are you using live bait?"

Francis ignored the query. The only thing which betrayed the fact that he heard what the girl had said was a small twitch of his elbows. He scowled furiously and dropped eight feet of slack; the mute cleared the branch which had entangled it and bore the note another story down. Francis did not deign to turn his head. The message dropped inch by inch, fighting a little thermal updraft which was springing from the pavement of the terrace.

But then he heard music, and familiar music, waft through the blinds behind him. It was none other than the strains of The Blight of the Husking Bee, one of his own records. Caught off guard he stopped lowering away, and half turned, cocking his head appreciatively as that heady horn did a modest turn under the needle. Flagg smiled to himself.

"Thought you said you never heard of me," he crowed over his shoulder.

"I guess I was too wide-eyed to make the tie-up between a jazz musician and a guy creeping around outside my window, and me in my underwear," she said casually.

Francis started to swivel his head around but arrested the movement in mid-air, like a baseball player thinking better of it after he's started his swing. Instead he let his eye run down the string, which was dangling a mere eight feet above the center of the table below.

"You hardly seem to be crumbling with adulation now that you do know who I am," he went on encouragingly.

"False modesty is obviously not one of your drawbacks," said the girl.

"Listen, see that dame down there?" said Francis. "No, you can't see her from the window. Come on out on the fire escape. I think it will hold two of us. Have you still got your underwear on?"

"Yes, indeed," said the girl; "and a number of other things besides."

"Oh," said Francis with a noticeable slackening of enthusiasm.

"Is that what you're looking for, a girl in her underwear to crumble with adulation at your feet, or five flights below your feet? Is that what this Cruller is in the process of doing?"

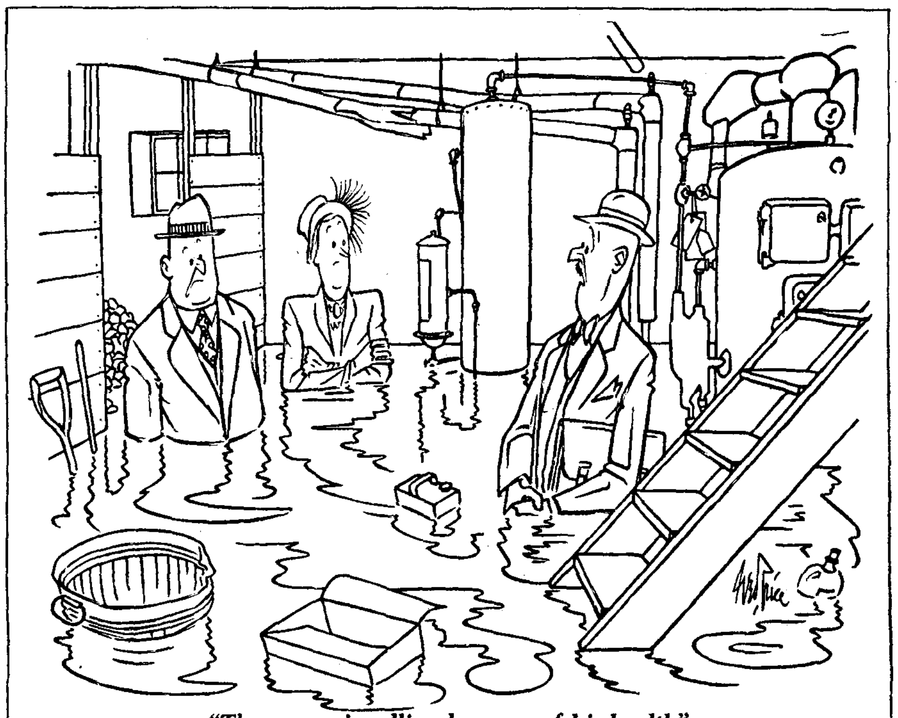
Francis Flanagan Flagg tied the string onto the railing of the fire escape and turned to look at this creature, this upstart who was probably leading up to a request for his autograph, this heckler from the cheap seats.

Peering through the slats of the Venetian blind he cast around in his mind for some sufficiently scathing comment to level at his assailant, but by the time one had taken shape, he choked it back. Then he realized that his eyebrows were hovering somewhere near his hairline; hastily he lowered them into a serious frown. It was the frown he wore when he was dealing with executives of recording companies.

The girl was good. She was dressed in slacks and a halter. She had big eyes and her small young face was framed by long waves of mahogany-colored hair. It wasn't Cruller's concentrated kind of beauty. It was less disciplined. Her softly curved face, a face with honest bones, did not wear that cosmopolitan protective shell of disbelief he had come to expect of women like vocalists and models. It had been a long time since F. F. Flagg had gaped at a girl other than Cruller, but he did so now as Clink stepped out on the fire escape.

Clink colored and broke the pause coolly, "Shall I sing for you now, or are you just going to give me your card? I sing too, you know."

"That's fine," Flagg collected his eyes. "That's fine." So this was the gag. He



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Light-weight clothes which lock out Zero Cold...

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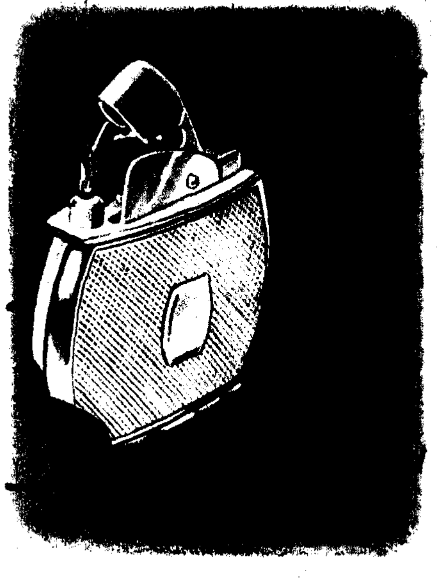

It's sure fire! Press the lever and there's your flame . . . release the lever, it's out! And the wick is a little miracle . . . always lights but doesn't burn down. Has extra fuel capacity and carries extra flints. Precision made of quality metals. At jewelry, department and men's furnishings stores. Please do not order from the factory.

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might have known there was a gimmick. The girl happened to sing and happened to have his records and happened to live next door, so it happened. Too bad, with those tender eyes. Well this was a raw approach she was using. "I suppose you think," he started—

"The string's slipping," Clink said sweetly.

Flagg made a lunging dive for the string and saved it. Clink was now looking over the railing: "It's about four feet above one of the tables now," she reported. "That gorgeous person must be your Cruller?"

"Yeah, that's my Cruller."

"But who's that with her?" Clink wanted to know. "Or is that just dessert across the table? No, it's a head—the ears moved. Say, you don't expect her to take that note and read it while she's with someone else down there, do you?"

"That's *not* anybody," Flagg spoke with pained dignity. "That's Zing, just a big faucet for advertising dough and nothing to Cruller but another third-base coach."

"He's a pretty good palmist, too," Clink offered as they both watched another meeting of the hands across the tablecloth. "If you expect to get any response from that blonde *glacée*, or even a reading, I think you'll have to move the third-base coach out toward center field for a minute."

Flagg groaned and halted the descent of the note. "Just for the sake of argument we'll assume you're right. How do I do it—send up an airplane with some skywriting?"

"Well, I don't know why, but I could telephone him."

"Yeah," said Francis, "the telephone. Great invention. They did it in Technicolor, didn't they?"

"Zing is the name, you say?"

Clink stepped into her apartment through the window, picked up her telephone, and dialed Dicky's. "Anything to clear the fire escape," she smiled gently, her eyes dancing, but Francis couldn't hear her.

Clink talked to the mouthpiece, "Would you call Mr. Zing to the phone? Mr. *Zing*. It's a matter of the utmost importance."

"Yeah, let's telephone," Francis addressed the Venetian blind.

As he waited, tauter than the string which was curving gently down with the breeze, a waiter crossed the terrace below respectfully guiding a basket of rolls. The soft ringing crash of silver being dumped on a tablecloth floated up to Francis; below he noted a woman's hat which looked like one of Dicky's most feverishly tossed salads; a potted palm nodded pompously in a corner of the terrace. The palm's impersonal bow was duplicated almost immediately by Dicky himself, inclining his head at Mr. Zing's elbow. Mumbling something to Cruller, Zing wiped several of his chins with a napkin, rose, and lumbered across the flagstones into the building.

AS ZING left the table Francis excitedly unleashed enough string to drop the note to a provocative swaying position directly in front of Cruller's luminous eyes. She, however, was staring enchanted into her plate-sized vanity mirror, an action in which she invariably indulged immediately upon being left alone by any male companion, and failed to notice the suspended scroll until a waiter captain sidled over to the table.

"For you, madam?" he suggested, indicating the note with a nicely manicured thumb.

"Thank you," she said coolly, squinting toward heaven in the apprehensive manner of someone who has just narrowly missed being defiled by a passing sparrow.

Unfurling the piece of necktie from the note, Cruller directed an apologetic smile at the other diners and spread the paper out on the table. After a nervous glance in the direction of the telephone booth, Cruller read.

In the telephone booth her escort was hearing a mysterious voice say, "Mr. Zing?"

"Speaking," said Zing. "I'm a very busy man. How did you find me here? Who is it? What do you want? And can't I talk to you in the morning?"

"I'm sorry to take you away from Dumpling or Danish or whatever," said Clink apologetically, "but I'm calling you about that private detective your wife's got tailing you, the big one with the monocle."

The telephone booth downstairs seemed to swell a little as Zing's massive frame shuddered. His lips moved. A gnat flew into his mouth.

"Mr. Zing? . . . Are you still on the wire?"

"Just barely," croaked Zing.

"Oh, I thought you knew all about it," Clink laughed a brief, chilly laugh. "The joke's on me, I guess."

"Lady, I don't know who you are, but Mrs. Zing is no joke!" The booth rocked perilously as Zing fumbled for his handkerchief and mopped his soaking pate. "Who is this? How do you know this? No, never mind, I should have expected it. Where is he? Does he have a camera? How much will it cost to buy him off?"

"I wouldn't know any of those things, honey," murmured Clink soothingly. "If you leave the restaurant by yourself and go straight home I wouldn't think the mean old detective would give you a bit of trouble. Just say goodby to Doughnut and trot along." There was a click in the booth, and after a few fruitless bangs on the receiver, Zing settled back onto the much-too-small seat, presumably to contemplate a course of evasive action.

MEANWHILE, after she had finished reading the note, Cruller had drawn a lipstick angrily from her pocketbook, which was made in the likeness of the pouch of a pelican, clasped by its beak. "Free you from this ugly world, indeed!" Pursing her lips into a pouting Cupid's bow she bent archly tailored brows to the reply which she was scrawling on a napkin.

"Are you spying on me? Wish your sense of timing was as good as your Hut Sut. You're a sweet boy, Franky, but how about going away and letting me struggle my own struggles. A girl has to eat.—Cruller."

She folded the napkin demurely and fastened it to the end of the string. The breeze wafted it gently back and forth in front of her nose like food held in front of a performing seal. After ignoring it a moment or so she impatiently reached over and gave the string a series of furtive tugs.

High above, Flagg snapped out of his nervous reverie as the line jumped, and looked down at Cruller. She still sat alone at the table, now more than ever the center of the other patrons' wondering attention. Everybody was looking at Cruller now, even the bus boys—who had been forbidden by Dicky ever to look at anything. She sat ignoring the napkin before her face with patrician disdain.

Francis Flagg began pulling in string wildly, then as the napkin lurched about below forced himself to slow down, trading hands with infinite care along the length of string to lift that gleaming cloth which held such promise. Francis Flanagan Flagg's cup overflowed. Cruller had answered his note! It was just as well she wasn't looking up. She couldn't look up now, he made himself think. Pater Throckmorton would have to throw in the sponge if his proud fillies went around with their heads *that* high in the air. Cruller McCabe, the Uplift Girl. Francis hoisted the taletelling napkin, on

I Modestly admit...
my O'Brien's
Almond BUTTER Crunch
is the most wonderful candy on earth

SEÑOR O'BRIEN
FROM SAN JOSÉ

Hola, Amigos!

I have told you before how my O'Brien's Almond Butter Crunch from California is the most wonderful candy that exists, and how it tastes so amazingly good that people become candy fiends once they taste it.

But, yesterday I got a letter from a lady who says, "Dear Señor, why are you so modest and timid talking about such fine candy?"

Well it is just my honest nature. Like a true O'Brien. I can't stand bragging or exaggerating.

So I will merely say that people often scream with hysterical delight when they first taste my Almond Butter Crunch. I make it out of fresh California almonds, pure concentrated butter and fine chocolate. You get it in vacuum tins, fresh as the day it's made, for $1.22 per each. So why not give in? Gracias, Amigos

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past the second—up to the third story.

And yet, he thought—and the napkin halted its rise and dangled limply next to an abandoned robin's nest—and yet take a girl like this neighbor, whatever her name was, a nice-looking girl, and smart, and willing to give a guy a break, willing to lend him her brains and her time and her half of the fire escape. Here was this gal, who knew some of the angles, pulling a con job for him, so he could get in touch with Cruller, Pancake made-up, sugar-coated Cruller. It was very nice. It was what made the world go round. Cruller would never be caught dead in her underwear, Cruller would never go along on the business end of a stunt like this, Cruller was a lady.

AS HE stood there, bemused, Francis looked down at the golden crown below him and watched enchanted as Mr. Zing scuttled back across the flagged terrace like an overstuffed soft-shelled crab. He gloated as Zing spoke briefly to Cruller and hurriedly left the terrace. Cruller McCabe, her head turned at just the right angle to demonstrate that justly famous neckline in all its haughty allure, stared after him in what, for her, approximated amazement.

Francis resumed pulling on the string. He turned to the girl who was now back in the window behind him. "Zing's making tracks like an electric eel. You must have been terrific on the phone."

"Thanks." The faint wryness in her voice failed to register with Francis.

He looked at her again. "Look, this has been taking a lot of your time. I mean, you were singing or stuff and I charged out on the balcony. Say, will you sing for me someday? An audition, I mean. What's your name?"

Metallically she said, "Clink." She continued to memorize the Empire State spire.

He went to work with words again, after a short pause for the careful manufacturing of his next sentence, "Clink, eh? Say, that's a pretty name."

"My real name is Clarabelle."

"Oh." The string stopped coming in for a moment. "What I mean is: You were practicing singing or something," he came through doggedly. "Why don't you go in and sing some now? I'll listen."

"With both ears?" Clink's mood wasn't exactly expansive. "Maybe I don't want to sing for you. And you better haul in that line, Izaak, and see what kind of fish you caught. Or vice versa."

Francis hauled the mute and the napkin over the railing. With a great show of nonchalance, he untied the cloth and spread it out on the fire escape. He studied it silently from a squatting position.

Maybe I should go over the fire escape myself, without benefit of string, he thought.

"What's she got to say?" asked Clink brightly after a quick glance at his face had suggested to her that Francis was not in ecstasy.

"She says a girl's gotta eat," parried Francis weakly. "She says I play good cornet."

"Does she say a girl's gotta eat caviar?" asked Clink sweetly.

"Here, read it."

Clink hopped out onto the fire escape and knelt beside him. She read the lipstick scrawl.

"Crumbs from Cruller?" Now her eyebrows went up. "Why, that's not so bad, that could be a lot worse. She might have told you to jump off the fire escape. And she said you're a sweet boy, Franky."

"Who's a sweet boy?" Francis growled. "I'm a Peeping Tom. And don't call me Franky. There's only one girl can call me Franky, and she's sitting downstairs looking at her nose in a mirror. Why the hell does anyone get called Franky?"

Clink looked at him as he sat clutching his chin. Then she sighed one of her better sighs and sent her gaze back to the Empire State.

When the silence got too thick, she said, "You're not going to jump, are you?"

"I couldn't suffer enough on the way down, only five flights. Why don't you go back and sing and leave me here to grapple with my fate?"

"I don't want to sing what I was singing."

"What were you singing?" Francis asked.

"I'm Happy Because You're Happy."

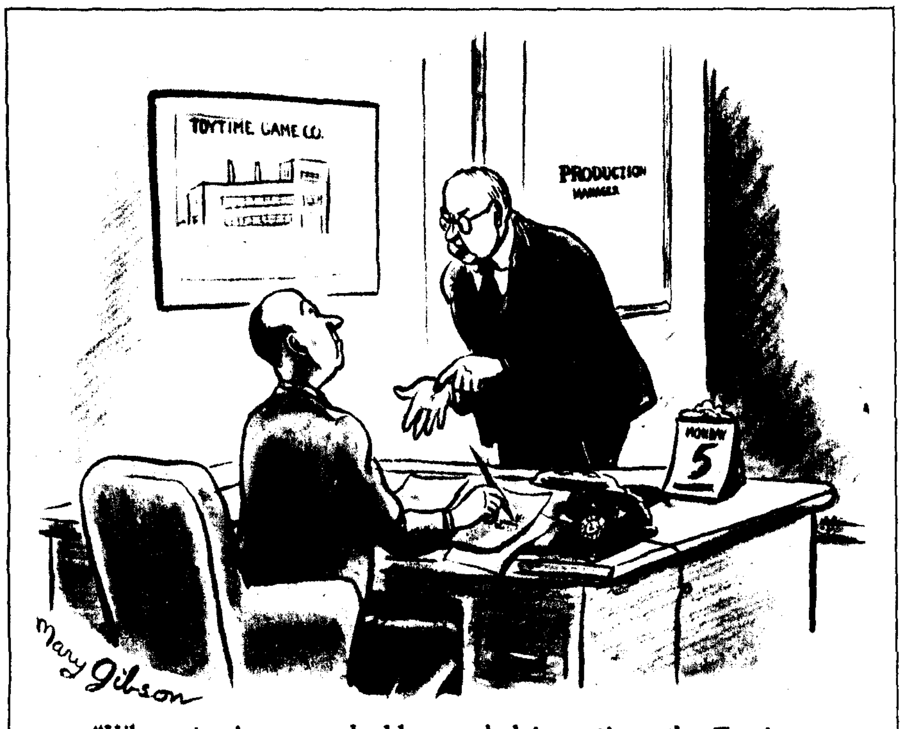
"That's a lousy song," said Francis. "Why don't you sing some blues?"

"I guess I might as well go in. I can see you don't crave company," Clink said with a small smile. "Look, I'm sorry it had to turn out this way . . . Mr. Flagg."

"Forget it, Miss Clink. You were fine, you were corking."

Clink stepped through her window. Francis pawed at a spot of rust on the fire escape with the napkin.

A few minutes later he heard a slow compulsive blues beat emanating from Clink's upright piano. She played two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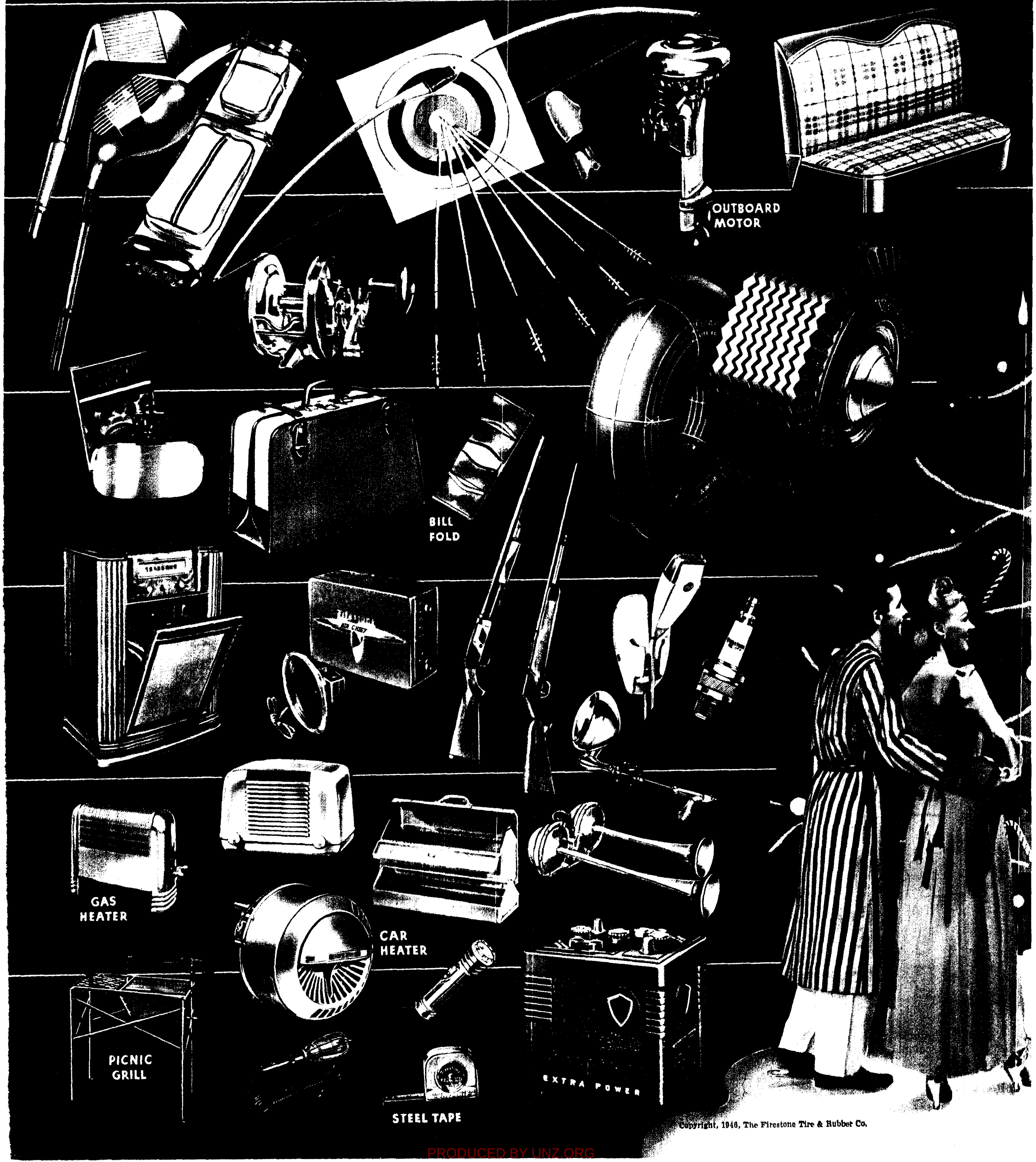
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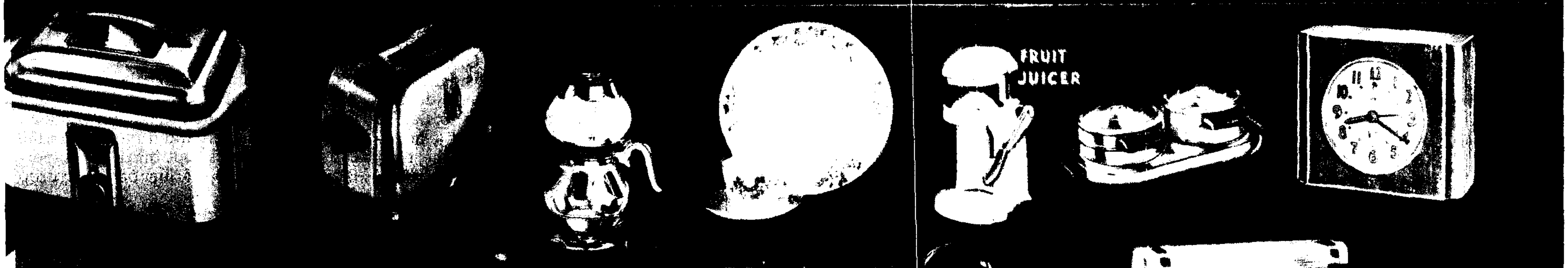
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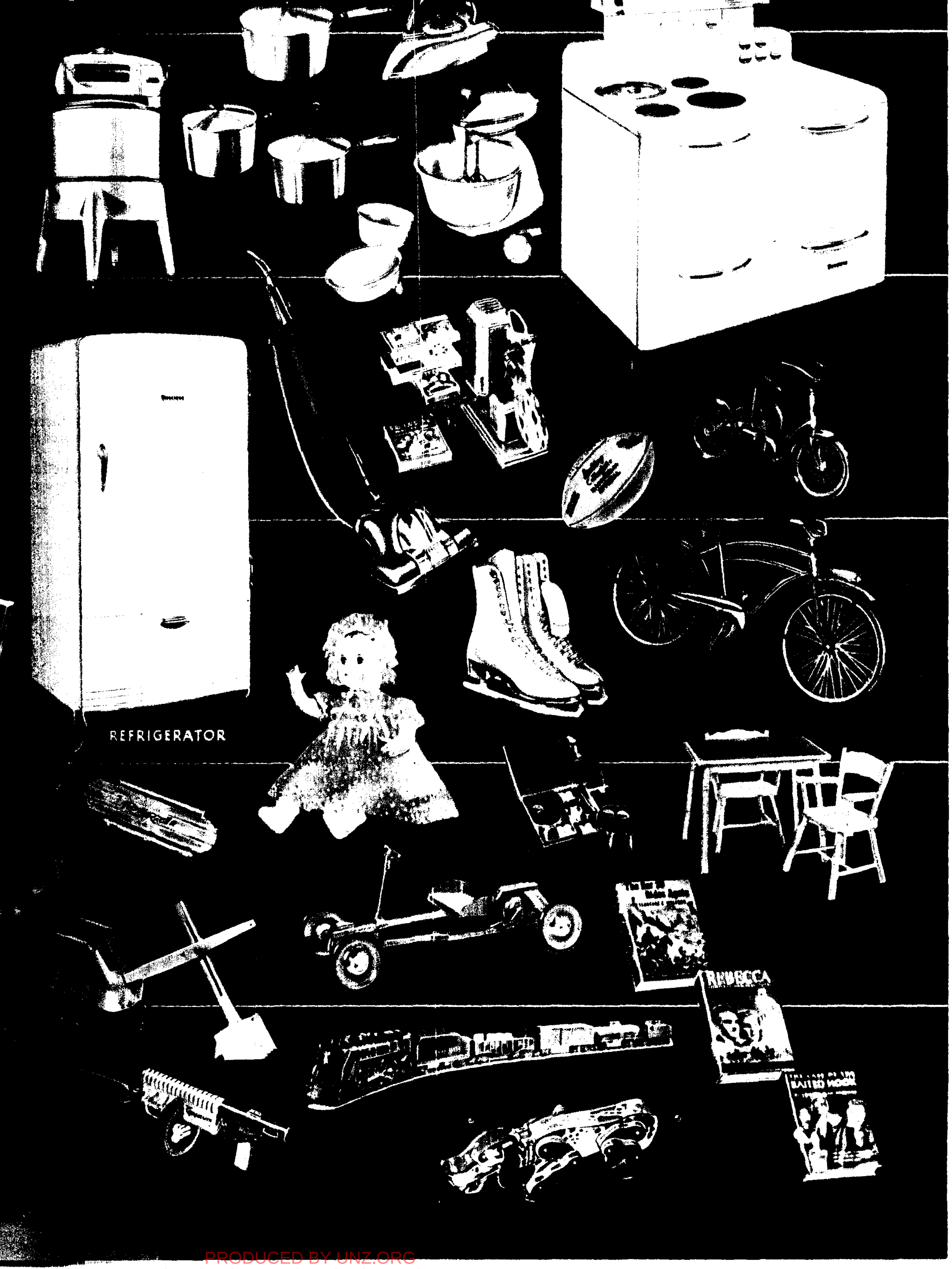

REFRIGERATOR
REBECCA

whole choruses of Ain't My Baby and then she started singing, in a low voice full of all the expressive nuances the lyrics demanded and tinged with that same wonderful burr he had noticed when she first talked to him on the phone.

Moodily he got up and wandered into his own apartment. Picking up his horn, he went back out on the fire escape and sat down outside Clink's window.

"Ain't mah baby evah gonna learn . . ." came the words. Clink cocked his head and started to noodle around on his cornet, filling in, surrounding Clink's blue phrases. Then she started singing the Chalk Stripe Blues, and Francis ducked into her room, the horn at his lips as he pushed over the sill, threading a heartfelt accompaniment to her as she sang ". . . chalk-stripe, pin-stripe, herringbone tweed . . ." Clink didn't turn around, she just heard the horn coming closer and closer till the vibrato was making the short hairs on the back of her neck quiver. Her voice broke off and she wheeled around on the piano stool and looked up at him. Her supple legs were folded under her on the stool and it made her into a very neat little package, thought Francis. And this doll rents the apartment next door. It sings, it cracks wise, it plays the piano, I wonder if it says "Daddy." I wonder if it closes its eyes when it's kissed.

CLINK looked up and smiled a slow, faintly incredulous smile, "You played your horn at Cruller that way, and she's still sitting downstairs?"

Francis started to smile a little too, but his face wasn't set for it. "Cruller likes the Hut Sut song."

Clink turned half around to the piano, and kidded the keyboard with one slender hand. Francis Flanagan Flagg looked into the high lights of her hair in the slanting late afternoon sun and saw stars. There came a ringing in his ears.

"Isn't that your phone?" she asked, without turning.

"I guess so." He stood there.

"Maybe you should answer it. It might be Cruller."

"Yeah." He spoke with effort from a trance, slowly, as if he were a medium and she the control. The phone didn't stop ringing. He went reluctantly out over her sill and walked over to his window, being careful to step only on the empty spaces between floor rails of the fire escape. Passing the few feet of masonry between their windows, before he stepped in on his own parquet floor, he came out of his dream like a patient coming out of ether, happy and a little light in the head. He picked up the phone and considered skipping rope with the extension cord, then carried it out on the balcony.

"It's your nickel, start talking."

"Hello, Franky? My, but you sound manly. Sorry to be such an old crank all over that napkin. And it mushed up the end of my lipstick, but that's not important. It was really darling of you to drop that sweet note."

Francis held the telephone a little away from him, sniffing it like a dog inspecting an alien tree. "My name is Flagg—F. F. Flagg," he said. The words were ice cubes falling into a tall, tall glass.

"*Dar*ling, Goldilocks finally got rid of Papa Bear . . ." but Cruller's words echoed dully from wall to wall of the telephone booth as they bounced back from the unyielding diaphragm of the mouthpiece. The telephone was dead.

Francis had reached in from the fire escape and thoughtfully replaced the receiver on its cradle.

Clink was leaning out her window, her chin resting on the heels of her hands, pensive in the summery dusk. Francis moved along the fire escape until he stood in front of her. Chin still in hand, she rolled her eyes up at him.

"Who was it?" she asked innocently.

"A piece of nickel pastry, I guess, in the wrong bakery shop." Francis reached down for her.

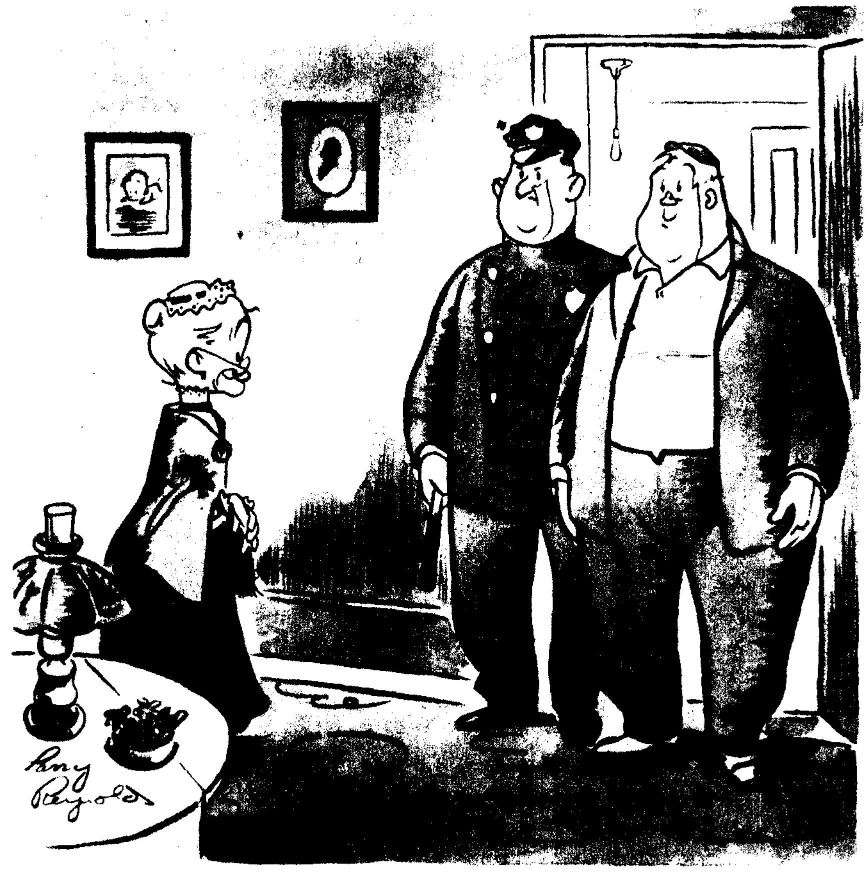
A long moment later Clink opened her eyes languidly and leaned back in his arms.

"You know, we'll have to have this fire escape roofed over," Francis was saying.

"Marble plated, like a balcony," purred Clink.

THE END

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I'm glad it's just larceny and not disorderly conduct. We Mulligans are never disorderly"

COLLIER'S

If she always draws back like this

When you wish she'd draw closer like this

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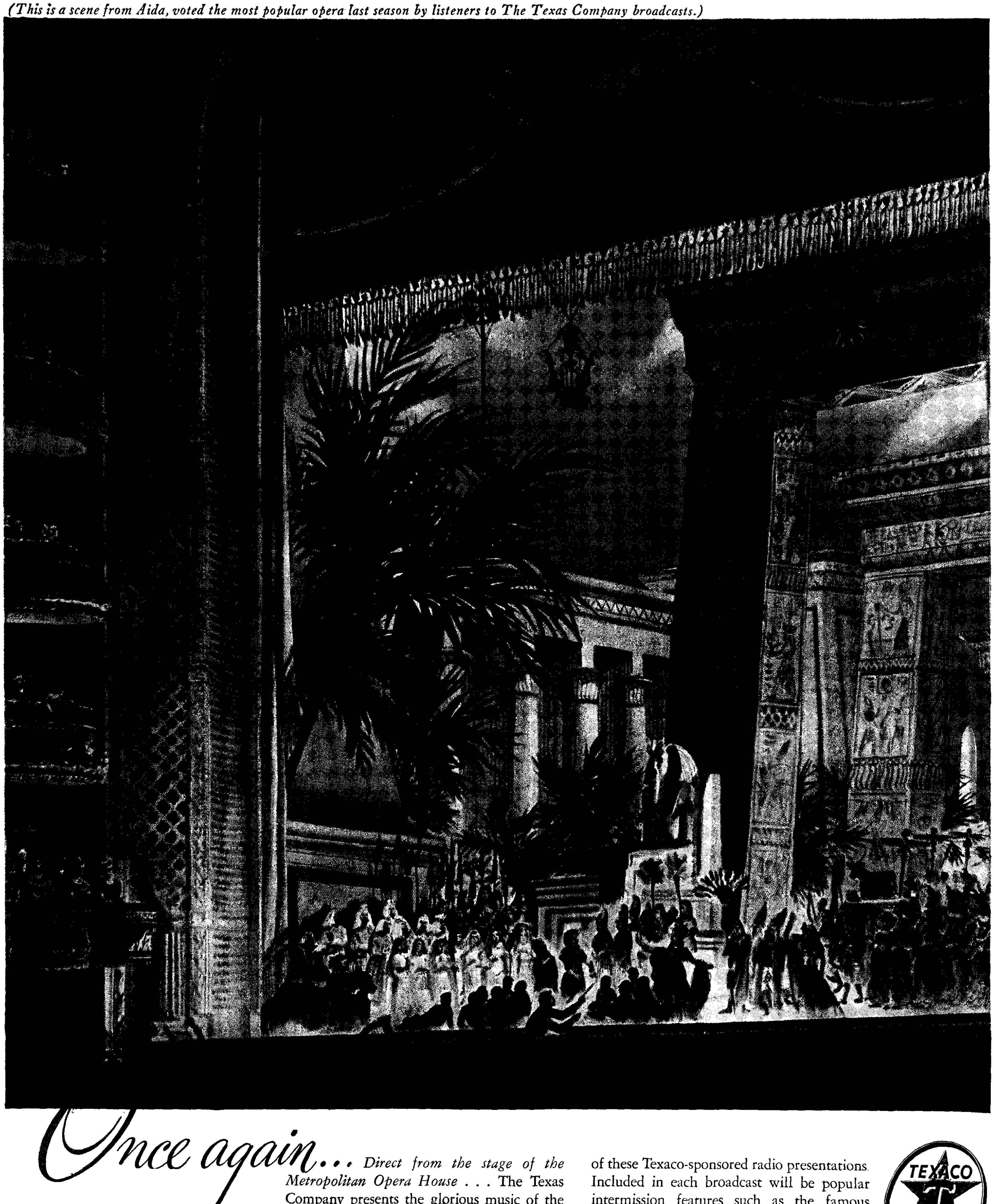
(This is a scene from Aida, voted the most popular opera last season by listeners to The Texas Company broadcasts.)



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THE HANDWRITING ON THE ICE

Continued from page 19

Forces have crammed into this year more actual experience than the sum total of all our previous years. It adds up to two main conclusions:

We've tackled one of the biggest and costliest jobs in our history. The burden of the job falls on the Air Forces, with the Navy in a vital supporting role.

Early this year, U.S. Army observers joined the Canadian army's Exercise Musk-Ox on an experimental trek through subpolar Canada. Carrying no military equipment heavier than rifles, their lumbering, four-ton snowmobiles took them 81 days to travel 3,100 miles, or 38 miles a day—much too slow to intercept an enemy landing on Canada's northern shores. The planes and gliders required to supply food, gasoline, and spare parts could have ferried the whole expedition anywhere along the route in a matter of hours.

In March, the Navy tried out carrier warfare in Baffin Bay off Greenland's western shore Battered by arctic squalls and slowed down by ice floes radar couldn't see, the 45,000-ton Midway could still operate a reduced force of planes 90 per cent of the time.

But harbors are few and the arctic's steep, rocky shores are doubly barricaded by drift ice which could grind assault boats to a pulp, and fixed ice serried with pressure ridges thirty feet high. As one naval expert aboard the Midway confessed: "An amphibious assault against an enemy strongly positioned on a subpolar shore would make Tarawa seem like a Sunday picnic."

The answer is air power based on a far-flung network of self-sufficient ground installations. To do the job, the AAF has to knock down the whole complex mechanism it built up during the war and rebuild it, piece by piece, to meet the far more exacting demands of the arctic. The bill for research alone is going to come high. But as a taxpayer you can console yourself with the thought that results may pay off someday in peacetime air commerce as well as in preparedness.

Some four million of your tax money went into the new "climatic hangar" at Eglin Field, Florida. The AAF designed it to take the bugs out of flying in temperatures ranging from 160 degrees Fahrenheit above to 70 degrees below. This is the laboratory spearhead for actual testing and proving operations based on Ladd Field, Alaska. Cold-weather problems from every corner of the arctic theater now funnel through this barnlike icebox.

Tests already carried out have shown there's scarcely a part of a modern airplane which doesn't have to undergo some cold-weather modifications. At 70 below, a plane is bounced with the impact of an ordinary landing. Its rubber tires, frozen brittle as plastic, shatter on the floor.

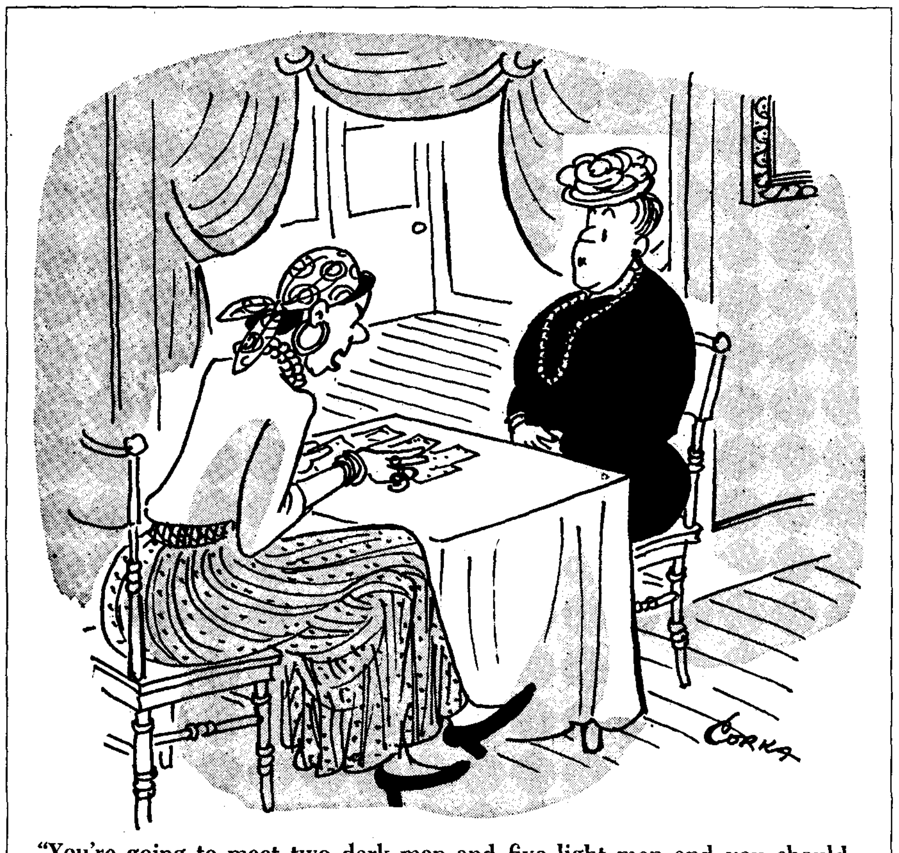
"You spill a quart of heavy oil on the ground," a veteran of arctic flying reports to Eglin Field, "and one hour later you can pick it up and beat a man to death with it." The experts are looking for new lubricants that don't turn airplane motors into cement mixers.

Alchemy of Subzero Cold

Ordinary gasoline, the kind you use in your car, becomes about as volatile as water during the arctic winter. Hydraulic-brake fluids work like taffy, and leather and pliable plastics break off like peanut brittle.

The violent contraction of metals is one of the toughest problems of all. Polar temperatures can permanently alter the molecular composition of the finest steels. At Eglin Field, they're seeking new alloys to keep the fine tolerances required in moving parts not only of motors but aerial cameras, guns, watches, bomb fuses and all the other precision tools of modern war.

Men as well as machines need readjustment to the arctic. Tempers grow shorter as the polar nights grow longer. Neon lights at home haven't prepared young Americans for living and fighting in the eerie glow of the aurora borealis. As to "fraternization," their chances couldn't be worse if they were stationed on the moon. The entire native and white population of arctic and subarctic



"You're going to meet two dark men and five light men and you should beware of three—no four—light women, and—oh, this is a pinochle deck!"

COLLIER'S JON CORNIN

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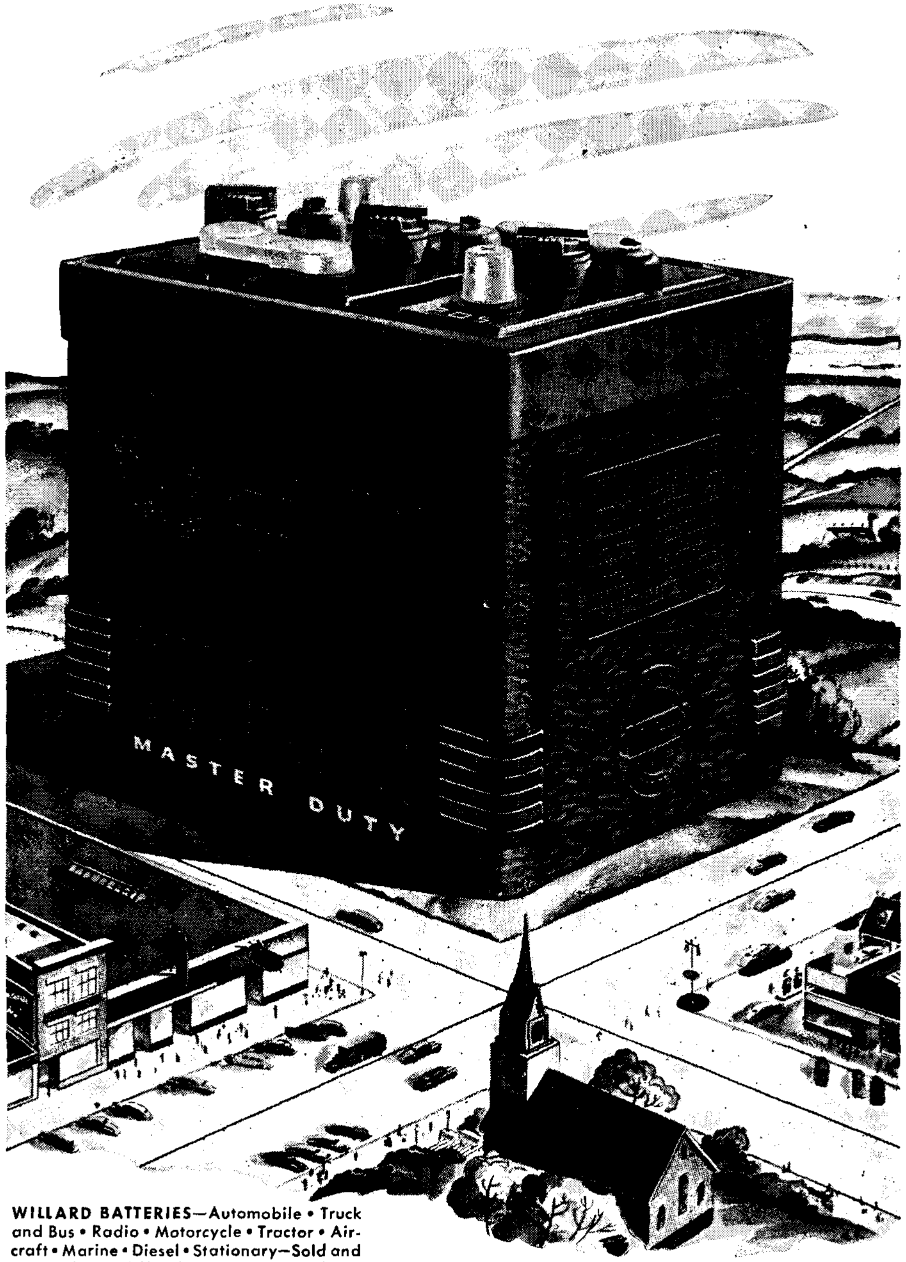

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North America, including Alaska, Greenland and Upper Canada adds up to 170,000 human souls—the population of Jacksonville, Florida—spread out over an area three times the size of the United States.

Right now, our military experts aren't nearly so concerned in rescuing our men from boredom as from crash landings. In a dive bomber catapulted from the Midway in the Labrador Sea, Lieutenant (jg) Warren F. Paris and Radioman John P. Thomas nose-dived into icy water a mere 100 yards ahead of the onrushing carrier.

"Next thing we knew," said Lieutenant Paris, "a big basket reached down out of nowhere, plucked us out of the water, and set us down on the deck of a destroyer like so many trout."

Operation "Basket Rescue"

They were the first to be saved by a new Navy method called "basket rescue"—a large wicker basket swung out on a boom from the deck of the rescue ship. A good swimmer rides in the basket to yank out victims too cold or weak to climb in by themselves.

The basket method speeds up rescue at sea once the victims are located. But the basic problem, still unsolved, is to keep men alive while the search for them goes on. On land, new emergency kits will doubtless stretch out survival time for days or even weeks. But arctic waters kill within thirty minutes after immersion. The Midway's carrier pilots tried out a special, inflated suit that added another precious hour and a half—and saved five lives on this one cruise. But even two hours is far too little time for most rescues at sea.

From rescue suits to union suits, new types of clothing have to be devised for arctic use. On the Midway, clockwork drills went to pieces because of cumbersome clothing. Men burdened by their heavy covering move slowly, tire quickly and become soaked in perspiration which freezes the moment they pause to catch their breath. The complexity of present garments is another cause for gripes. One of our observers on Exercise Musk-Ox was sure an enemy could have wiped out the expedition at leisure while they went through this comedy routine of dressing:

"An error anywhere along the assembly-line process of putting on layer after layer meant you had to undress back to the point where the mistake occurred. And if you made a mistake in undressing back to that point, the situation was completely 'snafu.'"

The last straw: The layer nearest the skin was G.I. underwear—and it itched. Softer materials can take the itch out of underwear, but nothing so far devised, not even DDT, can take the bite out of arctic mosquitoes. During the brief spring thaw they rise from the stagnant tundra in numbers at least ten times greater than in the tropics. So hotly do they pursue the G.I. that the white netting under which he crawls at night is usually black with them by morning. During the war, one G.I. wrote home: "We used to try to hit them with snowballs—until they began throwing them back."

Like the mosquitoes, most of the other headaches we're up against in "reconverting" our air power to the arctic are on or near the ground. When cold dry-air masses from the interior hit the warmer, moist air above the ocean currents, things begin to happen fast. An entire coastal area, clear one moment, is suddenly blotted out by fog.

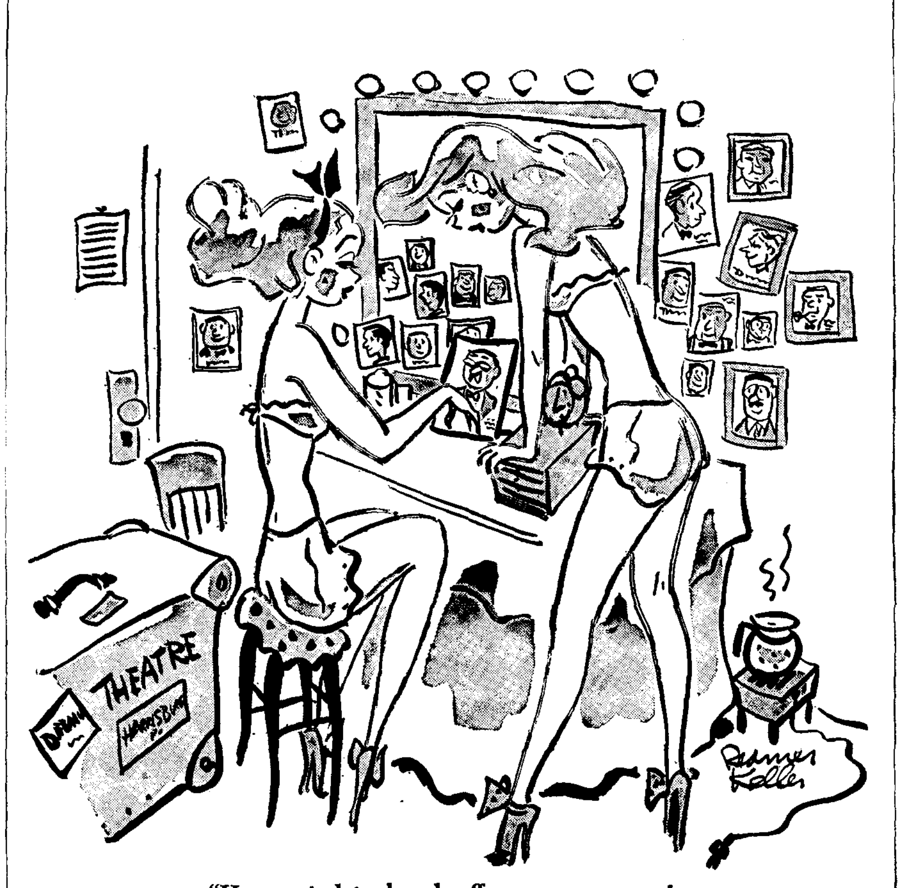
At sea, the atmosphere boils up in sudden squalls which toss planes around like popcorn over a grill.

Nature's Pranks With Moisture

On the Midway, sailors gaped over the rails at another result of this mixing process—upside-down snowstorms. Moisture crystallizing into snow just above the surface of the water turned it into a sea of cotton bolls. The snow shot straight up on the rising air currents.

On land, a similar mixing of cold upper air with the slightly colder air over the ground causes vapor trails to follow every moving thing. Apart from the eerie feeling it gives you, it's a real nuisance to fliers. The propwash from a single plane getting ready to take off is enough to cover the whole field with an impenetrable layer of fog.

For long-distance flying, the "in flight" weather is actually better than over the



COLLIER'S "He wanted to break off our engagement. But I told him he'd have to wait his turn" REAMER KELLER

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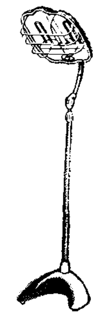

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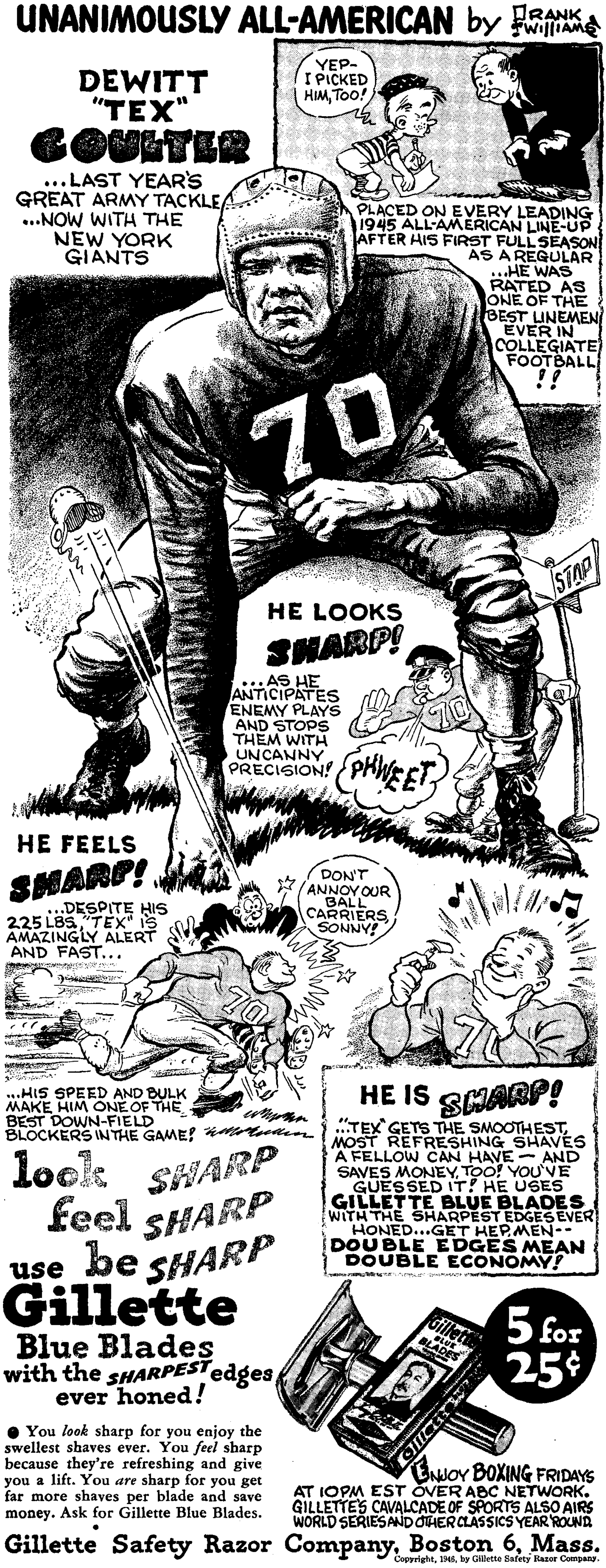
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United States. That's mainly because the spinning motion of the earth bellies out the atmosphere around the sides and compresses it over the poles. This brings the stratosphere much lower over the arctic.

In Texas, for instance, the weather ceiling is ten miles above sea level—too high for routine flying even by our biggest bombers and transports. Over the arctic, it's only five miles up—an altitude that brings the smooth stratosphere highway within reach of even smaller types of aircraft.

To large-scale air operations, the arctic presents no weather obstacles that can't be hurdled by more extensive forecasting facilities. Until now, with only a thin sprinkling of arctic and subarctic weather stations between them, Americans and Canadians have been leaning heavily on broadcast reports from Russia's 800-odd transmitters. Through all our postwar squabbles, the Russians—conveniently for us—have kept right on broadcasting them in the clear.

The thirteen weather-forecasting ships which the United States and twelve other nations are tethering along the North Atlantic route will be a big help to military as well as civilian air operations in the arctic. So will the new system of continuous weather flights which the AAF is inaugurating this month out of Ladd Field in B-29s equipped as meteorological laboratories.

Close Co-operation With Canada

Though the AAF isn't advertising it, there is every reason to suppose we've also begun to set up ground stations all over the North American arctic. In this as in most other phases of our arctic preparations, we're working closely with Canada through the United States-Canadian Joint Board on Defense.

The job of moving in on the arctic has only started. Before it's done, a lot of decisions are going to have to be made, not only behind closed doors in the Pentagon and the State Department but in the open forum of Congress and at the corner drugstore.

King of the Mountain is a rough game, even when children play it to see who can push his way to the top of the sand heap—and keep his place there. It's a matter of life and death to millions when nations play it to see who will rule the world.

If Americans decide to claim their place on top of the terrestrial sand heap, it will have to be done by air. Our AAF is more than willing to undertake the job. What they want now is a definite, long-range military program tied in with our foreign policy and official recognition of what is for all practical purposes a fact: an autonomous Air Force of equal rank with the Army and Navy.

In arguing the case for arctic air supremacy, the AAF is up against a peculiarly American trait of Puritan self-deception, a quality other peoples can easily mistake for hypocrisy.

It's part of the psychology of a nation in which millionaires hate to be rich, in which the last thing Presidential candidates want is to be President, in which every warlike move is justified in the manner of a father to an offending child: "This hurts me more than it does you . . ."

Against this attitude, the appeal of a militant AAF is officially restricted to "defense." But today, in Washington, defense has come to mean something far different from what it meant prior to 7.35 A.M., Honolulu time, on December 7, 1941.

Its new meaning derives from the growing feeling that the next war will be won by this inversion of the Golden Rule: "Do unto others only what you can prevent them from doing unto you."

General Spaatz came closest to giving the present military version of polar defense when he wrote last year in Collier's:

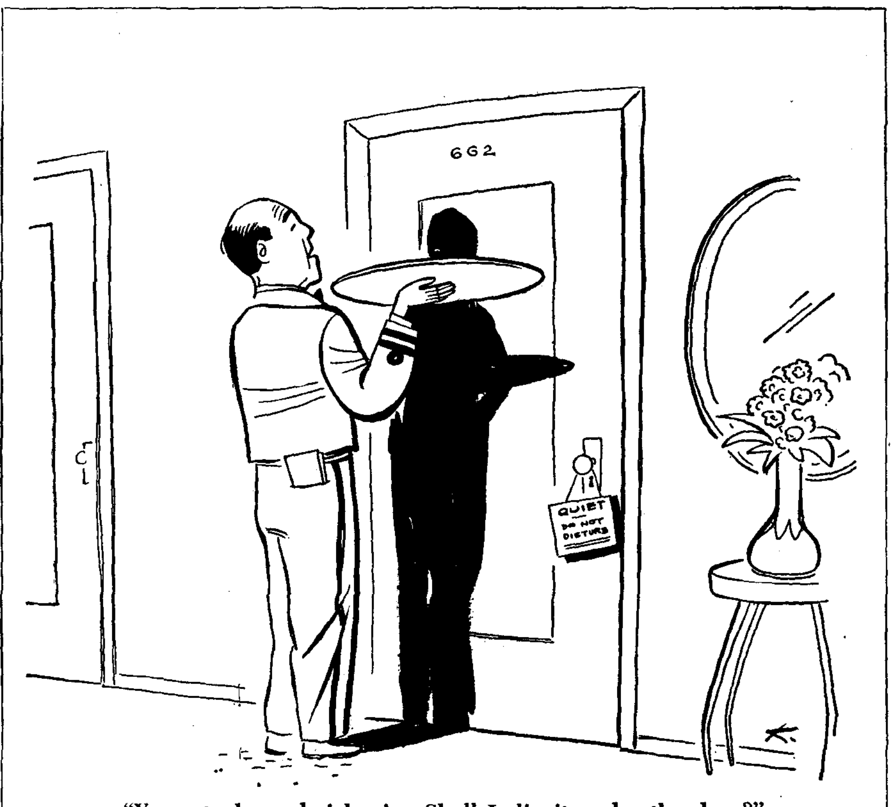
"We simply have no defense in the old sense of the term . . . The only real defense has become a total offense, one that would be aimed at smashing the enemy's whole organism and would 'counter' his offense incidentally in the process."

This is packaged warfare—the entire destructive power of a nation wrapped up in a single, atomizing blow which permits of no retaliation in kind. In this form of warfare, there are no frontiers, no front lines.

There are only points of vantage from which to drop your bundle of annihilation on an undeclared enemy before he can drop his on you.

In warfare between the United States and the only other power on earth now even potentially capable of carrying it out, these vantage points are all to be found in or near the Arctic Circle.

THE END


662
QUIET DO NOT DISTURB

"Your steak sandwich, sir. Shall I slip it under the door?"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Right time, right place ...right car

No welcome is warmer than Hudson's

NEVER, in our 37 years of fine car manufacture, have so many thousands chosen Hudson as the car that is right in *design* and right in *quality.*

Their admiration is won by smart new exterior styling—by new luxury interiors upholstered in striking combinations of leather and cloth found in only *one* other 1946 car (one of the highest priced).

People everywhere are well aware of Hudson's envied reputation for tireless performance—stemming from the power and smoothness of the famous Super-Six and Super-Eight engines, in a precisely engineered chassis.

This welcome for the new 1946 Hudsons is spectacular, even in a year when car demand far outstrips supply. It reflects the opinion of buyers who have had better-than-usual opportunities to judge automobiles *on merit.*

Owners of earlier Hudsons again want the car that made such a splendid record of endurance and economy during the war—the car that Hudson dealers serviced so loyally and efficiently.

And new tens of thousands, attracted by outstanding performance and luxury, are choosing Hudson too.

You owe yourself a visit to the nearest Hudson dealer—one of 3,000 ready to serve you from coast to coast, from the Gulf to Canada. There you can see these grand new cars and learn why so many thousands are turning to Hudson as "the car that's *right.*"

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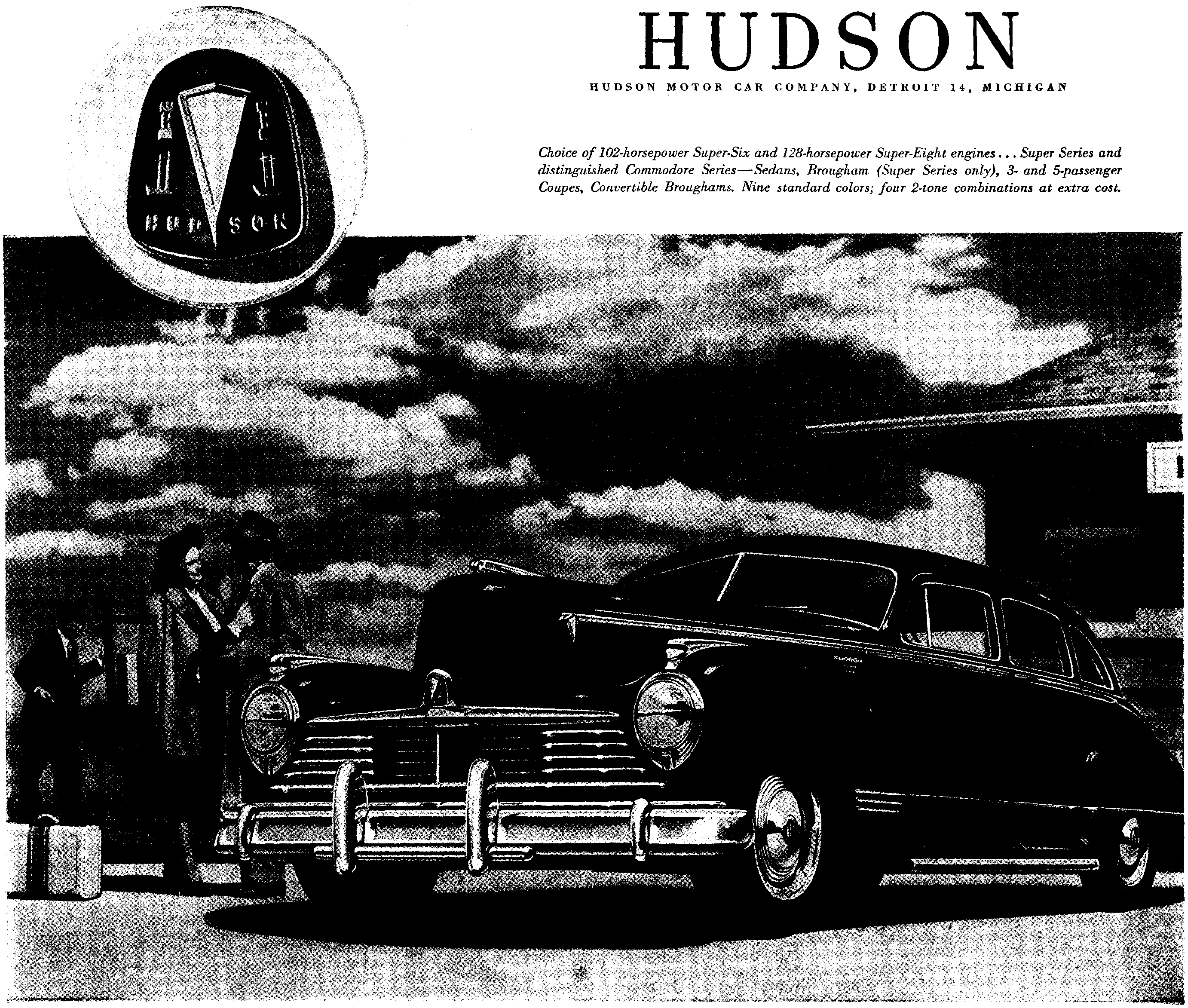
Choice of 102-horsepower Super-Six and 128-horsepower Super-Eight engines . . . Super Series and distinguished Commodore Series—Sedans, Brougham (Super Series only), 3- and 5-passenger Coupes, Convertible Broughams. Nine standard colors; four 2-tone combinations at extra cost.



PREACHER IN SONG

BY AVERY S. DENHAM

America's oldest folk ballads live again through a man with a guitar and a message

HIS mother aimed, she always said, to have a preacher in the family. That's why religious Elizabeth White, of Greenville, South Carolina, named her fourth child after the priestly warrior Joshua.

"'Fraid I've disappointed her," says Josh White. "Preachers have to know an awful lot. I never got beyond the sixth grade."

Some people say Josh is a natural preacher. His extraordinary repertoire of more than 500 American folk songs includes songs not only about man's inhumanity to man, but about man's goodness, too. His easy baritone isn't large, but it's insinuating. Listening, it is as though Josh were singing only for you.

Medium tall, with a slow, mischievous smile, and dressed in sports slacks and corduroy shirt, Josh White held forth for three years in New York at Café Society Uptown and its twin Downtown, where Josh and his guitar were one and inseparable, and were always billed together. His fame spread swiftly, and now he has just begun his first formal concert tour, which will take him to 31 American and Canadian cities from coast to coast.

Five years ago this minstrel was just another little-known entertainer. "Spots" of group singing on the radio came his way intermittently. To feed a growing family, he often had to fill in with floor-scrubbing and window-washing. Now, at thirty, Josh's annual income from his best-seller records alone zooms into five figures. Add the fees from his concert tour, his private-party and radio engagements and the lessons he gives in folk-song singing, and it becomes a high-bracket income.

Josh was seven years old when he led home a lone Negro singer with a guitar strapped to his back. This blind minstrel, Joel Taggart, offered to send Josh's pious mother four dollars a week if she'd let the boy lead him to Florida for the winter. Taggart proved persuasive with his spiritual singing and glib Bible-quoting.

"My mother believed that to lead the blind would be doing God's work," says Josh. "An early start for me toward being a preacher. But to a kid—well, it promised fun, adventure and no regular school, day in and day out. And I'd always been crazy about music! I just naturally believed I'd soon be playing Joel's guitar. But I didn't have that idea very long. This fellow, so kind and soft-spoken in Greenville, was a hard taskmaster on the road. He had hired me to lead him, not to teach me any guitar-playing. Also, I had to go through the crowd as he sang, passing a tin cup. I hated that. I've always felt ashamed, even as a small boy, to see anyone in a position where he has to beg.

Music Made Him Forget Hardships

"But I was bound to learn the guitar. The very first time I picked it up, Joel whammed me. It was a life that no child should know. Roaming the roads, never certain where I'd sleep, and almost always hungry. I heard plenty of bad talk, too, and at first I was too young to understand it. But the music—the songs and the guitar, somehow they made up for everything. Why didn't I run away, ever? I didn't dare, then. I was little, and a long way from home. Besides, Joel did keep his word and each week sent my mother the money he'd promised her. I'd always known what it was to be poor, and even then I understood how badly money was needed with a sick father and other children to be cared for. My mother took in washing—but you don't get much for that kind of work, ever."

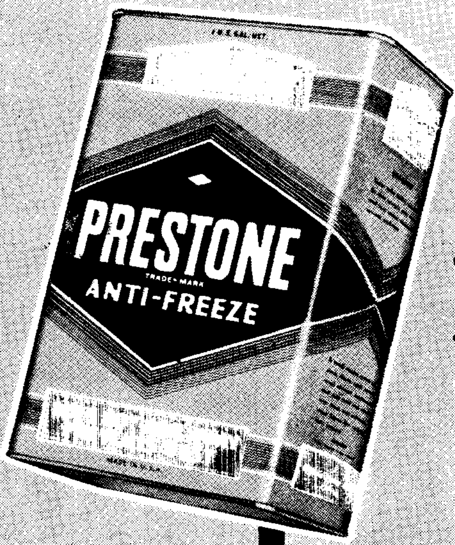
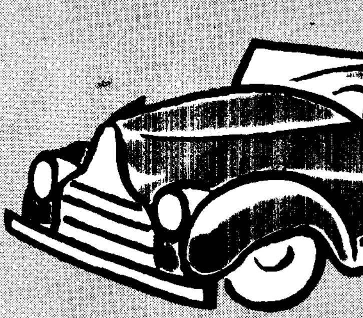
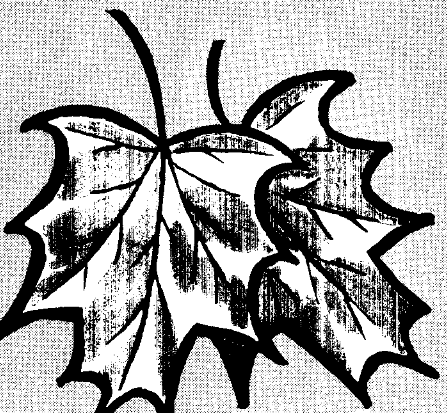
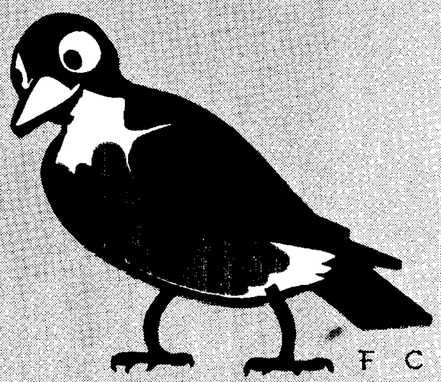
In the summer, Josh's beat included small towns as far west as Mississippi, as far north as Kentucky. He and Joel went from street to street, taking in about $45 a day. In winter, they really cleaned up at the resort centers, where they were a novelty to the Northern visitors. They often collected $175 or more from Saturday morning to Sunday night.

But urban life, while highly profitable, was complicated. Truant officers would spot them, and Josh would be hauled into the nearest school. As this interfered with Joel's business, they'd soon be on the move.

"I could never finish a full school term," explains Josh. "And when I'd go to a school and say I'd been in one grade before, they'd always put me back into a lower one!

"By 1926, I'd been with Joel Taggart nearly four years," Josh says. "Then, one day, the police put me on a train bound for South Carolina and home." A grin lights Josh's face. *(Continued on page 72)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN—PIX

Put  in your  when the  fall—and forget it till the first 

Get set for winter driving now—with America's favorite anti-freeze that keeps your engine safe all winter long

YOU DON'T *guess* with "Prestone" anti-freeze; you *know* you're safe from freeze-ups, no matter how suddenly the thermometer dives. For, when you put in "Prestone" anti-freeze, it *stays put.* There's no boiling away or foaming off . . . no constant adding and testing. It prevents rust and corrosion too!

Because there's not quite enough "Prestone" anti-freeze for everyone this year, you'd better get yours early . . . see your dealer on that first chilly day. You'll have never a care till the warm days of spring—with "Prestone" anti-freeze.

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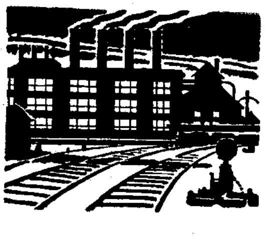
SORRY—there still isn't quite enough "Prestone" anti-freeze for all who want it, because—



1 "Prestone" anti-freeze, like most other products, depends on the utilization of raw materials and equipment drawn from many fields. Recent industrial dislocations have affected our ability to acquire and construct the new facilities necessary to meet all needs. This plant-expansion program, not authorized during the war, has of course been planned for years. It is well advanced, but the real benefit will not be felt in 1946.

2 "Prestone" anti-freeze must be produced and *packaged* many months in advance of cold weather. Last spring and summer the world-wide food shortage diverted packaging materials to the need of starving millions. So your dealer may be selling "Prestone" anti-freeze from 5-gallon cans in addition to the familiar 1-gallon cans. This shortage of packaging materials also adversely affected our ability to meet 1946 requirements.

SAME PRODUCT
$2.65 PER GALLON
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PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

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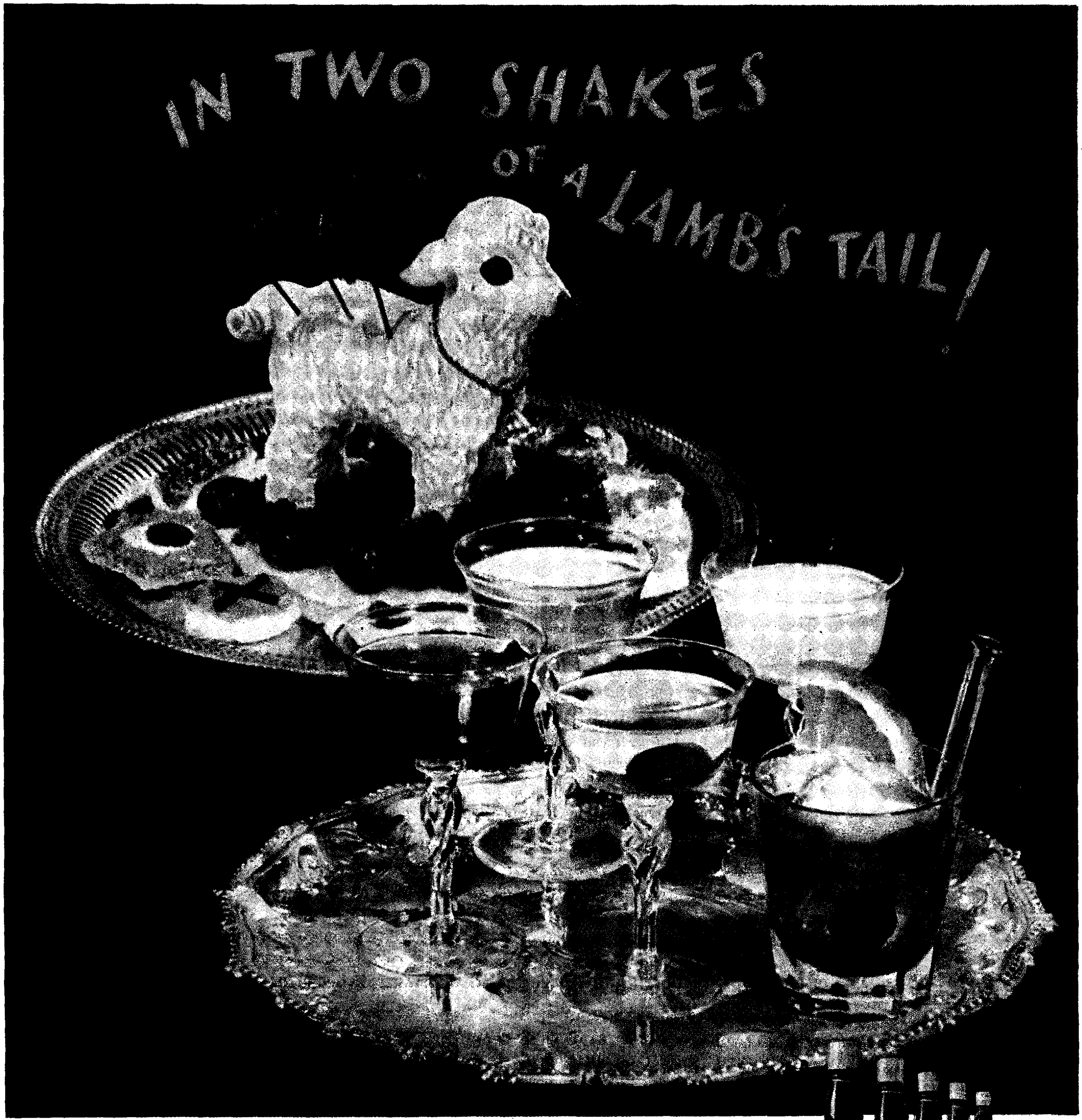
"YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!"—ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER


IN TWO SHAKES
OF A LAMB'S TAIL!

You can serve the best cocktail that money can buy! There are no finer liquors than those in Heublein's cocktails. No finer cocktail recipes. No comparable mixing experience. Heublein's, and Heublein's alone, have stood the taste of time! *Always ready—just add ice and serve.*

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"Hew-Bline's"
AT LIQUOR STORES

Dry Martini, *71 proof*
Manhattan, *65 proof*
Old Fashioned, *80 proof*
Daiquiri, *70 proof*
Side Car, *60 proof*

THAT TIME, THAT SORROW

Continued from page 16

Paul. The intensity of his tone startled me; he had never been the one to admit that girls impressed him. At the school dances he had his pick of them, but had seemed indifferent. When Lenore went below a little later he said gravely, "She's pretty wonderful, isn't she?"

I agreed. I had never met anyone like her.

When she returned to the cockpit she and Paul were already smiling at each other, almost as though they shared some secret. I noticed she employed a rather careful way of speaking, as if very concerned about correctness. It gave her a fascinating theatrical touch. While I opened the second bottle of sherry she told us about a couple of operettas she had danced in.

The wind was with us at last. I busied myself setting sprit- and topsail. "If we only had the spinnaker we could take you clear to Vording," said Paul. "And you could have caught the train there for Copenhagen."

She glanced up at the mainsail, then let her eyes roam out along the wake. "I'll get there eventually," she said slowly. "That time, that sorrow . . ."

"Why do you say that?" Paul asked.

SHE smiled quickly, but did not look at him. She sat balancing her glass of sherry; I admired her slender hand and the delicate way she crooked her little finger. "Oh, many reasons maybe . . . who can tell?" She cocked her head and stared at the wine before she drank it; at last she looked up at us, her mouth twisted into a peculiar little curve. And suddenly I felt very young. "Don't ever," she said in her slightly theatrical manner, "wish you could start life all over again. It would be nice if you could, but you can't."

Something in the way she said it made me uneasy. Paul said, "Why do you talk like that?"

She gave a little laugh. "I'm sorry . . . forget it. Look, let's just enjoy today, shall we? That's all I really want."

But Paul reached out and took her hand. "No, what is wrong?"

"Not a thing." She looked at him strangely. "Skip it."

The jib started flapping and he laid the wheel back to course. "You're a funny girl, Lenore," he said.

After that they called each other by first name. I did too, but it wasn't the same. All of a sudden both seemed older and more mature than I, and I began resenting the way it made two of them and one of me. Still it was as if she belonged with us on this boat, as if she should always be our partner on sailing trips. All at once I experienced a sadness and dizzy self-consciousness, which I tried my best to cover up.

Then it came to me . . . I was falling in love. I felt very strange toward Paul now.

Pine Island was a beautiful little uninhabited spot at the west end of Beach Island. We anchored and suddenly Paul said, "I guess we'll have to forego our swim today."

"Why?" said Lenore. Then, "Oh, I know . . . you don't have any bathing suits, do you?"

He grinned. "No."

"Why couldn't we row ashore, and I could walk up the beach a ways, past that little point, and you could have your swim?"

Delighted, we lifted the tiny oak dinghy off the cabin roof. Once ashore she strolled to the point, out of sight, while we undressed and ran into the water. We did not speak, but concentrated on a swimming race off shore. Paul was faster than I; he swam toward the point while I followed about two lengths behind him.

Paul let me catch up with him at the point and turned halfway as he trod water. "Good grief, don't look!"

But I could not help it. I made a miserable pretense of looking away.

Lenore stood ankle-deep in the water, gathering up courage to go all the way in. Her hair was tied in a wild knot on top of her head and she was probing the bottom for footing while trying to keep her balance. I had never seen a woman nude; I had not thought the revelation could be such a wonder as this. She seemed the embodiment of my dreams of women.

She saw us, turned to retrace her steps to shore, then, after a moment of graceful and confused hesitation. decided that the deep water was the quicker hiding place. She raced toward us a few paces and was immersed.

She paddled out to us with the water lapping her shoulders, and called, "You're a nice couple of Peeping Toms!"

When Paul meekly said, "We didn't know you wanted to swim or we wouldn't have come this way," she playfully dashed water in his face.

A moment later the three of us were splashing at one another and cavorting like kids.

It was a thrill to swim near her. We did not talk much but laughed mostly, never quite overcoming our self-consciousness. She was not a very good swimmer. She said to Paul, "I'd like to swim out there . . ." and pointed to a flat, waveless sweep of current amidstream.

"You do, and I'll come after you and catch you . . ."

She began swimming outward, and he took a few hard strokes and was next to her. "See, you can't get away from me."

She turned away from him almost angrily. "I've had enough swimming. I want to go in." Hastily she moved away from him toward the beach.

We swam back around the point; from afar I stole one more lovely glimpse of her as she waded ashore.

WE HAD lunch on the beach. Later we lay in the sand, seeing the distant sunlit shores across the shimmering waters, hearing no other voices but our own and the shrieks of sea gulls.

Whatever was between Paul and Lenore made me suffer the tortures of hell. Yet we were friends, the three of us, companions belonging together in our own little bright world.

Being, not words, mattered. For this small space we were free from civilization; we had swum naked in the sea, like new people, and we thought of no past or future.

Once Lenore got up and walked barefooted to the water's edge. Paul went to her, and she ran from him. He caught her, and they stood laughing, holding each other's hands. Then they looked back at me. My heart beat painfully and I refused to look the other way and eventually she came running back to where I sat. She gave me a glance of fond pity which made me utterly sick. And I was suddenly so grateful for having seen her nude. I would never forget that.

The sun was far past zenith when we roused ourselves to think of the voyage. "No sense in taking you back to Stubbing," Paul began. "Come with us to Torreborg. . . . My uncle has an automobile. We can drive you to Masned for the steamer to Sealand in the evening."

"No, I better go back to Stubbing for the train. That's best." She sounded frightened.

"You'll like my uncle and aunt; you'll enjoy seeing the place. Come. Why not?"

I'm Tellin' the World!

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TOE SWITCH CONTROL
ARVIN
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ELECTRIC HEATERS

WHEN YOU HAVE AN ARVIN Fan-Forced Electric Heater in your bathroom, every one in your family will enjoy it so much they'll feel like tellin' the world about it.

Arvin's circulating heat surrounds you with comfort while you bathe or dress . . . keeps dad warm while he shaves . . . guards against chills during baby's bath.

Your toe flicks a switch—starts 45 cubic feet of warm air per minute billowing around you, any time or place, to chase chills away.

Carry it easily to your bedroom, game room, den . . . plug it in any 110 AC outlet . . . enjoy *instant* comfort.

Beautifully built and finished in ivory and other attractive colors. Heating element and fan are enclosed—safe with children.

Another Arvin—the radiant heater shown at right—comfortably warms any cold spot in your home or office. And any Arvin you choose will give you long, dependable service.

Many thousands are now in use. All the new Arvins are Underwriters' listed for safety. Sold by electrical, hardware and department stores.

FAN-FORCED TYPE—chases chills from bathrooms and other cold spots about the home. Many used in offices, trailers and camp cottages. Gives instant, fan-forced heat. Easily carried—hand grip in back. Three handsome models, priced as low as **$9.80***

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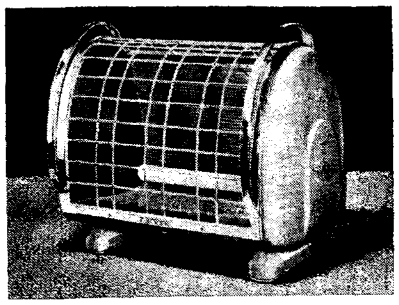

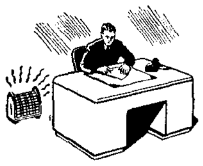

This big heater provides quick comfort and reflects a cheerful fireplace glow in your home or office. **$9.30***

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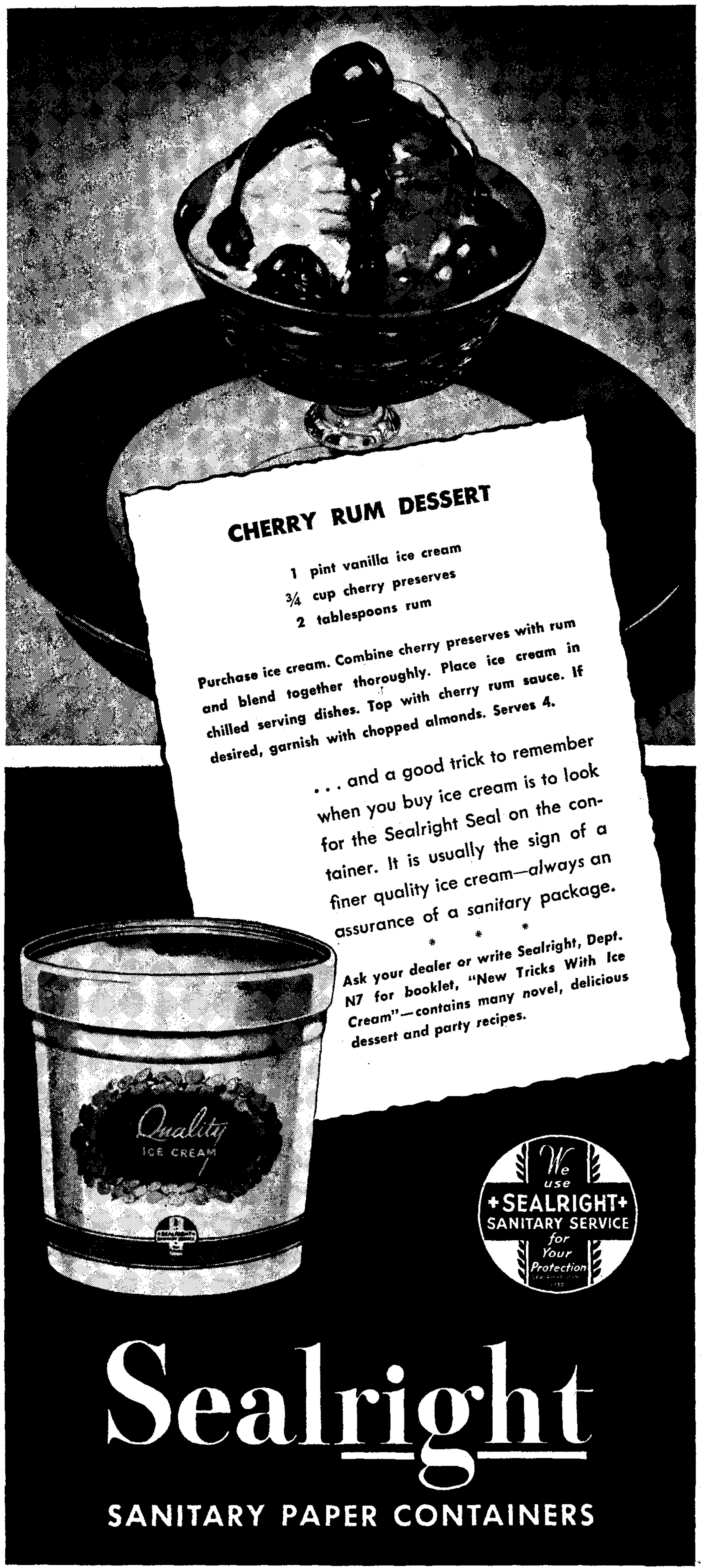

CHERRY RUM DESSERT

1 pint vanilla ice cream
¾ cup cherry preserves
2 tablespoons rum

Purchase ice cream. Combine cherry preserves with rum and blend together thoroughly. Place ice cream in chilled serving dishes. Top with cherry rum sauce. If desired, garnish with chopped almonds. Serves 4.

. . . and a good trick to remember when you buy ice cream is to look for the Sealright Seal on the container. It is usually the sign of a finer quality ice cream—*always* an assurance of a sanitary package.

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Ask your dealer or write Sealright, Dept. N7 for booklet, "New Tricks With Ice Cream"—contains many novel, delicious dessert and party recipes.

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"No, it's out of the question. I wouldn't think of it."

Her nervousness baffled us and made us uneasy. Paul took her hand and tried to kiss it despite my being there, but she withdrew it. "*Please* come with us."

"It wouldn't do. The Baron and Baroness wouldn't like your bringing a stranger. They probably wouldn't like me."

He laughed with relief. "Nonsense; they'll love to have you."

She had nothing to wear, she insisted, but he pooh-poohed that. Tea on a lawn was not formal and she looked wonderful, anyhow, he declared. He laid the wheel over and I warped the Marie into the wind with a foresail. "I won't argue with you any more. Don't spoil such a wonderful *time*." At last she gave in.

I stretched out on the cabin roof and watched tiny fleece clouds float back and forth across the mast top, and tried to think of nothing. But when I glanced back at the cockpit and saw them sitting close together by the wheel, her face so close to his, I felt resentful. They looked too complete that way, as if it had always been meant to be so.

IT WAS about three o'clock when we hauled up and set for shore, with the long white-painted dock at Torreborg dancing gently over the bowsprit. The copper roofs of the little château gleamed bright green in the sun; the lawns, like solid Persian rugs, stretched invitingly toward us, flanked on either side by beech forests.

Marble statues stood like sentinels under the brows of the woods, from shore to castle. It all *was* a little bit breathtaking, and Lenore, with a slight quaver in her voice said, "Oh, is this it?"

As we began walking up over the lawns, she became increasingly nervous. A gay party was in progress, grouped on white garden furniture in the shade of a boxwood crescent, a good distance away. She stopped short.

"I'm sort of frightened. Paul . . . I've . . . I've never met many people like your aunt and uncle . . ."

He laughed. "Listen, they're just like other people; they have to pay their taxes, and farm their lands to make both ends meet. Don't be silly."

"I had no business coming here. Can't we go back? Can't we change our minds? They haven't seen us yet . . ."

I was acutely embarrassed in her behalf; in my own too. In that moment I felt that Lenore and I were a couple of gray sparrows trying to enter the dance of the cranes; but Paul lost none of his poise. Rather he grew in stature; he belonged here.

"My dear," he said and took her hands. "You'll like them and they will of course like you, don't ever doubt it. I'm awfully happy I brought you." He added, "They've seen us; they're waiting. I want them to meet you."

All at once she brightened up and smiled at him.

Our arrival was fairly inauspicious. Paul's aunt was pouring tea for a mixed party of middle-aged women friends and younger people. I remember that I regarded her with a sort of fond awe; she was to me the accepted combination of grand lady and woman of the world.

Paul's introduction of Lenore was for some reason very casual, and I saw his aunt measure her for a moment as if trying to place her.

"Miss Thompsen is a passenger we kidnaped," explained Paul. "The current helped us."

"How nice!" The Baroness made a gesture, "Move that chair up, Paul. Don't just stand there."

"Paul insisted that I come," said Lenore.

"I don't blame him in the least. This is one time it paid to be a rotten sailor, eh, Paul?"

Everyone laughed then, and Lenore blushed demurely. The Baroness made her take the chair beside her and supplied her with tea and cake.

There was a flutter of interest when conversation revealed that Lenore was a dancer. Here and there an eyebrow lifted. Again I saw Paul's aunt regard her, and then look at Paul. It made me uneasy, as if something were not quite as it should be.

"How interesting . . ."

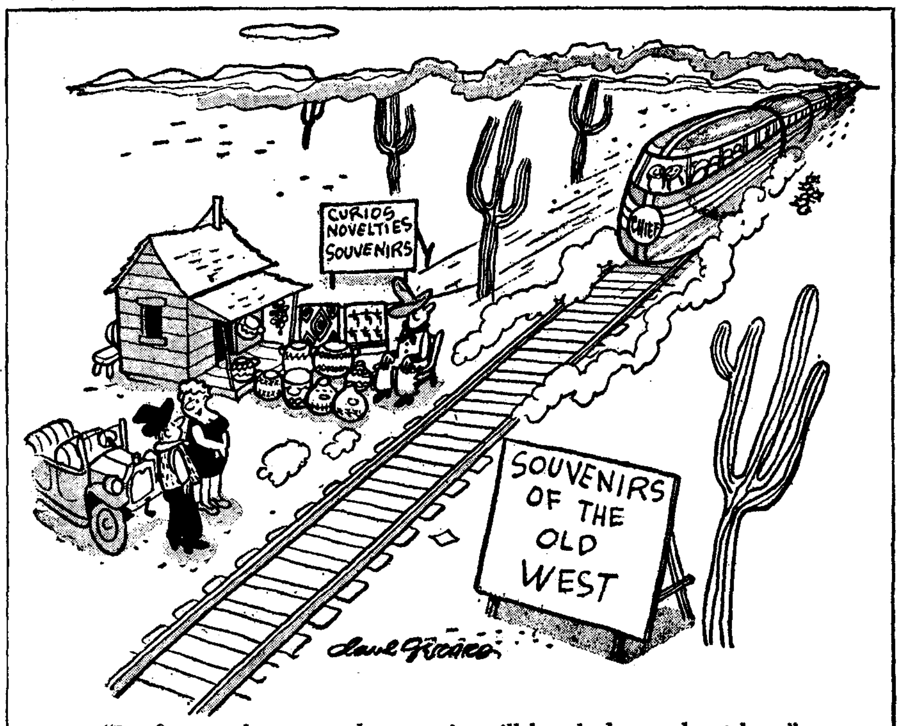
"Miss Thompsen is a student of the Royal Ballet School," said Paul.

Lenore said, "I went there when I was very young."

"Really." The Baroness' tone was a mixture of faint amazement and polite interest.

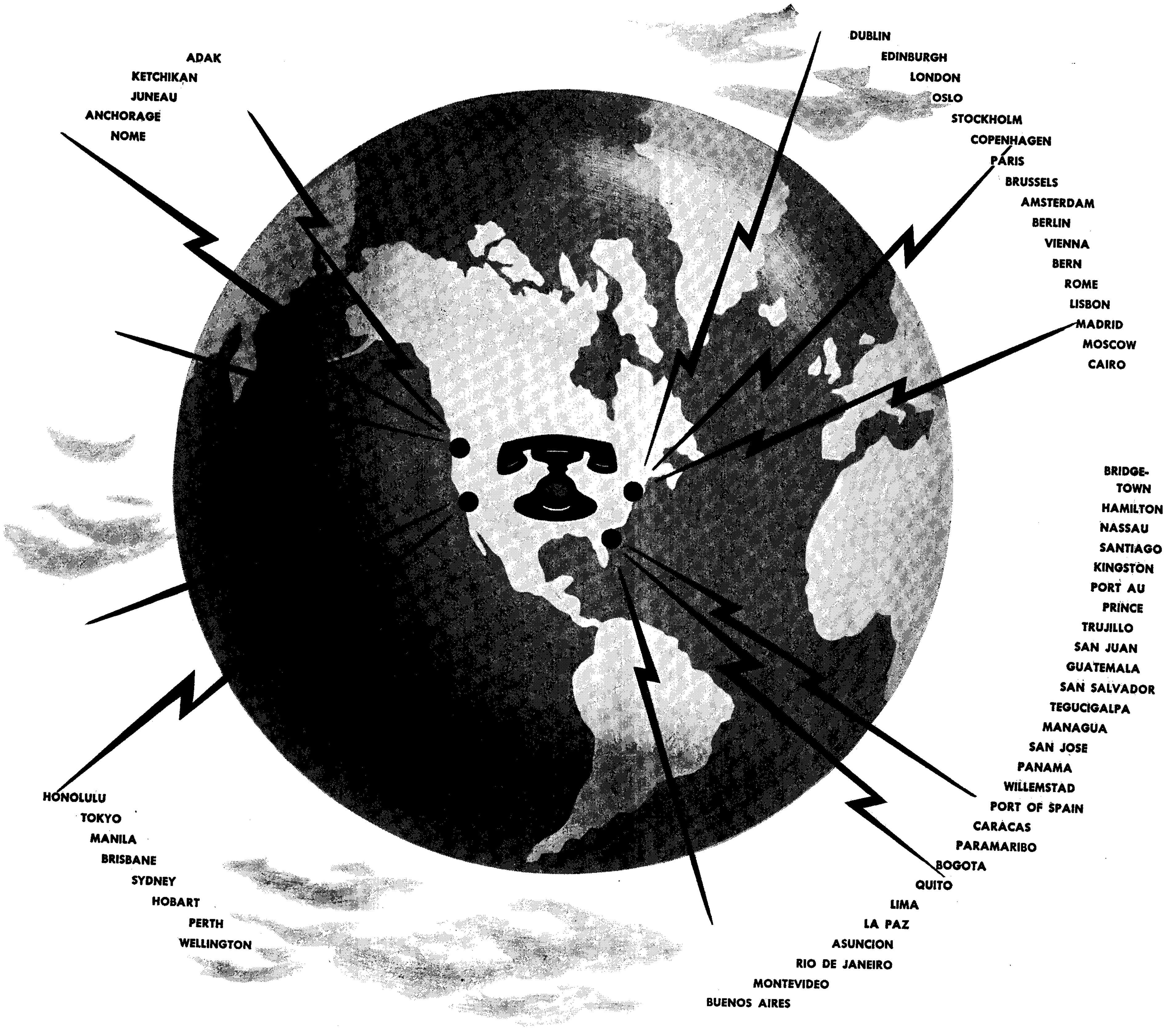
I jealously admired the expert way in which Paul squired Lenore, hovering near her chair and dominating the conversation. When she did not care to talk too much about her profession he deftly interrupted. She presented a demure and modest picture. But I still observed the Baroness regarding Paul and Lenore from time to time with amused and curious interest.

Once tea was over Baroness Gersted called me to her side and made me stroll with her for a few minutes while she



"He figures that some day a train will break down about here"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD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asked about school and my family. Suddenly she said, "Who is that girl, really, Erik?"

I was caught off guard. "Well, of course, Baroness . . . well, we haven't known her for very long. . . . Her people live in Broadstreet in Copenhagen." I challenged her: "Don't you like her?"

She gave a quick glance. "She's very charming indeed. And by the way, you stop calling me Baroness."

We walked on a little, then she burst into a laugh, looked at me again with a sly glint in her wise blue eyes. "You young hound; you mean to tell me that Paul just met her today?"

Again I was caught off guard, and she said, with a slight lilt to her tone, "Well," and again, "well!"

OUR plan to take Lenore to the steamer by auto turned out to be impossible. Paul's uncle had taken it on a trip to the capital. It was decided that Lenore should spend the night, and in the morning we would sail her to Vording.

She attempted to protest that she was imposing on the Baroness, but the latter overrode her. "The pirates captured you. You have no choice but to do our humble house the honor."

Paul's aunt was watching her as Lenore reddened a little, "The honor?" She tried to catch the half-joking mood, but her face was quite serious as she did a small curtsy toward her hostess. "I'm afraid the honor is mine and very undeserved."

"Not at all."

It seemed to me that in some subtle way the two women understood each other when their glances met.

"Good evening, Baroness."

We turned. A tall, handsome young man, a few years older than Paul and I, stood in the door to the terrace. He was wearing the uniform of Beach Island's Navigation Academy. "Ahlfeldt," said the Baroness at once. "I'm very glad you could come."

"It was nice of you to ask me for dinner." . . .

Paul and I knew something of Ahlfeldt. Of good family, he had flunked the entrance examinations to the Naval Academy in Copenhagen and had transferred his activities to commercial navigation. He was considered quite a ladies' man and was seen at all festivities, public and private, that Beach Island offered, his good family background rather than his reputation being his passport.

He came into the room now, removing his white cap and carrying it navy-officer style as he shook hands. "Miss Thompsen, may I present Mr. Ahlfeldt," said the Baroness.

I caught Ahlfeldt's startled look as he took Lenore's hand. "Miss Thompsen . . ." he said, seeming to hesitate. "Oh, yes, Miss Thompsen; very pleased indeed." And he stood back, looking at her for a brief moment as if he could not quite believe either his eyes or Baroness Gersted's voice.

It happened so fast that I was not quite sure it happened at all, but there seemed to be a brief interplay, the significance of which I could not grasp. Lenore's face had tightened, there was fright in her eyes again, and she seemed to have lost some of her color. I don't know whether the Baroness or Paul noticed any of this, for in a moment Lenore was quite composed and I wondered if my senses were playing tricks.

Just then dinner was announced, and Paul immediately took up his squiring of Lenore. But I was somehow thoroughly upset and intrigued and could not keep my eyes from her. I saw her gasp a little as we went into the dining hall and saw the long table, the candles, the servants. She stood for a moment as she had on the lawn; then, with some effort, collected herself and took her place calmly with Paul.

Now and again during the meal I saw her look surreptitiously toward Ahlfeldt. Once he raised his glance tentatively and looked at her as she was talking to Paul. "Miss . . . Thompsen."

She turned abruptly, recovered, and managed to raise her glass. I saw her hand tremble. By now I was resenting Ahlfeldt.

Paul seemed to have noticed nothing.

After dinner we young people gravitated to the old Knightshall where we danced to a phonograph. Paul and Lenore danced as often as good manners would allow, while I cut in a good deal. I was not the only one; soon every blade in the room had danced with her, much to the chagrin of the other girls. When I held her in my arms I tried to imagine that she was for me alone, but my tongue was tied and I could only say, with adoring triteness, "You dance so wonderfully."

"I'm supposed to be a dancer," she said with an odd little smile, just as Ahlfeldt cut in on me.

I followed them to the door, when they stopped their dance in the adjoining hall, while Ahlfeldt lighted a cigarette for her.

"What the devil are *you* doing here?" I heard him demand sharply.

She made no answer and he went on, "The Baroness is a friend of mine, a friend of my family. Are you stark raving mad? How did you come to be here?"

"I was invited," said Lenore. "Couldn't you say nothing? It's only for tonight."

They moved away and I could hear no more. A moment later they danced back in again; and now Paul was staring at Ahlfeldt, slightly puzzled and piqued, while I was ready to murder him.

Paul cut in and the dance went on for a while. Presently the Baroness and her older guests left their bridge tables and came in to watch us. In a lull Paul's aunt came directly to Lenore. "Won't you dance for us, Miss Thompsen?"

Lenore appeared nervous. "Oh, I couldn't. I'm not in practice, I'm afraid . . ." Others began urging her, especially the girls. Everyone except Paul and me wanted to see her dance. I was acutely embarrassed and fearful for her. She seemed like a cornered hind before the hounds. An uncanny premonition made me afraid.

She faced us all, almost desperate in her pleadings to be excused. I could not quite understand or forgive Baroness Gersted's persistent urgings.

THE Baroness went to the huge grand piano at the end of the hall and seated herself. "How would something from Les Sylphides do?" she coaxed. "We would all love to see you dance. It isn't every day that a student of the Royal Ballet comes to Torreborg." She struck a few chords.

"The Royal Ballet?" said Ahlfeldt.

Lenore looked at him and I thought for a moment that she would dart from the room; then defiance suddenly came to her. She seemed charged with electricity. "I'm out of practice," she said with a cast of her head, shaking her hair loose, "but maybe I could improvise something." Her chin was high now, her neck straight and proud as she turned her back on Ahlfeldt. She kicked her shoes off and began to dance.

The Knightshall was, through some tradition, lighted only by candlelight. The huge mirrored candelabra lent a weird and dramatic effect to the performance. I will never forget her as she moved out on the waxed parquet floor, at first hesitant and uncertain; then, suddenly gaining assurance, leaving us as a bird finding its wings, carried on the music.

Her style was unique and a little unorthodox, but there was a power in her, a rhythm in her movements which held us spellbound. My imagination took wings. She was free, on her own, a running fire. She spoke to us through her dance: she was throwing a challenge, a defiance at the feet of the world.

I felt rather than thought this, and wondered if the Baroness sensed it too. When Lenore looked at anyone after a pirouette it was at Paul. If she danced for anyone beyond herself it was for him. But somehow I knew that this was more than a dance; it was an emancipation, the emergence of a soul. It was a newborn flame burning against a great dark.

We had found her on the way; she was a stranger, and somehow perhaps she did not belong; but something was happening to her, dancing there in the candlelight. It was obvious, and yet it was a mystery at the same time.

The Baroness changed to a waltz, improvised a little and finished with a series of chords. Lenore bowed, kneeling on one knee . . . and it was all over.

All the applause we could muster rang back in echoes again and again from the walls.

Paul led her to a chair, knelt down and put her shoes on for her. She was breathless, her face flushed. The Baroness came to her and clasped her hand in both of hers. "How very lovely; very lovely." Her voice was deep and vibrant. "You are gifted indeed, my dear. Never let your talent die."

Lenore looked up, her face bathed in the yellow radiance from the candlelight; her eyes were shining. "It is kind of you to say that."

Ahlfeldt was in the background; he made no comment other than to applaud. His expression was suddenly grave and nonplused.

Now that she had danced for us, Lenore had changed. She was suddenly poised, sure of herself.

The party broke up into couples. Most of the young ones went walking in the moonlit park. Paul and Lenore were among them. I found myself in the company of the older people, the Baroness and Ahlfeldt.

There were various comments and queries about Lenore, who she was, whether she was a well-known dancer. Had anyone seen her on the stage?

"One thing is certain," said Baroness Gersted, "the girl can dance."

I was watching Ahlfeldt. "There's no question about her talent," he said. "I had never expected to see such a performance at your house, Baroness."

Innuendo? I stared at him stubbornly and resentfully.

At last, before most of the others returned from their walks for the late tea, Ahlfeldt took his leave with the other guests and I breathed somewhat easier.

I awoke in the small hours of the night and found Paul gone from the room we shared. I lay lonely and somewhat bitter, thinking of Lenore.

When Paul at last came in and undressed in the dark I pretended to be asleep.

We had an early breakfast in order to get a safe start for the train at Vording. A sober mood ruled. Gone was the hectic, inspired atmosphere of the evening. Lenore was unusually pale, still lovely but again uneasy, shy, a stranger departing from a strange house. Paul was nervous. To me the evening had not happened: a veil of unreality clouded it from my brain. We were just gray guests, saying a hasty farewell in a bleak morning.

The Baroness' graciousness was formal. She turned to Lenore last. "It was a pleasure to have you, to see you dance," she said. "You must come back some time."

Suddenly Lenore bent down and kissed Baroness Gersted's hand; then walked out swiftly.

NOTHING on the boat was like yesterday. I was at the wheel, and Paul and Lenore sat in the cabin, holding hands. When Paul spoke to me he was grave and preoccupied and I wished I were a thousand miles away . . . or that he were.

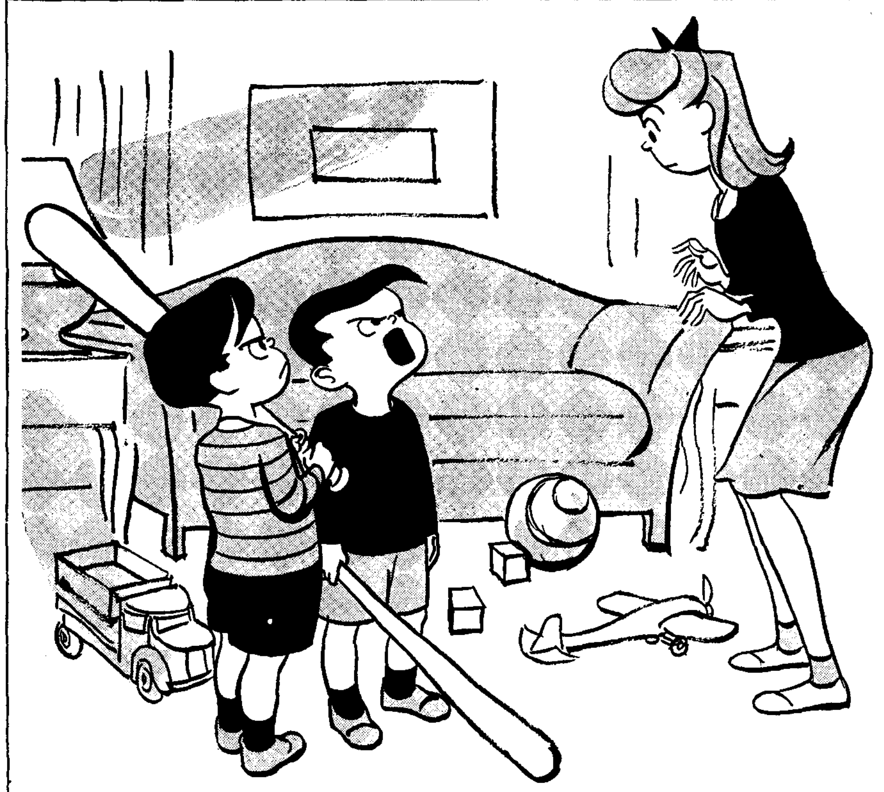
Once in a while I caught some of their speech. She must promise to write him. Should he quit school and join her in Copenhagen? He would come any moment she wanted him. He could land a job of some kind. Write in care of Captain Larsen . . .

We ran into Vording harbor in driving rain and climbed ashore. The Copenhagen express train was leaving in four minutes. Outside the ticket office Paul and Lenore embraced. She was crying.

The engine whistle jarred us and she tore away from him. He followed, but she said, "Don't come with me; let us part quickly!"

He persisted, and she said, "No, no, I must go now. I'll never forget you."

She came to me and kissed me swiftly. Then she kissed Paul and was gone, and



"Our parents said you were here to mind us. Well—see that you do!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

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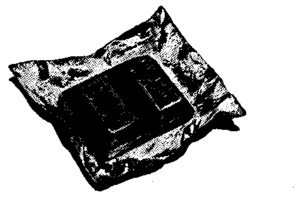

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EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

I stood there dazed, with the queer feeling that she had never existed.

On the way back to Beach Island, Paul sat woodenly at the wheel, a fire burning in his eyes, reluctant to speak. He had changed. I did not recognize in him the poised and gracious fellow I had known. A void was between us.

That night in our room at school I found him standing at the window, staring out over the dark, stormswept strait. My thoughts were where his were. At last I said, enviously, "I suppose you're going to be married . . ."

He shrugged and kept staring into the dark. Suddenly he turned, "There was something wrong. I asked her, but she wouldn't tell me. What was it, Erik?"

I was thinking of Lenore's remark about wanting to start life over again, of Ahlfeldt, but I made no comment. Anyway, my jealousy was uppermost in my mind. Eventually I said, "Something tells me that we'll never see her again."

He turned on me. "What makes you say that? Why not? Why not? Of course I'll see her again. We love each other."

Seeing him standing there, his eyes burning, his hands trembling, I recalled waking up in the night and finding his bed empty. "Of course you'll see her again," I said weakly.

THE next day at noon, Dr. Krag, the dean, called us into his study. He seemed very upset and ill at ease, pacing up and down the floor several times before he spoke what was on his mind. I remember him rubbing his huge hairy hands continually and peering oddly at us with his small round blue eyes.

"I have a somewhat delicate matter to take up with you two," he said. "Much as I am loath to. A certain person was mending nets down at the harbor Saturday morning—I shall naturally mention no name—this person saw you pick up a—shall we say—young lady, and take her along in Captain Larsen's boat. Now is that true?"

"She had missed the ferry," I said quickly. "We offered to take her across the strait to Stubbing . . ."

Immediately Paul waved me aside. "I think, if you'll pardon me, Dr. Krag, that this is *our* business."

"Indeed, Mr. Gersted? Indeed? Well, I'm not so sure." Krag's little blue eyes narrowed to slits. "My informant recognized the young lady, if we are still kind enough to call her that. Do you take me for a fool? Why, that girl has a reputation. She was finally put out of Iversen's Hotel in Beachville because she couldn't keep her entertaining of the navigation cadets within bounds. She'd been entertaining several young men in her room all summer! And you tell me it's none of my business that two of my students brazenly take her sailing in the boat of one of the most respected citizens of the island . . . well, I must say!"

I could hardly breathe. Paul stood immobile, white, rocklike. I was frightened at the sight of him. No words came over his tight-pressed lips.

Krag perhaps was somewhat taken aback too. "All right, all right," he said. "But for the sake of the school in general; and, shall we say, to avoid any medical aspect of the matter, I'll want you to give me your solemn word of honor that all you did was to take this—this creature across the strait and that you'll never . . ."

He got no further. Paul moved, inexorably, swiftly, and the dean staggered against the bookcase, then slumped to the floor. I felt as if I myself had struck the blow.

Paul stood with fists poised. His voice rang with metal: "Just say one more word! Just one!"

Krag climbed to his feet, clawing at his lost dignity, struggling for calm. "You're finished here, Mr. Gersted! You're expelled! Get out! I don't want such as you at the school!"

Paul turned on his heel and strode out shoulder to shoulder with me.

I walked him down to the ferry later, carrying his hand baggage on my bicycle. We spoke very little; did not mention or discuss Lenore. I tried to think about her; wonder about her life. Perhaps she did go to the ballet school when she was a child . . . and then nothing came of it, and she had hard luck and drifted into bad company. Perhaps she was poor . . . a thousand causes . . . who would be the judge? Or it could all be a pack of lies. Reluctantly I remembered Ahlfeldt's face when he saw her. One thing I knew: I would not judge her. I loved her. I envied Paul. I said eventually, "What are you going to do?"

"Find her, of course. What do you think?"

I heard from him once in a while. He sent his letters in care of Captain Larsen so that the dean would not intercept them. He spent three months in Copenhagen doing nothing but searching for her. Everywhere he went he was told that there was no such person, no such name. The statistical bureau had no record of her name, neither had the Royal Ballet School. Paul's last letter sounded desperate and filled me with fear.

I did not see him again until two and a half years later when he had graduated from Soro Academy and was on his way to New York. We spent an evening together in the capital, having dinner, talking over old times. I was studying architecture at Charlottenborg and was very much in love with the only girl in the class. For me, time had done its work.

Still, toward the end of the evening I could no longer contain myself. "Remember Lenore?" I blurted out. "Did you ever . . ."

He smiled and his eyes became distant. He shook his head slowly and looked down at his sherry glass. He was twirling it. "I wonder what became of her. Funny what one will do, how one feels at that age." (We were so old and sage and experienced now.) "God! she was wonderful. Oh, yes, I remember Lenore, Erik."

I knew that at that moment we both had the same vision of her standing ankle-deep in water, the way nature had made her; free, with the sun shining on her, and laughter and that day's happiness in her.

"And how she danced!" I said.

"I'll never forget."

I SAW him to the boat the next day; he was to be gone for years. I stood a long while watching the liner fade toward Elsinore and remembered the good times we had had on the Marie together. There, somehow, sailed my youth away. At last I tore myself from the spot and walked slowly homeward.

Crossing the King's Newmarket I stopped in front of the Royal Theater and Opera, and glanced idly at the freshly hung placards.

The accompanying ballet offering was Les Sylphides, and heading the cast was a newcomer making her debut: Lenore Thompsen.

I didn't open the door that night. Lenore and I had meant something to each other—once, long ago—but there was no future for us, only a past. We had gone different ways, and I had taken with me the memory of her youth and her beauty and my earliest love. And she had taken with her a belief in herself that she might never have had if she had not happened to meet Paul and me by the water's edge, and sailed with us to Torreborg, and danced for us that evening long ago. I remembered that dance—I would never forget her—and I saw again her face, bathed in the candlelight, as she looked up at the Baroness. "It's so kind of you to say that. . . ."

. . . . a newborn flame burning against the darkness. . . .

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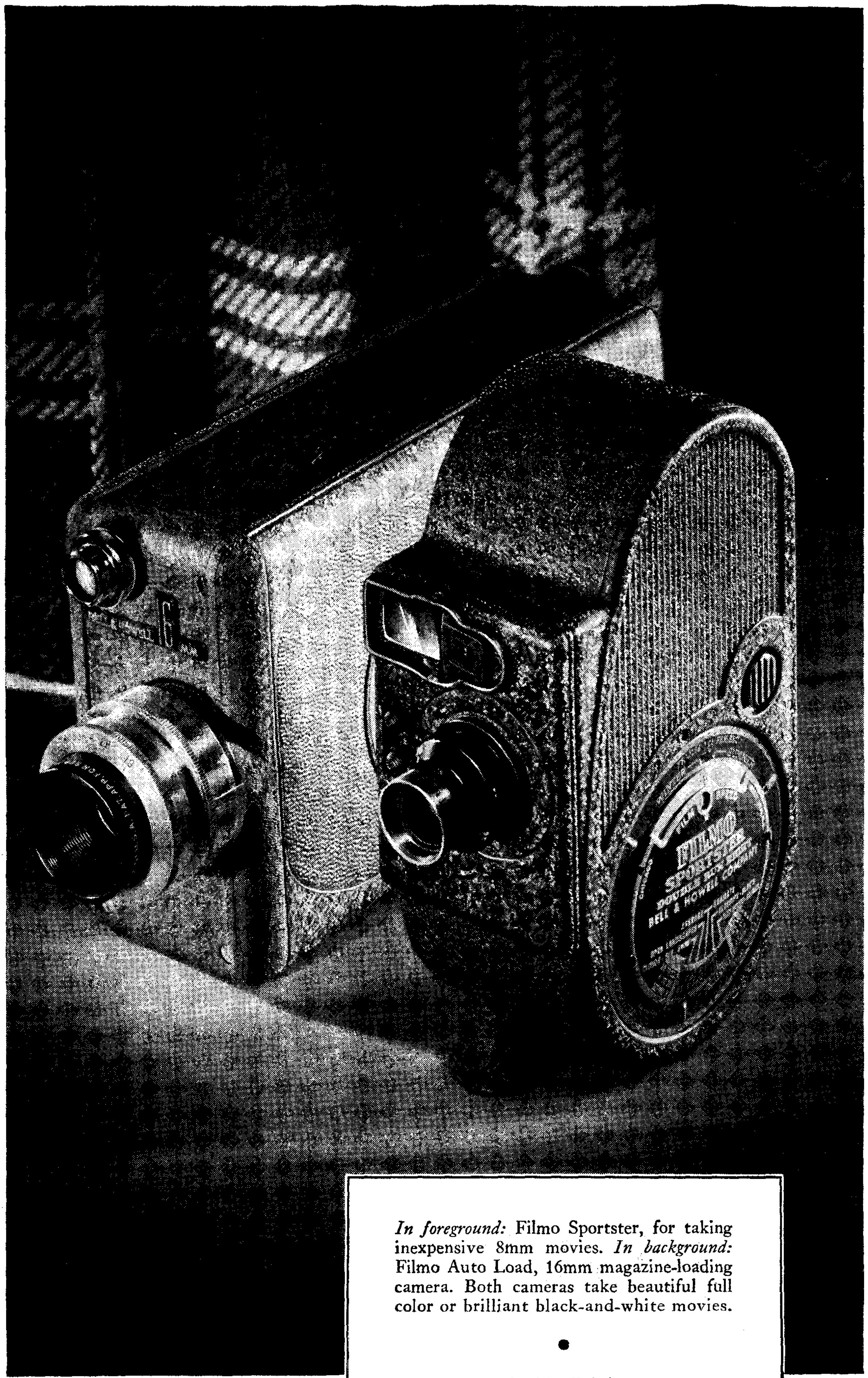

In foreground: Filmo Sportster, for taking inexpensive 8mm movies. *In background:* Filmo Auto Load, 16mm magazine-loading camera. Both cameras take beautiful full color or brilliant black-and-white movies.

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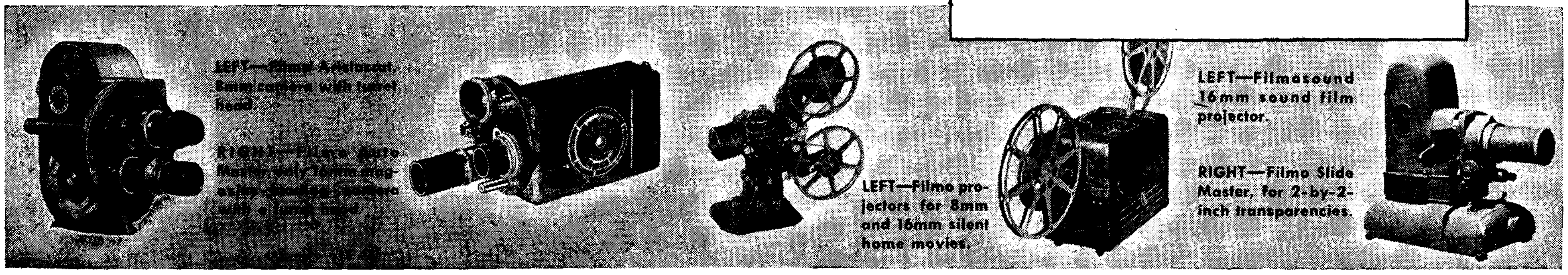


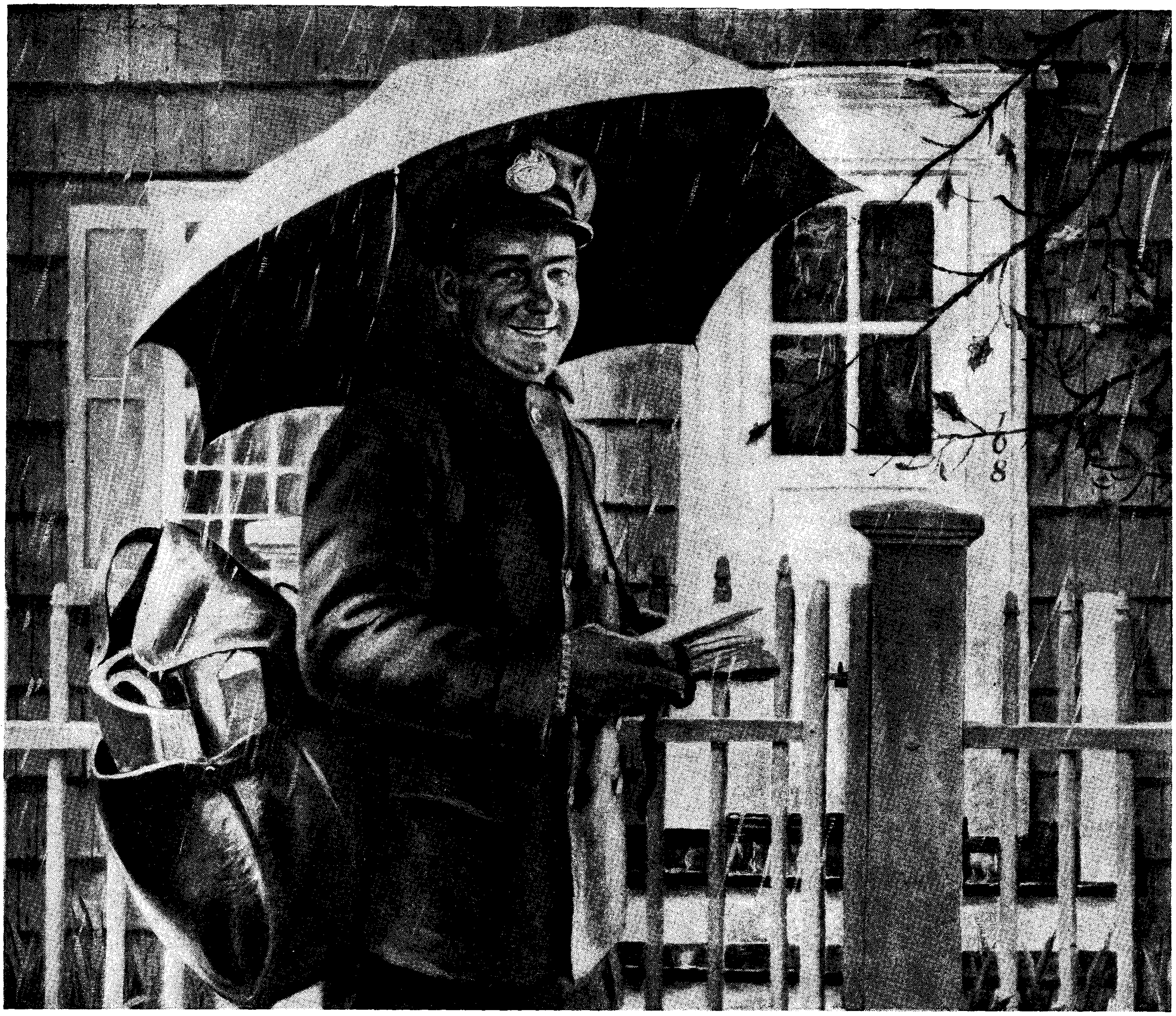
LEFT—Filmo Aristocrat, 8mm camera with turret head.

RIGHT—Filmo Auto Master, only 16mm magazine-loading camera with a turret head.

LEFT—Filmo projectors for 8mm and 16mm silent home movies.

LEFT—Filmosound 16mm sound film projector.

RIGHT—Filmo Slide Master, for 2-by-2-inch transparencies.



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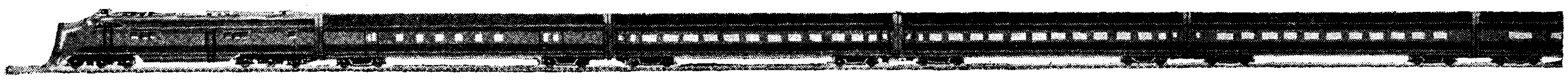

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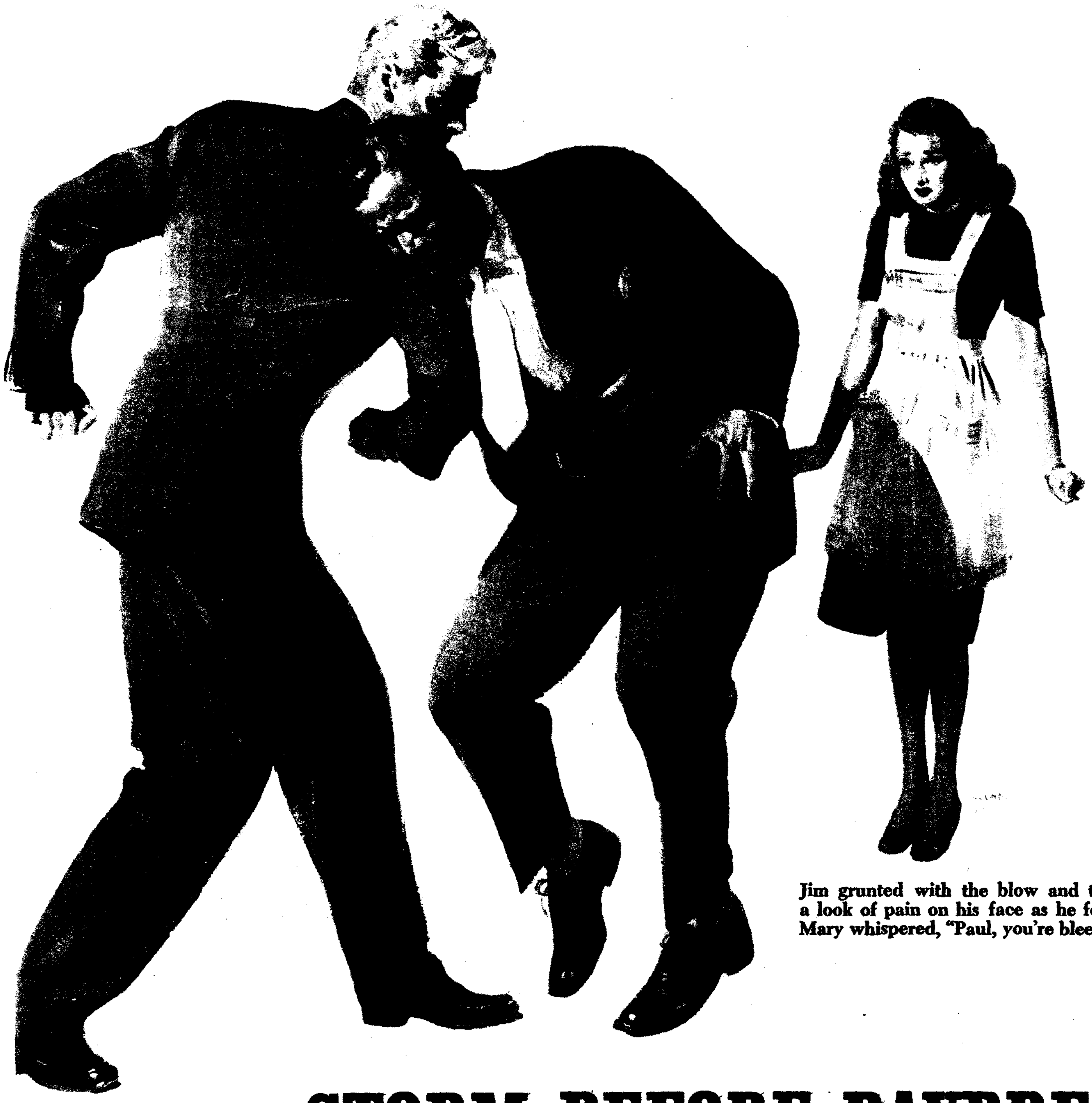


Jim grunted with the blow and there was a look of pain on his face as he folded up. Mary whispered, "Paul, you're bleeding . . ."

The Story:

Paul Shannon comes home from war to Merritt Street, on the wrong side of the tracks in Hartsboro, North Carolina. He finds that Mollie, his mother, has died and left her house jointly to him and Mary, the wife his brother Jim has deserted. Paul had never seen Mary before, but she has named her baby for him. He shares the house with her, and soon the bond between them grows strong.

War has matured Paul and he finds no flavor in his old pastimes of drinking and careless amours. He welcomes the responsibility of Mary and the child, and works hard to make the filling station Mollie has left him into a real business.

Mary and Paul come to love each other but restrain their desire, because of their mutual respect and because of the stern moral code of Merritt Street. But the barrier is finally broken down, largely because of vulgar, demanding letters from Jim. They consummate their love and begin to enjoy happiness. Christmas comes and their joy in each other and in the child comes to a peak. . . .

But, unknown to them, Jim arrives in Hartsboro, with a plan born from his viciousness and greed. First he goes to the Lorraine, an unsavory hotel whose manager, Walt Lang, he knows. He demands a room and a pint of whisky. . . .

STORM BEFORE DAYBREAK

BY MARIAN SIMS

Conclusion

JIM followed Walt up the dark, complaining stairs and down a corridor where one fly-specked light bulb did its poor best. There was a smell of dust and old wood.

"Place looks terrible now," Walt said briskly, as if the place had formerly looked like the Waldorf. "Can't get any help; can't get the landlord to spend a cent fixing it up. Town's so crowded they'll spit in your eye if you ask 'em to spend a cent. Know they got you by the short hairs and there's a dozen tenants waiting to move in if you move out." He took a key from his pocket and began to struggle with a rusty lock.

"Far as that goes," Jim said dryly, "that clerk of yours spit in my eye."

Walt straightened and spread his hands in a helpless gesture. "It's the same way with the hired help. Sometimes I think I'll be almost glad when hard times come again." He attacked the lock again and the door squealed open.

A double bed, a scarred oak dresser, one ancient wooden rocker, and a paper-thin rug on the floor.

"The bath's next door," Walt said, "and you got soap and towels in that lavatory. I'll see about your pint."

When Walt had gone Jim locked the door and opened the suitcase; took out his clothes and began to undress.

A Negro boy, dressed in a sagging gray sweater and a straw hat, brought in the pint of whisky. Jim opened the bottle at once, scowling as he rinsed out a dingy glass and poured three fingers of whisky. It burned the lining of his throat and spread hot and explosive in his stomach. With the drink in him he stripped and began to bathe at the lavatory; since it was here, there was no point in risking Walt's bathroom.

He had just gotten into his clean underwear when there was a second knock at the door. It didn't surprise him; he had rather expected it and had been wondering what he would do if it came. He opened the door a few inches and examined the woman.

"I beg your pardon." She was no good at pretending surprise. "I thought this was a friend of mine's room."

Walt had an eye for business but he was being delicate about it. Jim had only to say, "Well, it's not," and close the door.

He said, unsmiling, "Maybe it is. What's your friend look like?"

She took it up. "He's about your height. . . ."

"Tall, dark and handsome, huh?" Jim's lips peeled back in a grin as he opened the door wider.

WHEN she had gone he shaved and dressed carefully in his sharp California clothes. People in this sinkhole didn't know good-looking clothes when they saw 'em, and if this combination of a brown plaid sport coat and sharp tan slacks didn't knock Mary's eye out he would miss his guess. When Ethel first saw them she insisted that he was better-looking than Cary Grant and that he ought to be in the movies, and examining himself in the dusty mirror he decided that Ethel was not too wide of the mark. It was a shame to cover such elegance with an overcoat, but he wasn't even about to freeze to death just to give the women a treat. This way, he could impress Mary in easy stages.

Walt, who was in the lobby when he came down, stared at him and then grinned. "You don't even look like the same fella that checked in a while ago."

"I don't feel like him." He reached for his wallet; pigskin, with his initials on it in gold. "By the way, Walt, I haven't been in here. I went straight home from the station."

"Oh, sure." Walt understood perfectly. "Glad to of seen you, Jim. Drop in any time."

"I might do that thing." The friendly smile made his face into something very different.

He went out and found a taxi, then

(Continued on page 94)

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASALLE

CONTENTS ONE QUART U. S. MEASURE
Self-Polishing
SIMONIZ
FOR FLOORS
Shines as it Dries
LONGER WEARING BEAUTY

Have Lovelier Floors...with
LESS CARE!

No Wonder Millions of Housewives are Switching to Self-Polishing SIMONIZ

Only Self-Polishing SIMONIZ gives your floors the same longer lasting beauty that makes SIMONIZ so famous for cars. It spreads with cloth or mop applicator . . . no rubbing, no buffing . . . and shines as it dries crystal-clear on your floors. Then dust, dirt, soiled spots and spilled things wipe up with a damp cloth . . . leaving your floors more sparkling than ever. Try Self-Polishing SIMONIZ and see the dazzling difference.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

"SIMONIZ" . . . Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

Self-Polishing SIMONIZ FOR FLOORS

FOR LINOLEUM, ASPHALT OR RUBBER TILE OR VARNISHED WOOD FLOORS

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

Association has repeatedly urged statutory regulation of the barbituates on a state rather than on a federal level. Today over-the-counter sale of barbituates is permissible in 14 states and the District of Columbia.

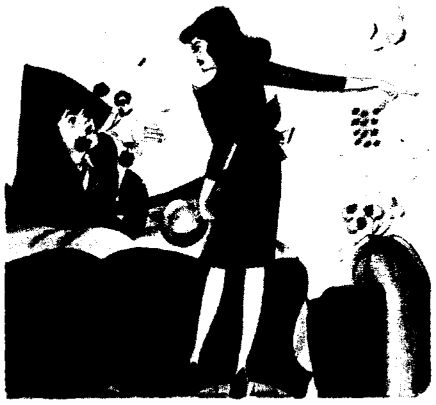
Conferences have been held and a uniform state law is being drafted which will be proposed to the several state legislatures that meet next year.

MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D., Editor, The Journal of the American Medical Association, Chicago, Ill.

The 14 states mentioned are Arizona, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Mexico, Ohio, Texas, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

COLOR-BLIND

DEAR ED: An illustration for A Little Nest for Junior (Oct. 5th) shows a very red-headed gal standing triumphantly over the hero. She was introduced in the story as "the small, dark-haired, gray-eyed girl . . ." The ad gal had the flaming locks. Tsk, tsk to Paul Savitt (the illustrator).



AVALONNE KOSANKE, Champaign, Ill.

Another case of mistaken identity—or hair dye.

LIMOUSINES & KISSES

SIR: I was amazed to read that the 1946 version of the Perils of Pauline (July 6th) required fleets of limousines and "busses." My dictionary translates this as fleets of limousines and "kisses."

MABEL G. OLSEN, Ada, Minn.

Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, prefers "busses" as the plural of "bus."

OCCUPATIONAL DISEASE

DEAR MR. DERIEUX: Some of the conditions disclosed in Heels Among Heroes (Oct. 19th) were inevitable in the transition from a combat army to a policing force. The unfavorable practices could have been minimized considerably by a wiser demobilization policy in the first few months after VE-Day. A more closely co-ordinated program between the War and State Departments, and an educational program here at home that acquaints our people with conditions and possible consequences, such as your article does, will lead to improvement.

J. PERCY PRIEST, Member of Congress, Sixth Dist., Tenn.

MADCAP MELODIES

DEAR SIR: I would like to protest Mr. Shane's inclusion of Stone Cold Dead in the Market in his article (Song of the Cuckoo, Oct. 5th). While the intellectual value of Stone Cold Dead is admittedly questionable, calypso songs are a form of native American (West Indian) music. The Trinidadian who first chanted Stone Cold Dead was just practicing a native art and had no thought of personal gain. A calypso song has no more right to be included in the article than the Old Folks at Home.

W. JAMES BASTIAN, Washington, D. C.

. . . Re Song of the Cuckoo what about "A rose must remain in the sun and the rain . . . to each his own," etc., or "I feel so gay in a melancholy way—"? I doubt if Mr. Gaillard himself could find any sense in these lyrics. Me for more hutsut rawlsons on the rillerah.

C. SEVERINE, Denver, Colo.

PAMPERED PATIENTS

DEAR EDITOR: In connection with Albert Q. Maisel's article, Battle of the Bedside (Sept. 21st), I want to say such copy only adds to the growing desire of many Americans that they obtain something for nothing. A national policy of pampering, "coddling" and protecting people against wet feet and even petting them when their feelings are hurt shows the way to national decay.

ROBERT H. DENEHEY, Ardmore, Penna.

UNHAPPY INDIA

DEAR EDITOR: Perhaps Take Me With You (Oct. 5th) was fiction but I'm sure the events took place many times. More stories like this one might help enlighten the people of this country as to just how much ruin and terror the British have wrought in these many years of ironclad rule in the East. Many thanks from one of the many Calcutta Commandos from Kanchiapara.

PHIL C. ROMMEL, Butler, Mo.

VEGETARIANS UNANIMOUS

DEAR EDITOR: As Corresponding Secretary (and Treasurer) of Vegetarians Unanimous, I feel it my great privilege to write and tell you about this unique organization. Meetings are held in the back room of Joe's Beanery, one time known as Joe Blask's Butcher Shop. Dues are one dollar ($1) a year.

If any member happens to see a brother or sister drooling at the sight of tenderloin steaks or chops, said member is expected to take him or her quietly by the arm and lead him or her to headquarters. Members give short talks telling of their experiences while subject to meat cravings.

At our last meeting, we heard a speech by Herman Silvani, who at one time owned three butcher shops. Some say Herman made his "pile" in black-market activities, and his pep talks are manifestations of a guilt complex.

The Membership Committee is not putting on a drive at this time. We merely wish to announce that help is available when help is needed.

May we put you down for a dollar?

R. STEN, Corr. Secy., Treas., Vegetarians Unanimous

No, thanks, we'd rather invest our dollar in what you see above. Yum, yum!

RACKET ON WHEELS

Continued from page 20

the car will remain in good operating condition for 30 days or 1,000 miles. If the car fails to live up to the warranty, the dealer must pay 50 per cent of the cost of repairs necessary to make it do so.

"Some new-car dealers take cash on the side for top priority on the waiting lists, and give unfair allowances on trade-ins. But for the most part we are not worried about the new-car business. The black market in new cars is mostly among individuals who have bought a car from a dealer at the legitimate price.

"Both the manufacturers and the National Automobile Dealers Association have been 100 per cent co-operative with the enforcement division. They know that the whole industry gets a black eye because of the chiseling activities of a few."

Remy also pointed out that the penalties for violation so far exceed the possible gains, that no sensible established dealer would take the risks involved for a few sneak profits. The possible sanctions for price violation include: (1) license suspension by the OPA, (2) treble damages for amounts involved in overcharges, (3) criminal charges, (4) revocation of franchise by the manufacturer, (5) issuance of an injunction to prohibit future violations.

A Risk That Isn't Worth-While

The franchise factor is one of the most powerful deterrents. A franchise today in many parts of the country can be worth a small fortune, and in some places a very considerable fortune. It would hardly make sense for an established dealer to risk losing a business almost certain to be worth $200,000 to $1,000,000 in the next five years to accept a few easy hundreds under the counter.

Why, then, is the public so generally convinced that it takes extra cash to get a new car? The main reason, of course, is that the crooked acts of a few chiselers reflect on the whole industry. Rumor and gossip then multiply these transactions into parlays of vast proportions.

There is another important reason: Thousands of new-car clients, long impatient on waiting lists, are convinced that other customers, applying later than they, have received their cars first. Frequently this is true. But this is not black market and it is no law violation. There is no law on priorities. The local dealer can sell his precious new cars to anyone he chooses, at any time, regardless of who applied first.

Manufacturers generally are leaving distribution up to the judgment and discretion of local dealers.

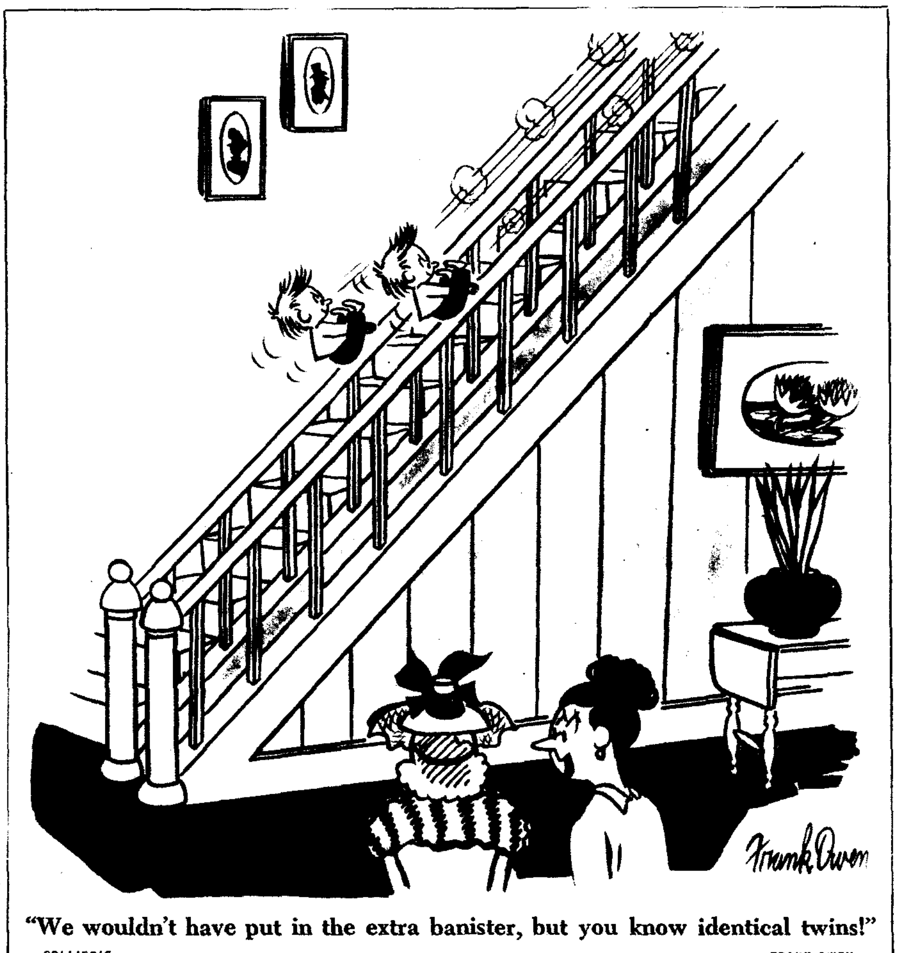
"They have to live in their communities," said Charles Bishop, a Chrysler executive, "and will have to do business there after this seller's market is gone. So they are the best judges of how to arrange their priorities and keep good will. Some dealers follow a strict policy of first come, first served. Others make allowances for veterans. Still others take care of old customers first, no matter when they go on the list. In the long run, they usually work out the system that's fairest to their public; it's to their own business interest to do it."

The Ford Company a year ago recommended to its dealers allocation of at least 25 per cent of their new cars for veterans, and for the rest a policy of first come, first served, with no name substitutions. J. R. Davis, vice-president in charge of sales and advertising, said this policy has been pretty faithfully carried out and showed me a sheaf of dealer reports showing deliveries to veterans ranging from 32.1 to 41.2 per cent of total sales.

Davis also pointed out that a survey just completed showed than an average of 33 per cent of new-car sales had been made *without* trade-ins.

"As to the black market, we have been in close touch with our dealers on this subject since we sent out a letter last November," Davis said. "We have had full co-operation and you can be sure legitimate franchise dealers are not in it. If any are, they are very rare exceptions.

"Just consider this: A franchise dealer



"We wouldn't have put in the extra banister, but you know identical twins!"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

One of the Treasures of all time
IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
Vancouver, British Columbia.
Canada
90.4 PROOF
PORT 13-1
DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
90.4 Proof
Blended
CANADIAN WHISKY

Sole UNITED STATES Importers
R. C. WILLIAMS & CO. Inc. NEW YORK N.Y.

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE *F-N TEST?

*F-N
the famous
Finger Nail
Test

1. It's F-N, the test for men! The "Finger Nail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

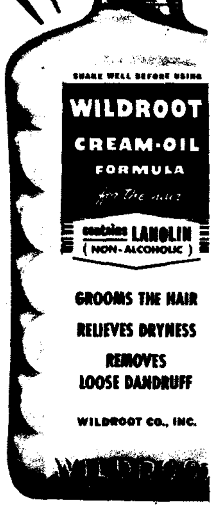
YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN!

3. LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

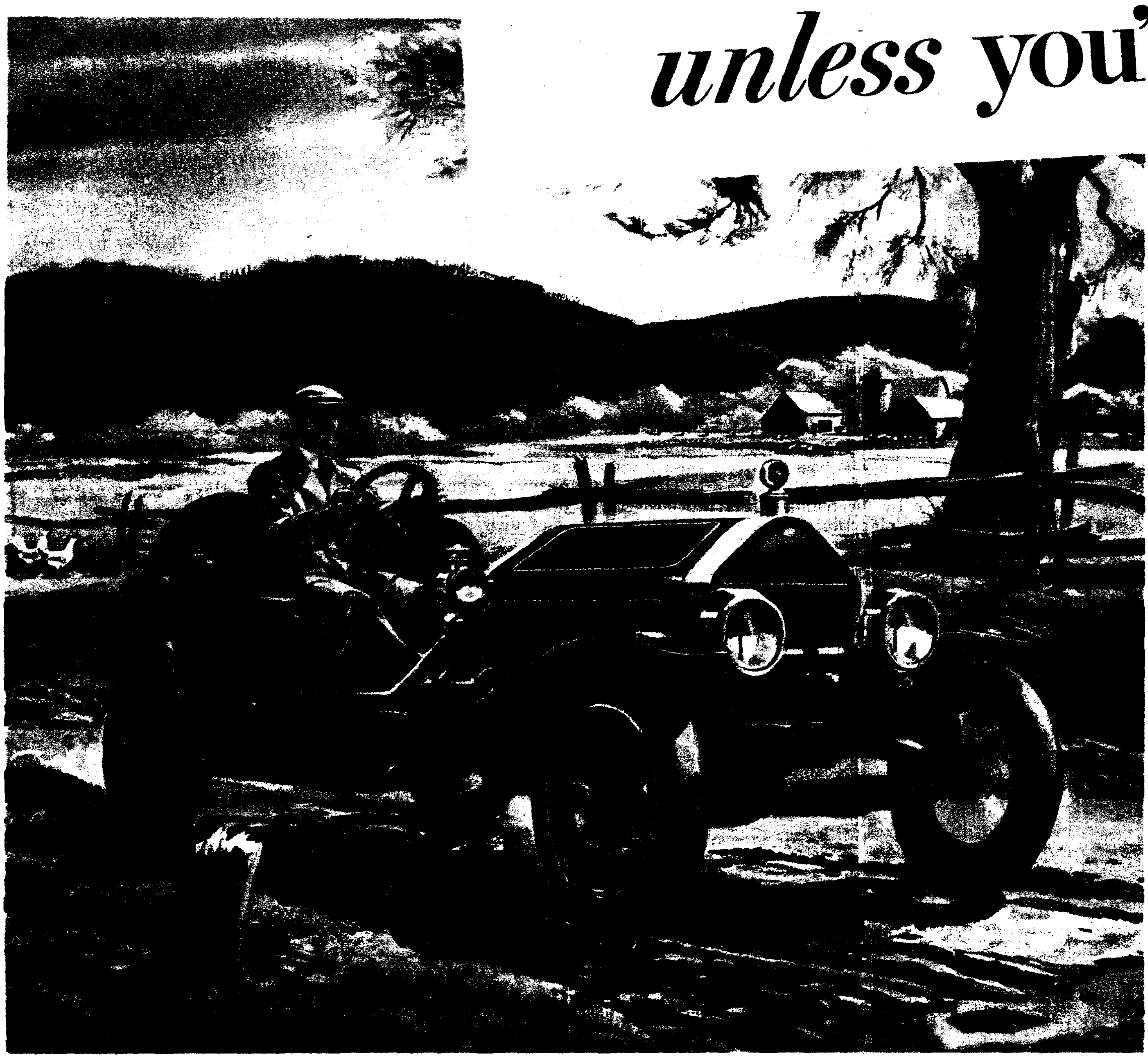
IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming, and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair too!*



CREAM-OIL CHARLIE SAYS:

TUNE IN: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday on entire CBS Network.

You don't stay first *unless* you're best



1915

194

Did you know that we've *never* sold a "new" Goodyear Tire? It's a fact. For when Goodyear develops a new tire, that tire is never released to the public until it has proved, *in actual use*, that it will give top mileage and safety.

Actual use has always been the final test for a new Goodyear.

Even as far back as 1915, when the new multiple-ply cord Goodyears were proving that average tire mileage could be *tripled*, Goodyear test cars ran approximately a million miles—a distance equal to 40 times around the world!

First - every year for 31 years

GOOD

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

ANOTHER GOODYEAR FIRST!...
Goodyear tires in larger sizes are made with rayon cord.

GOODYEAR
DELUXE ALL WEATHER

ight now the tires at your Goodyear Dealer—are probably he most thoroughly tested tires ever offered to the American ublic!

Last year, Goodyear tire testing reached the amazing total of ver 22 million tire miles—a distance equal to 45 round trips to he moon.

And a big chunk of that mileage was used to prove that the ew Goodyear rayon cord tire—now available in larger sizes—ill give you greater safety and mileage than you have ever nown. No wonder Goodyear remains America's first-choice ire for the 31st consecutive year!

EAR

makes a gross profit of 25 per cent on his car sales. Thus, on a $1,200 car he clears $300. During the seller's market of these coming years, he will net close to 100 per cent on his gross profits. At, say, 200 cars a year, you can see what this amounts to, and appreciate that he is not going to risk this for a few dangerous illegal profits now."

Both Davis and C. E. Briggs, of Packard, said their companies would take sanctions against dealers convicted for black-market activities. Briggs said that to date he knew of no franchise dealers involved in OPA violations. The Packard Company leaves distribution priorities to its dealers to regulate locally, though it has urged preference for veterans. The Packard and Chrysler companies have requested their own executives not to purchase new cars for themselves this year if they have serviceable old cars.

W. G. Lewellen, of General Motors, said individuals should not yield to the temptation to sell their cars until they have delivery of new ones, unless they are prepared to go for an indefinite period without transportation. This would do much to stop black-market sales in the used-car field.

New Cars Sold as Secondhand

Most of the new cars reaching the black market have been sold by entrepreneurs who long ago placed their names on the lists of dealers in different localities. In some cases, veterans have used their priorities to get new cars and resell them at a black-market profit. Dealers who rigidly followed a first-come, first-served policy had no way of checking whether a stranger, when his name came up in turn, might already have obtained several new cars elsewhere. There are some 18,000,000 orders for new cars awaiting the industry on paper today. It is estimated that anywhere up to 2,000,000 of these may be "repeaters." There is no way of telling for sure.

Reports from Collier's correspondents around the nation show that racketeering in used cars takes place in every section of the country. The tricks are about the same everywhere. Prices are highest in the Southern states and along the West Coast, but the highest prices of all are obtained in Mexico. The biggest source of supply is Detroit. A medium-priced used car can be purchased in Detroit and resold on the black market in the Miami or Los Angeles area for a profit of from $300 to $600.

A car with a ceiling price of $900 in Detroit can be sold in Mexico City for as much as $3,000. The dealers in Mexico are shipping an increasing number of used cars—and a few new ones—obtained from American "tourists," to Spain. The $900 car for which they pay Americans $3,000 will bring them $6,000 in Madrid. There were more than 150 cars from Detroit—including a few 1946 models—aboard the Santa Aguida, a ship of Panamanian registry, when she was ready to weigh anchor at Tampico in June. The cars were destined for Spain.

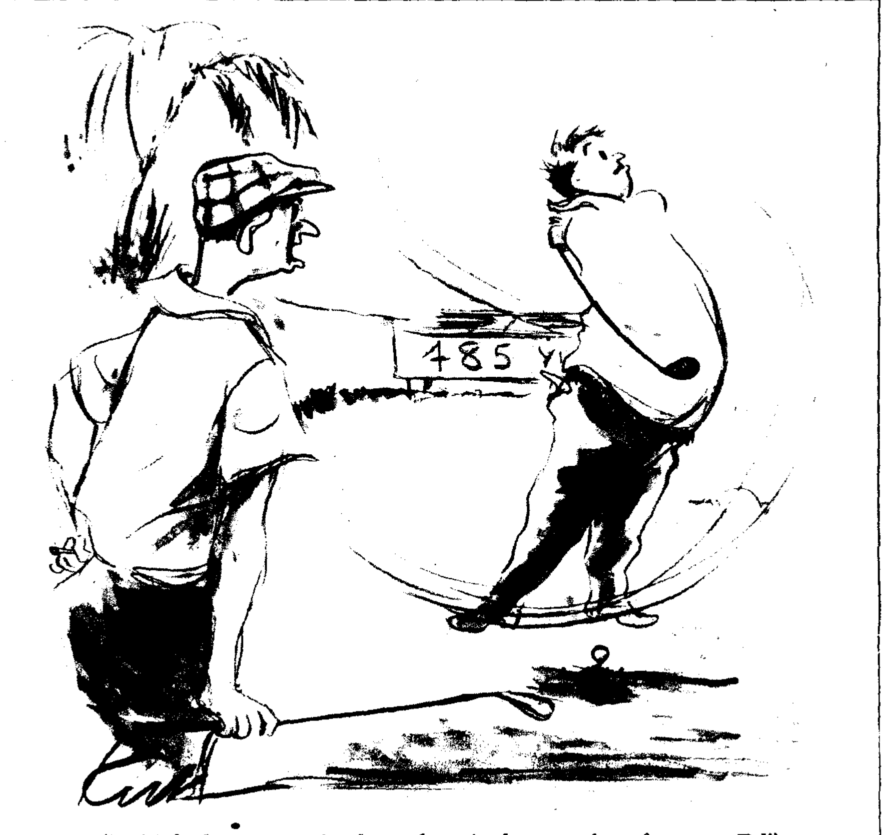
Most of the thousands of complaints received by the OPA daily have to do with trade-ins. Insistence upon a trade-in and undervaluation of the trade-in are the most widespread evasionary practices.

Because of the 25 per cent profit allowed by the OPA, many dealers insist on trade-ins. This makes it rough on veterans and others who have no cars.

Take the case of one Army doctor, as an example. Just back from Europe, he needed a car at once in order to take up his practice and answer night calls. He could not wait for a new car, so he went to a used-car dealer. The dealer said he had just the car, an exceptionally clean 1942 model for $1,239, the OPA warranty ceiling price. The young doctor was slightly pale from the shock of the price, for this same model cost less when it was new. But he said he would take it.

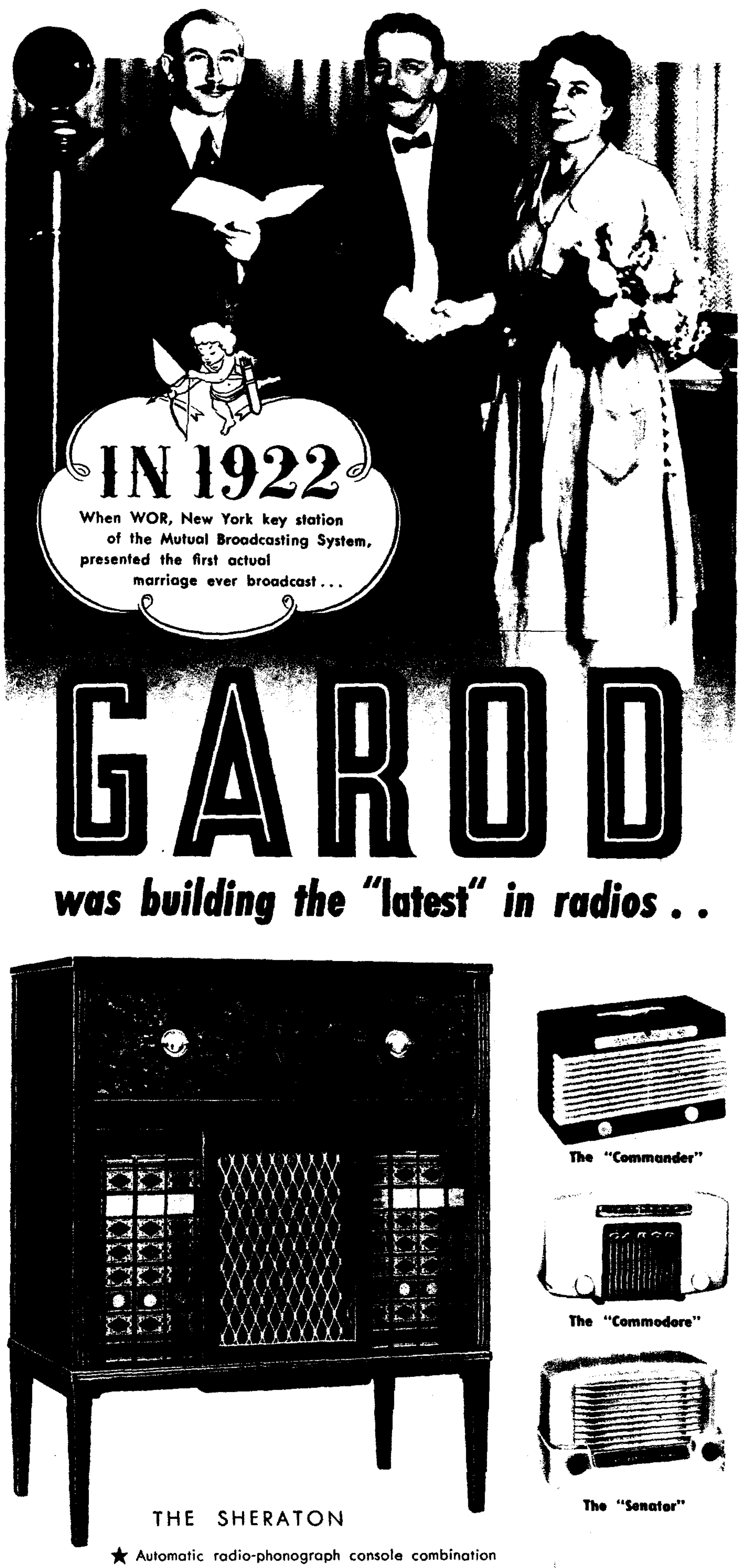
Fine. And what did the doc have to trade in? Nothing. That really was too bad, because the dealer couldn't sell a car without getting one in trade. So why didn't the doc pick up something cheap at another used-car lot? Anything—just so he could turn in a car. So the doctor selected a jalopy for $363 at the lot down the street. This same model was selling for around $125 before the war, but he took it because it was the cheapest.

However, when he returned, the first dealer didn't think it was so cheap. Too bad, he said, that the doc had paid the full OPA warranty price, because the OPA "as is" ceiling at which an individual could sell it was only $263, and there would have to be an additional deduction of, say, $50 for repairs. The doctor's blood pressure was going up fast, but he agreed. So, losing $150 on this transaction, he traded the jalopy in for $213 and



"I think this course is about four inches too low for you, Ed"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES


IN 1922

When WOR, New York key station of the Mutual Broadcasting System, presented the first actual marriage ever broadcast . . .

GAROD

was building the "latest" in radios . .

The "Commander"

The "Commodore"

The "Senator"

THE SHERATON

- ★ Automatic radio-phonograph console combination
- ★ Large auditorium-type speaker for superb tonal qualities
- ★ Tune in foreign or domestic reception at will
- ★ Trouble-free two-post record changer concealed in "Hide-A-Way" drawer
- ★ Equipped with handsome gold embossed record albums
- ★ Cabinet finished in walnut, mahogany or bleached mahogany

Twenty-four years later finds Garod still building fine radios. Each year, into each set, go all the advanced engineering and production techniques. Today, Garod Radios are skillfully constructed instruments designed to treat your trained ear with a full range of brilliant tones. That EXTRA measure of knowledge and craftsmanship, built into every model, makes Garod, the radio you will find yourself recommending to your best friend.

GAROD RADIO CORPORATION • BROOKLYN 1, NEW YORK

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE RADIOS SINCE 1922 • GAROD PRODUCES A MODEL TO SUIT EVERY NEED AND EVERY PURSE • AM-FM — PORTABLES — TELEVISION — AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPH COMBINATIONS.

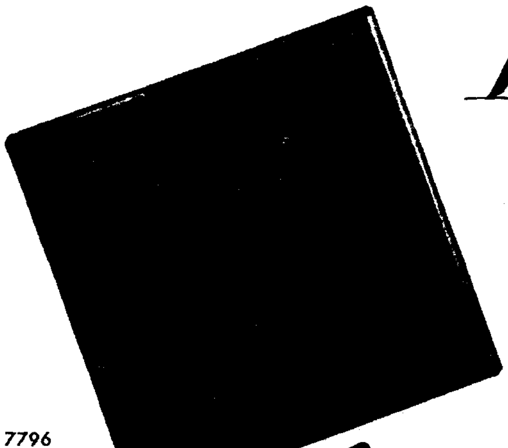
In perfect taste for any home—yet only $3.95

Samson Card Tables

Surprising? Not at all. The exciting individuality and sturdiness of Samson card tables have made them the most popular in America. This great preference keeps the output high, the cost low.

Samson means more fun for your money. Stunning designs. Handsome, practical finishes. One-piece, extra large playing surfaces. And the famous Samson construction—"strong enough to stand on!"

Two or three Samson card tables come in so handy, too, for serving, typing, sewing—they're the busiest tables in the house! See them at your dealer's today.



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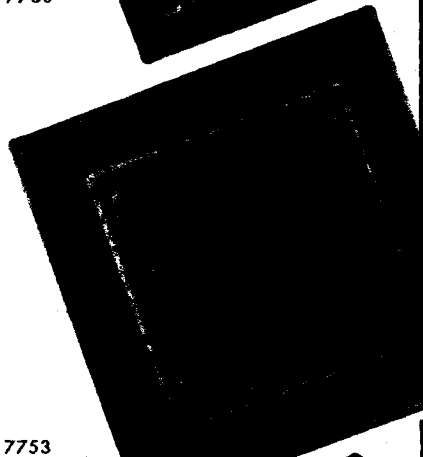

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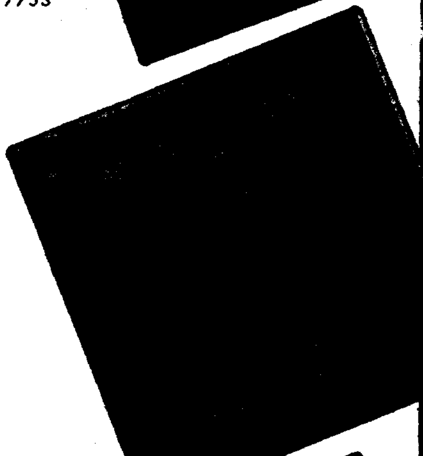

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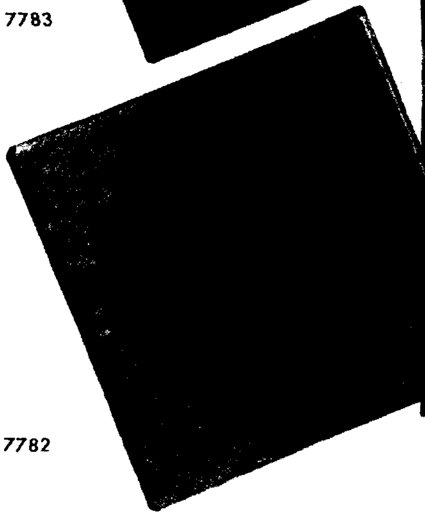

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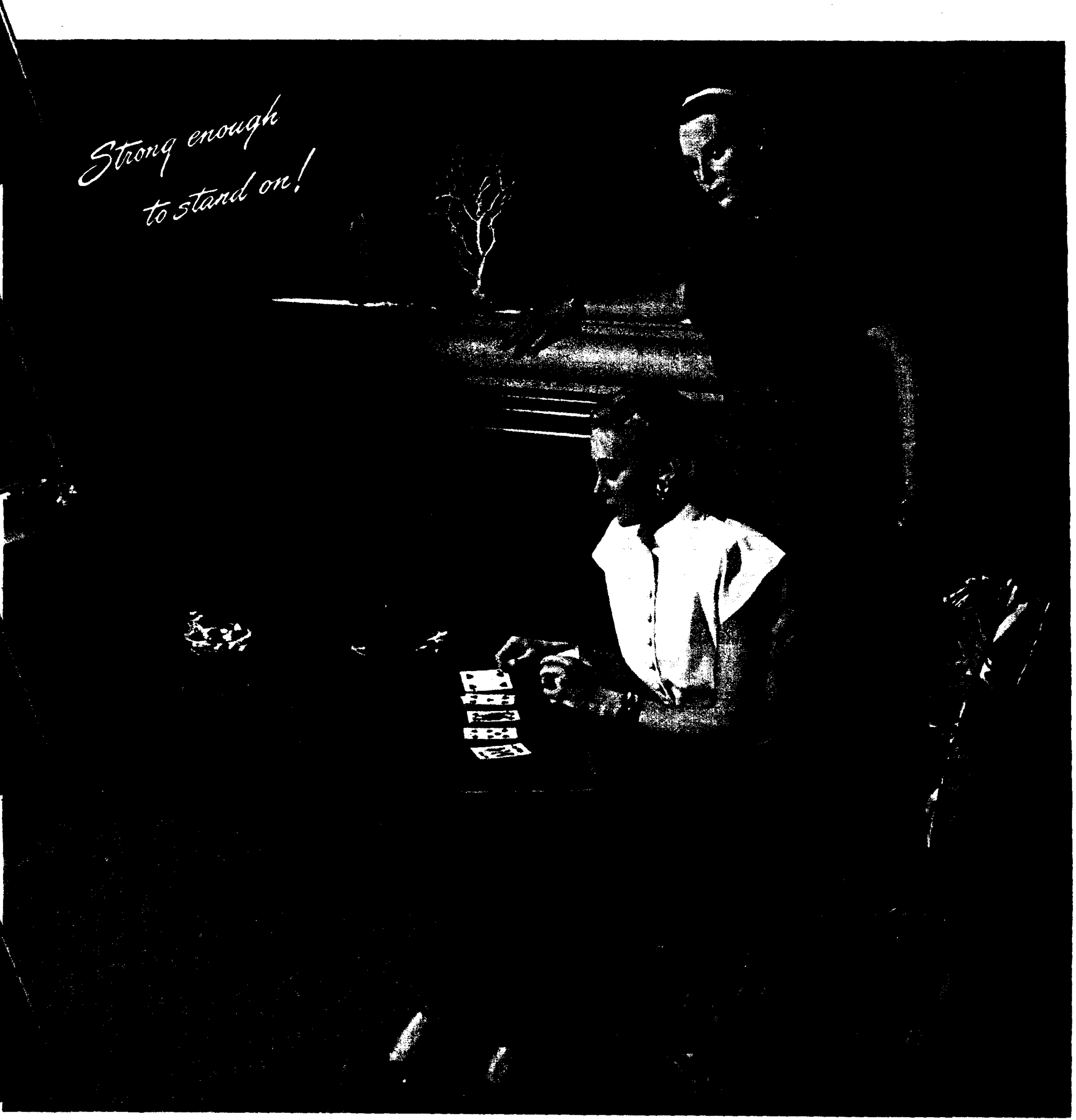

Strong enough to stand on!

7799 (AS ILLUSTRATED ABOVE)

Washable, stainproof, color-fast tops. Double-braced, electrically welded, smooth, tubular steel legs. Fold-under construction.

Samson Card Tables

Coming soon—Samson folding chairs, custom built to match your Samson card tables.

DENVER • **SHWAYDER BROS., INC.** • DETROIT
MAKERS OF SAMSONITE LUGGAGE, SAMSON CARD TABLES, SAMSON FOLDING CHAIRS

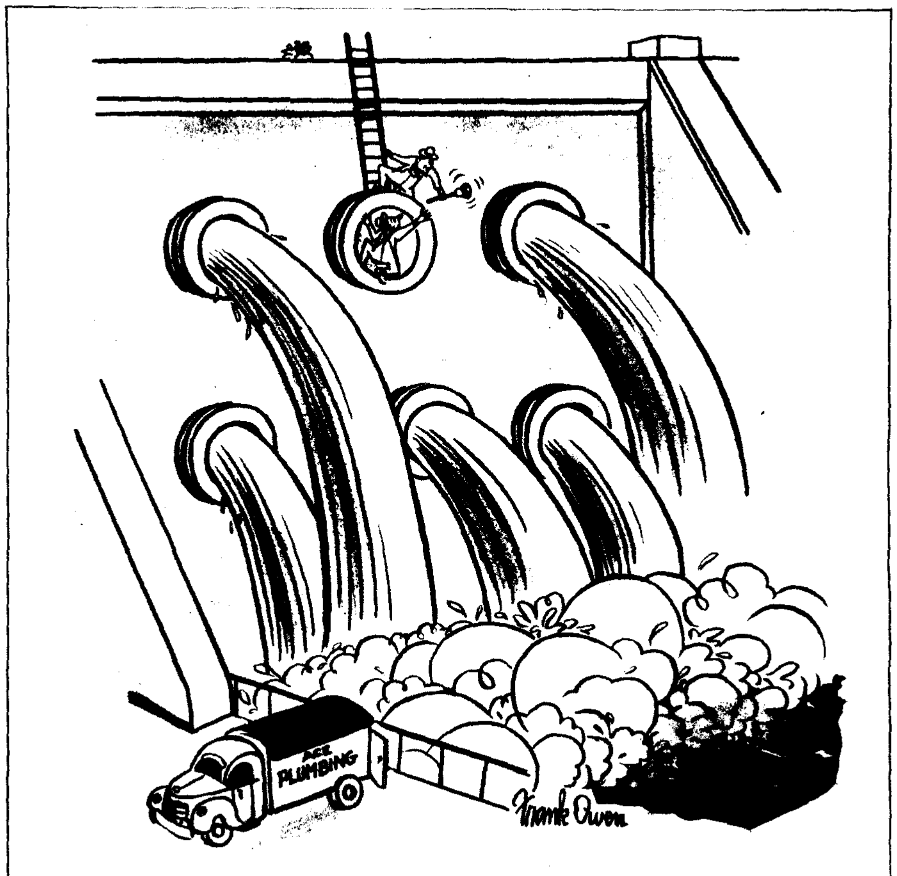
Kissing steam rollers never pays!

HEY, BOSS! ARE YOU TRYING TO ROLL ME OUT LIKE A DACHSHUND?
JEEPERS, STOPPER! WE'RE LUCKY WE AREN'T BOTH AS FLAT AS DOG BISCUITS!
THIS MESS WILL TAKE A LOT OF IRONING OUT—THEN WE'LL GET OUR BRAKES RELINED!
O.K.! CALL A TOW TRUCK AND COME WITH ME!
WHEN WE GET THAT HEAP BUMPED OUT, WE'LL PUT IN AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK BRAKE LINING!

STOPPER SAYS— "You don't have to smack a steam roller to know when it's time to get your brakes relined. And if you think all brake lining is alike, ask your repair man why so many leading manufacturers use American Brakeblok Brake Lining in new cars."

American Brakeblok
BRAKE LINING

AMERICAN
Brake Shoe
COMPANY


ACE PLUMBING
Frank Owen

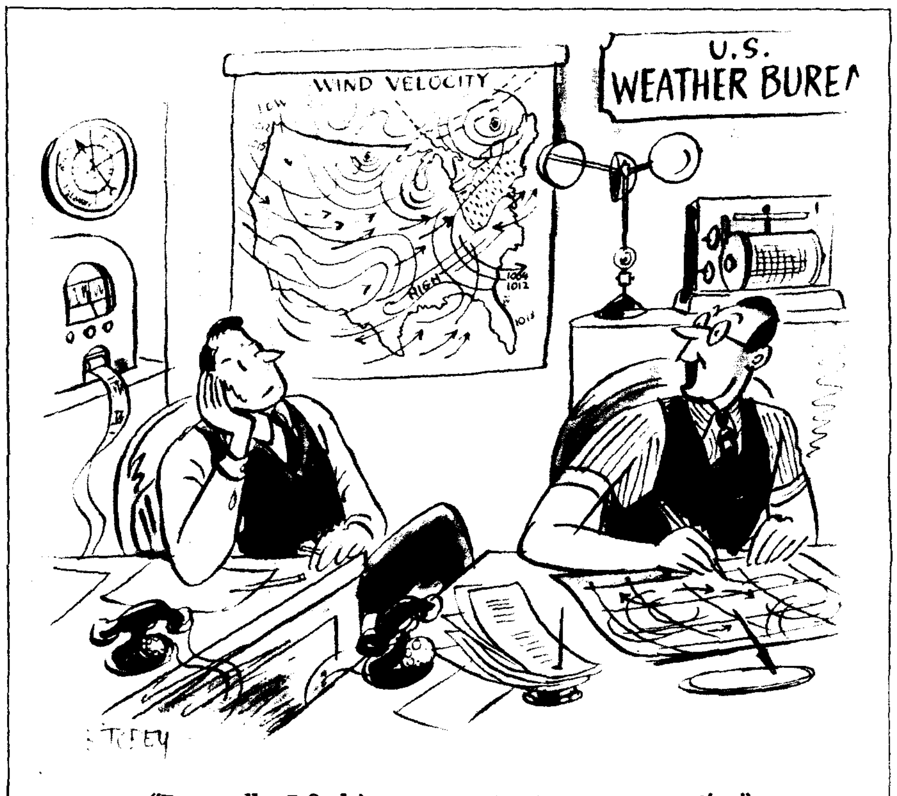
COLLIER'S "Here's the plunger and good luck, old man!" FRANK OWEN

paid the balance of $1,026 for the '42. The car cost him in all $1,389, which more than cleaned out his mustering-out pay.

It is against an OPA regulation to require a trade-in, but this is one of the hardest of regulations to enforce. If you go without a trade-in to a new-car dealer, he can simply keep you on his waiting list indefinitely, if he chooses. If you go to a used-car dealer and see a fairly presentable car and price it, he may ask you first what you have to trade in. If you tell him nothing, he can say the car you want has already been promised, or is his personal vehicle and not for sale, or any one of a dozen stories to put you off. It is hard to prove him wrong.

But it is possible to prove any evasionary practice, no matter how clever the dealer may be at covering his tracks, if you have the will to do so. The records of successful OPA prosecutions show many convictions on what appeared at first hopelessly thin evidence. One example was an Oklahoma dealer who insisted on trade-ins and then grossly undervalued the trade-ins. In one instance he allowed a serviceman's wife only $50 on a car he resold the next day for $900. His transactions were in cash and, he felt, safe. But an outraged customer complained to OPA. An investigator interviewed several other customers. The weight of their testimony, unsupported by any financial records, was sufficient to convince the court. The dealer was heavily fined and given prison sentences for three different sales.

An Army nurse in Oregon, just released from the Pacific theater and knowing nothing of OPA, paid $870 for an old car whose ceiling price should have been $470. When she found she had been bilked, she complained. She had paid in cash, with part of her mustering-


WIND VELOCITY
U.S. WEATHER BURE
TOBEY

"Personally, I find it very easy to start a conversation"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

"THERE'S SOMETHING MISSING IN THIS HOUSE"

"SURE it's a cute house. And most of the equipment is right up-to-date. But I have my doubts about that heating plant."

Funny thing, how people will put only the best materials and upstairs equipment in a house — and then skimp on the most important thing, the heating plant. They don't seem to realize that no matter how much you invest in a house, it isn't really a *home* unless it is comfortably heated.

If you have had the unhappy experience of buying or building a house with an unsatisfactory heating system, cheer up, for relief is in sight! Minneapolis-Honeywell has developed a remarkable control system that has corrected heating difficulties in thousands of homes. It is called Moduflow. Moduflow operates on an entirely different principle from the ordinary on-and-off control system. It furnishes heat *continuously* at whatever temperature is required to maintain comfort in any kind of weather. Moduflow eliminates the drafts and chilly spots caused by intermittent heat supply, and saves much of the heat formerly wasted at the ceiling.

Best of all, Moduflow control can be easily and inexpensively installed *right now* on your present automatic heating plant. You don't have to wait until you remodel or build a new home. Don't spend another uncomfortable winter. Get all the facts about Moduflow. Mail the coupon today for your free copy of the booklet "Comfort Unlimited" that tells the fascinating story of Moduflow.

MODUFLOW

The New HONEYWELL Heating Control System

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR COMPANY
2843 Fourth Avenue South, Minneapolis 8, Minnesota

Please send my free copy of "Comfort Unlimited"

Name____________________

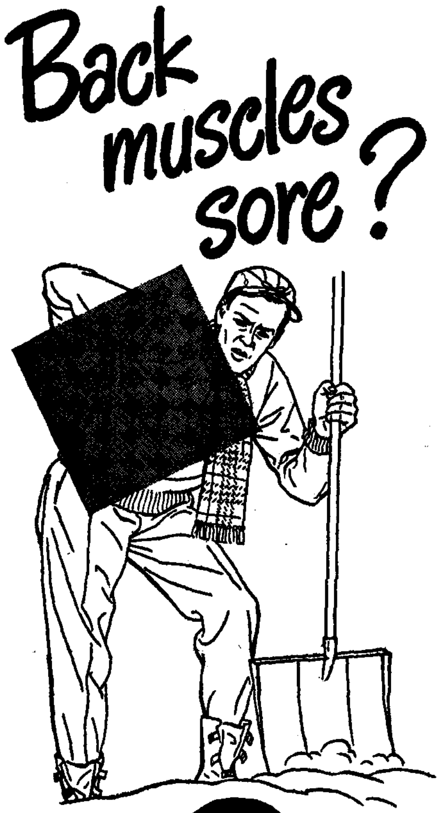
Address____________________

City________________ State__________

Comfort Unlimited
MODUFLOW

FREE!

A GOOD HEATING SYSTEM + MODUFLOW = COMFORT UNLIMITED

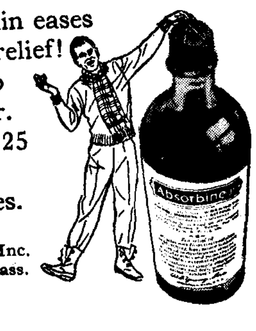

Back muscles sore?

Here's Relief!
Help nature drive out fatigue acids with Absorbine Jr.

Those sore, stiff muscles which so often follow unaccustomed exercise can be relieved! The thing to do is help nature drive out fatigue acids! Rub your sore muscles with Absorbine Jr. which increases local circulation in these areas. As fresh blood carries the fatigue acids away that stiffness subsides, the pain eases—it's grand relief! Always keep Absorbine Jr. on hand. $1.25 a bottle at all drugstores.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.



out pay. The dealer denied her allegations and produced sales papers showing receipts for only $470. It appeared impossible to prove the overcharge, but she did.

A veteran in St. Louis paid $1,000 cash to a roadside dealer, with no witnesses present. The dealer then credited him with only $473 on the purchase. Some heavy bluffing was required, but the veteran obtained justice. Another St. Louis dealer sold a '42 Ford to a Negro veteran for $192 over the ceiling price. Again it was cash, but the veteran found a witness who had overheard the dealer boast of getting $1,200 for the car. The veteran won his case.

The government almost always wins when there is a determined complainant. To help establish evidence of shady transactions, local OPA boards will provide witnesses, mark money and otherwise serve as accomplices to protect buyers. Investigators can also examine the accused dealer's books, and his bank accounts, and can question other customers, who in three cases out of four are willing to talk. Veterans have been complainants in the majority of cases against black-market operators. Whether it is because they are more touchy about being pushed around than the home folks, or whether it is simply because they have been the victims of most of the gypping, or both, would be hard to say.

Open Day and Night in Detroit

One of the hottest automobile markets has been in Detroit. Used-car lots start business before 8 A.M. and continue until well after 10 P.M., often under floodlights that illuminate the scene like a carnival midway. When buyers can't make their purchases on the streets from individuals, they seek out certain used-car lots and pay through the nose. Several operators have been nabbed by OPA investigators, so they are getting cagey about charging over-ceiling prices.

But they are cashing in on the trade-in racket. At a dozen of these places I found that without a trade-in I could buy nothing. Two or three of the bolder dealers suggested I go to another lot to buy a "junker" to trade in. Some of these "junkers" are sold and resold from one lot to the next, each time at a profit of $100 or more for the dealer, who buys at the "as is" price—with deductions for repairs that are never made—and sells at the warranty price.

Exorbitant financing charges constitute one of the meanest rackets of the crooked operators. Not only are usurious rates sometimes charged, but the crooks use swindling methods of obtaining them. In California a discharged sailor, still in uniform, went into a Los Angeles lot and priced a car that caught his fancy. The salesman asked how much money he had with him.

"I have $500," said the youth, "but I have money in the bank. I can come back tomorrow with the full price."

"To one of Uncle Sam's sailors, the price is $150 under ceiling—only $1,050," said the salesman. "But you don't have to wait. Not if you and your girl want to go driving tonight. The Navy's credit is good with us. Just sign the purchase contract and pay your $500 on account. Then drive the car home. We'll take care of the license and certificate of ownership and have everything fixed up when you come back. Drop in any time within 30 days."

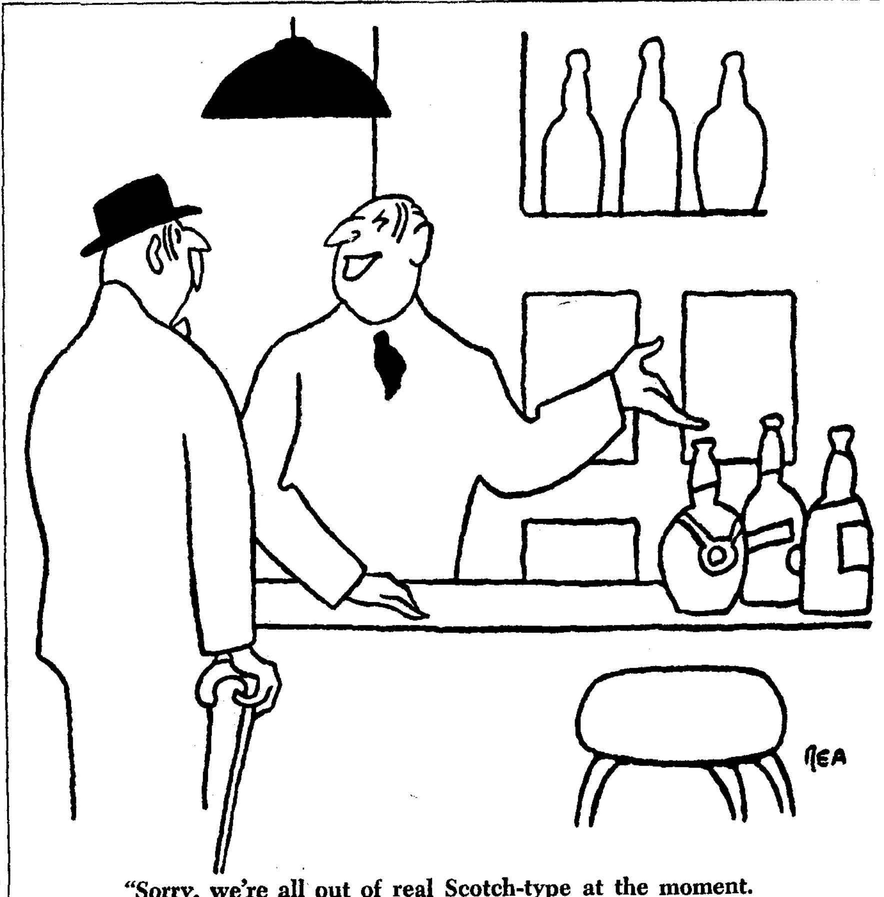
The sailor left with a warm glow in his heart. The next day he was back with the $550 balance. He brought some extra money along to buy car insurance from this firm—just to show his appreciation. But the balance wasn't $550 any more. The $500 had been entered as a down payment and the contract written in installment form.

A finance charge of $700 for "time plan" had been added, making the balance $1,250.

When the sailor objected, he was told to take it or leave it. If he turned the car back, he would lose his $500 for breaking his contract, and if he didn't make his payments they would repossess the automobile.

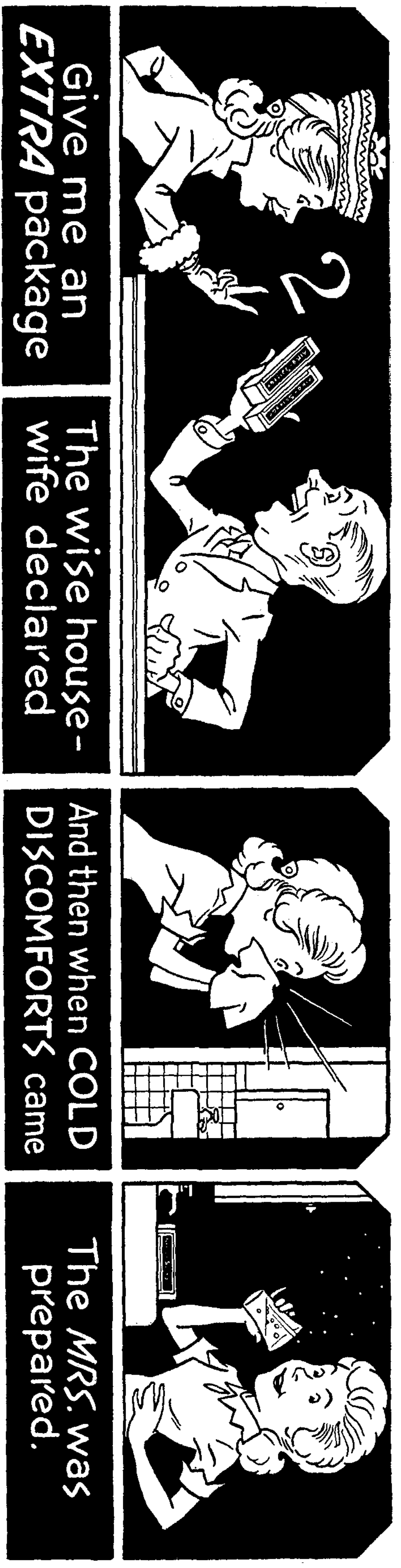
But the sailor proved a tough one and brought the case to book. It is illegal for a dealer to insist on a time payment if you wish to pay cash. If you do wish to finance the purchase, you have the right, under OPA regulations, to choose your own agency for the financing.

In another Los Angeles transaction, a used-car dealer deluged Thomas Vorman with double-talk and a multitude of blank forms to sign. Vorman left the



"Sorry, we're all out of real Scotch-type at the moment. But we have some quite good imitation Scotch-types"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

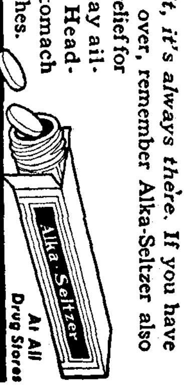

Give me an EXTRA package
The wise housewife declared
And then when COLD DISCOMFORTS came
The MRS. was prepared.

—Why Not Buy an EXTRA Package?

Buy TWO packages instead of one. At the first sniffle or sneeze take TWO tablets in water as directed for relief of that stuffy, ache-all-over, "feverish" feeling of a cold. *That EXTRA package is like a "spare"—If you need it, it's always there.* If you have some tablets left over, remember Alka-Seltzer also offers wonderful relief for other work-a-day ailments such as Headaches, Upset Stomach and Muscular Aches.

Alka-Seltzer

At All Drug Stores



Never neglect a paper cut

Any paper cut can become infected. Never take a chance.

Cleanse the hurt properly. Then put on a BAND-AID*—the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation.

Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other ready-made adhesive bandage. Keep one box at home—one where you work.

*BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.

The quick, easy way to bandage a cut thumb
36 ASSORTED ADHESIVE BANDAGES
BAND-AID
ADHESIVE BANDAGES
Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. CHICAGO, ILL.

premises with a motorized junk heap, for which he'd contracted to pay $361 above the ceiling price. He didn't realize it until later, when the papers he'd signed had been filled out. That $361 of which he had been swindled had come from his mustering-out pay, which he had accumulated the hard way. He was at Bataan.

There are dozens of other dodges. In the Northwest, clients at one lot were forced to purchase fishing tackle at ridiculous prices, along with the car. In Oklahoma a dealer had the habit of selling his hound-dog for from $100 to $300 along with each purchase, the hound returning faithfully after each transaction. All these practices are just as illegal as asking for outright cash over and above the ceiling price.

This is the OPA Regulation

The trouble is, many buyers don't mind being overcharged if they can get their cars. If you want a car and object to paying illegal prices, cut out this paragraph of Maximum Price Regulation 540:

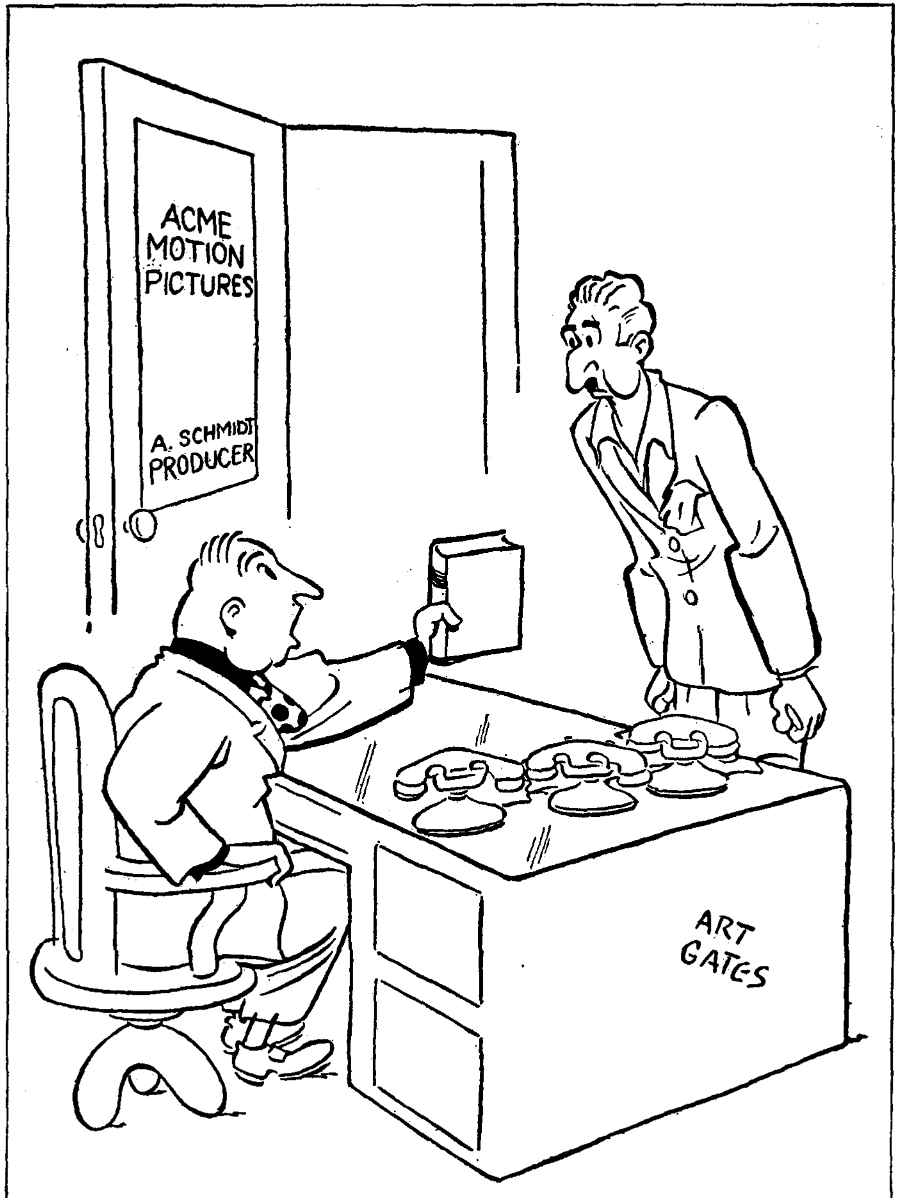
"It shall be a violation of this regulation to charge a price above the applicable maximum price in connection with any sale of a used car, either alone or in conjunction with any other consideration, even though the price increase appears only indirectly. Specifically, but not exclusively, the seller is not permitted to require the purchaser, as a condition of sale or transfer of the car, to make payment over a period of time; to require him to finance the purchase through any particular lending agency; to require him to purchase any equipment, accessories, repairs, parts or services so as to increase the total compensation above the maximum price; to require him to purchase any other commodity or service; or to require him to make payment in whole or in part by exchanging or transferring or trading in any other vehicle or other product or commodity; or where there is an exchange, transfer or trade-in, to give him an allowance for the vehicle, product or commodity exchanged, transferred or traded in, which is below its reasonable value."

While OPA has kept the automobile market from going wild, its officials are the first to admit that it is incapable of stopping chiseling by individuals and a minority of unsavory dealers. Only two things can stop that—public opinion, or a plentiful supply of new cars. Public opinion has been pretty apathetic, and the supply of new cars will not begin to catch up to demand until 1948—by the most optimistic estimates of the auto industry.

The backlog of automobile orders is currently estimated at somewhere between 15,000,000 and 18,000,000 cars and trucks and is increasing. It is doubtful that the total number of cars turned out in 1946 will exceed 2,500,000; and 1947 production is not likely to go beyond 5,000,000.

So the best advice of the experts, both at Washington and Detroit, is hang on to your old car until you get actual delivery on a new one, unless you are prepared to go without one for what may be a long wait. And if you are buying a car, whether new or used, find out in advance from OPA what the ceiling price is, be careful to read any papers you sign, and stand on your rights as set forth in the OPA regulations quoted above. And don't shoot your local franchise dealer—he's doing the best he can.

THE END



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Change to CALOX for the tonic effect on your smile

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2. Dentists say massaging gums is most beneficial. Special ingredients in Calox encourage *regular* massage . . . which has a stimulating, tonic effect on gums . . helps keep them firm and rosy.

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RINGTAIL ON THE RUN

Continued from page 23

they had a measured rhythm that persisted. At first I was confused. There were two dogs but I thought I heard only one. Then, gradually, I could define the finer nuances of sounds. Ray told me which sounds were made by Duke, which by Rex. He asked me which dog was running in front. I listened intently. "Duke," I said.

He clapped me on the shoulder and exclaimed: "Good . . . good, you'll be a coon hunter."

The two hounds kept booming away. Suddenly there was a break, a pause in the steady beat of the hounds' chorus. Had they lost the animal? Had it succeeded in so knotting its trail that they were completely baffled—unable to force it to "tree"?

Ray didn't say anything, just stood tense and motionless and silent in the night. The reflection of the lantern danced on the corn stooks. I listened intently to the irregular notes of the hounds. Then they picked up with a quick new fervency of sound.

"Come on," Ray urged and snatched up the lantern and was off through the maze of stooks.

I followed at a half run, stumbling over the stubble, feeling cobwebs frost-wet against my face. Ahead of me the lantern bobbed up and down as Ray's long legs chewed at the distance. I could hear the bedlam of the hounds like a steady stream of sound in the night. The moon was in all its full glory. There was not a second's break in the outpouring of Duke and Rex.

Trouble in the Timber

We entered a wood. Here my woes really began: Barked shins, face firmly switched by low-hanging branches, clothes snagged by brush, twice a full, hard plunge to earth. Ray was still in front, a good fifty feet in front, ignoring my floundering about. We were getting close, though. The night was just one loud burst of hound voice. It filled my ears, throbbed in my blood.

Ray stopped suddenly, waited for me to come alongside, panting, bruised, but happy.

"Treed," he said.

And even I, a novice, knew that. Treed all right! When two black-and-tan hounds such as Duke and Rex forced a coon to scurry up a tree you were in for a real song of the night. And that's just what they had been giving us, and what they were still giving us.

"Come on," Ray said, but he walked leisurely now.

It was only a short distance to a grove of hickories where the hounds were leaping and clawing at the bole of a huge old shagbark. They didn't let up in their clamoring for a second.

Ray set the lantern down, unhooked the flashlight from his belt and played the beam along the upper branches of the tree. I followed the trail of the light. Now and then it paused, settled for a second or two on a crotch, but soon moved along. He played it slowly, carefully examining each dark spot. Then, forty feet above the earth, the beady eyes of the coon glistened like bits of glowing charcoal. The little animal was hunched tightly against the bole of the tree, half hidden from our view by an upward angling limb.

Ray chuckled softly.

"A big one?" I asked.

"Average," he answered.

The hounds were strangely silent now. I glanced at them. Both were looking intently at the spot where the flashlight's beam had picked out the huddle of coon.

Then Ray doused the light, picked up the lantern, headed the hounds away from the tree.

"Where to now?" I wanted to know.

"There's a big one hangs out around the west-field tobacco barn," Ray said.

Already my legs were aching, but I kept on. As we walked, Ray told me about the coon's bag of tricks. How they can lie on their backs when cornered and rip the belly of a hound into ribbons, how they can drown a dog that tries to follow them across a pond or river; how they can take to pines or hemlocks and dodge from tree to tree and soon lose the hound. These and a hundred other tricks are all tucked in the coon's bag.

There had been some memorable hunts in Ray's career. There was the time when a rich gentleman farmer had imported a dog from Tennessee and wagered large sums on its debut against the local hounds. Farmers from all over the country chipped in their small sums to cover the bets. And then for one long dark night they had listened to the hounds running. When it was all over, when the first streaks of dawn were crimson in the forehead of the morning sky, the rich man's dog was still going strong—but so were the local hounds. And the bets were called off—all of them.

After that the wealthy man and dog from the hills of Tennessee were just part of the local gang.

Duke and Rex nosed out the coon that loitered about the tobacco barn. But it was only a short while before the animal took to the snug interior of an old den tree. "Old one," Ray opined.

And still again that night the black-and-tans tacked onto a long-running coon.

After that one was treed, Ray took the hounds to leash and we went trudging across the fields toward the farmhouse. My clothes were in tatters, my face and hands a welter of scratches, my legs ached, my feet burned, my breath came in gasps, but my whole body was elated. It was as though my mind had been cleansed. With the full moon "up" and the frost a thick silver dust over the fields, there were no worries to plague me. I knew only that the experience of listening to the hounds running in the night had been something rare, to be tasted again and again. It could be an endless experience—repeating itself year after year.

Hounds That Sing in the Night

Night hunting holds a strange fascination for all men who have once experienced it. No matter how often I follow the hounds—whether it's under a glorious full moon, or on a night when all is a Stygian maw, I revel in the wild medley of song that rolls steadily across the hills and swales. Seldom have we shot our quarry—rather, we have been content to let the hounds run, to listen intently to that first riotous outburst of "treed," then to move on to the next scene.

It is good to know that whenever you go afield at night there are coons waiting to lead the dogs a long chase. It's a twofold conservation: of wildlife and of the vigor of man, for you don't expend yourself on a coon hunt—you add to the capacity of your enjoyment of the pure and simple in life.

When the full moon's up and the hounds are whining eagerly, clean up the lantern, dig out the oldest clothes you have and get set for a night of sport with a ringtailed trickster—Brother Raccoon!

THE END

"It was like flying - -"

"I tell you, Bob, I never had such an experience in my life. It was like flying."

"What *are* you talking about? I thought this was a new *car,* not an airplane."

"I'm talking about what happened after I added Casite to the crankcase oil. It was like a different engine, almost instantly. I could hardly hold it down."

He's right. Casite is an amazing oil-carrier. Added to the crankcase oil of a new car it carries lubrication fast to all the tight spots . . . protects these vital, close-tolerance areas during the break-in period. And in both new and old engines, Casite guarantees quick starts, in the coldest weather . . . greatly reduces start-up wear . . . cleans motors and keeps them clean. ©1946, The Casite Corporation, Hastings, Michigan.

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65¢ a pint • 75¢ in Canada

CASITE
with Every Oil Change
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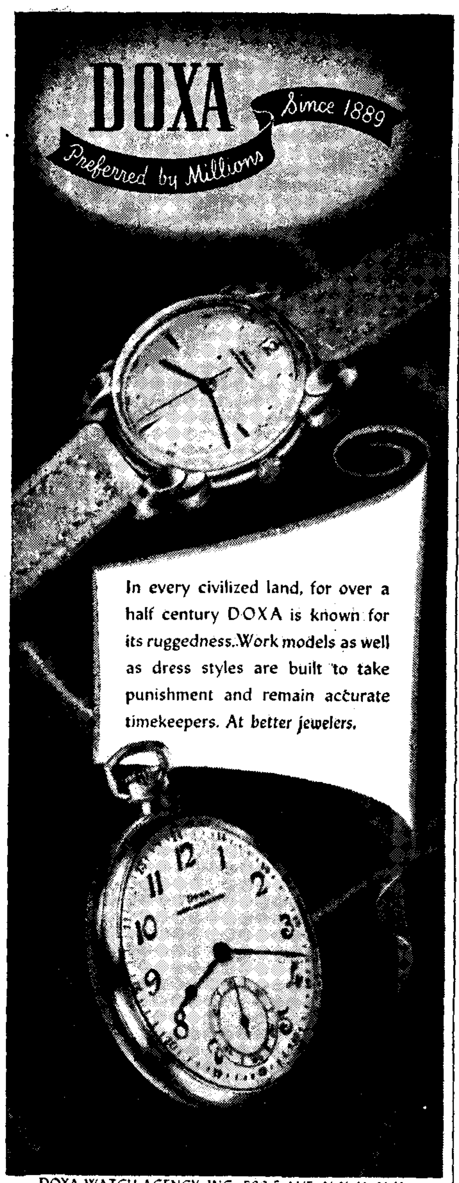

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6-Volt Electric Lantern

Revolves like a wheel to the exact point you set. 360° swivel action. Handy. Durable. For use by every member of family at home or on trips. 80 to 100 hours of light from single battery. Shoots powerful light beam 800-ft. Ask for REDDYlite today.

$2.69 LESS BATTERY

Delta ELECTRIC CO.
MARION, IND.
Originators and World's Largest Producers of Electric Lanterns

THE VULTURES

Continued from page 12

"You do not like the wultures?"

"No, Ram, I'm not at all partial to them. And if I'd been born a Parsi, the very sight of one of those cannibals would be enough to convert me into anything from a Moslem to a Primitive Methodist."

"If you had been born a Parsi," he observed, "the wultures would get you, finally."

It was too hot to argue with such nonsense, so we went back to the Taj for a gin fizz. . . .

I left India in '43—assigned to Berlin, of all places. For the past eighteen months I'd seen nothing of Ram; he'd mysteriously disappeared from Bombay and nobody seemed to know anything about him. To tell the truth, I wasn't sorry; his anti-British tirades were becoming unbearable.

Anyway, what with one thing and another, I hadn't much time to think of anything outside my work. Berlin was pretty grim in those days; the Americans were coming over by day and the British by night, and one spent half one's life dodging in and out of shelters. Almost the only period when we could count on a lull was between the hours of six and ten; the Americans had nearly always done their stuff by then and the R.A.F. hadn't yet got going. During this lull everybody used to go along and stoke up at the Adlon bar. There was still plenty of liquor, looted from all over Europe.

ONE night I went along as usual, and was sitting in a corner dealing with a double Scotch, when who should I see coming toward me but Ram. He was paler than ever and he'd lost a good deal of weight. He was dressed in an extraordinary sort of German uniform.

"Ram, what the hell are you doing in this hole?"

He looked uneasily over his shoulder. "It is not wise to talk in here," he said.

"It's as wise as anywhere else."

With some reluctance, he sat down and, in spite of his uniform, I ordered him a drink. Somehow I never could treat Ram seriously, even when he was a traitor.

He told me that he'd been in Berlin for over a year, and was working in one of Goebbels' offices, broadcasting anti-British propaganda to the Far East. The way in which he'd smuggled himself out of India and got into Germany via Switzerland was a regular saga.

"Do you write your own stuff?" I asked him.

"Yes," he replied proudly. "Every word."

I felt tempted to suggest that Ram's prose style was perhaps one of the reasons why everything was going so well for the Allies, out East. However, I restrained myself. For some reason or other I didn't like to hurt the silly little man; I knew that at last, in this weird way, he'd fulfilled his ambition to become a literary star. Besides, he had guts. To leave a comfortable home, to run endless risks, and to settle down in Berlin, the hottest spot in an extremely hot continent—well, if a man felt as strongly about things as all that, you couldn't dismiss his convictions with a wave of the hand. It wasn't even as if Ram were the tough type; he was very much the opposite. He'd always been ultrasensitive, and now it was obvious that he was a bundle of nerves.

"Do you still think you've backed the right horse?" I asked him.

He nodded fiercely. "Germany *must* win." His voice had acquired something of a Nazi twang. "Germany *must* win—for the sake of the world!"

At that moment the little red lamps began to flash over the door and from outside came the faint wail of the sirens. The British were early tonight.

"I must go," muttered Ram, gulping down his drink. His hand was shaking so badly that he nearly spilled the liquor.

"Off to a shelter?"

"No. During the raids we stay at our posts. It is the Fuehrer's order."

He drew a card from his pocket, scribbled his telephone number on it, and handed it to me. Then, with a click of his heels, he bowed and went out. . . .

It was a bad raid that night . . . and the next, and the next. One lost count of time; one even lost count of day or night. The smoke was so thick and lingered so long that even at noon one lived in a sort of dreadful twilight.

However, I kept up my visits to the Adlon bar; it still gave one an illusion of security, with its softly shaded lights, its long rows of bottles twinkling against the mirrors, and the white-coated barmen, whose faces were always set in tight, nervous grins, no doubt by the Fuehrer's orders. And here, from time to time, I used to encounter Ram.

It was obvious that he was going from bad to worse; he started up at the slightest noise, and sometimes had to hold his glass in both hands before he could swallow his drink. His condition was hardly surprising; apart from the raids, which were enough to make anybody jump, his personal situation was precarious in the extreme. If Germany lost the war—and it was clear that she *was* losing it, hand over fist—Ram's position would be . . .

But there was something else that seemed to be worrying him, something quite apart from his immediate surroundings. I couldn't make out what it was. Often he'd begin a sentence by leaning forward, looking at me earnestly, and saying, "Would you do me a favor, supposing . . ." Then he'd stop.

"Supposing what?"

"Never mind," he'd say. "Forget it."

One day, after he'd asked me the usual question, I said to him, "Is it anything to do with your folks at home?"

He shook his head violently.

"Anything connected with the old days in Bombay?"

"No—no! Those days are dead. Please forget it. I will never ask you again." But he did ask me again. Once.

IT WAS about a week later that real hell came to Berlin. What we'd been enduring before was merely a mild sort of purgatory. I think the date was April 3, 1945 . . . it ought to be easy to verify, because it was bigger, better and generally more block-busting than anything the world had ever seen.

It began at about eight o'clock in the evening, in daylight, and it was still going strong three hours later. I had a basement flat in a big block of apartments off the Friedrichstrasse; as far as anybody in that damned joint could be safe, I was safe, but the whole building seemed to be shaking above me, and through the chinks in the curtains I could see a red glow that grew brighter and brighter, as if the whole city were in flames.

Usually I got rather a kick out of a really good raid; I used to remind myself that every bomb was another nail in Hitler's coffin. But this time I confess I'd had enough. I wished the boys up there would call it a day and go home.

Then suddenly, about midnight, the telephone rang. It must have been one of the few lines still working in the city. The cheerful little tinkle sounded uncanny in all that uproar.

I answered the phone, and for a few moments couldn't understand what was

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Sergeant's
WORM MEDICINES

No more worms for me - Caesar

going on at the other end. It was a man's voice, and there was a dreadful urgency in it. The voice was saying: "Please . . . Please . . . Please . . . Please . . ."

Just that—like a phonograph that's got stuck.

I jogged the thing up and down. "Who's there?"

"Please . . . Please . . . Please," repeated the voice. And then there came one word—only a whisper—but clear enough to tell me who it was. The word—"Wultures."

"Ram! What the hell are you up to?"

"Please . . . Please . . ." he began again.

"Please *what?*"

"Please come."

"On a night like this? You're crazy—"

"The wultures—they are coming for me!"

"For the Lord's sake, take hold of yourself, man!"

"The wultures—you promised—" Then there was a sort of moan, and the line went dead.

Now I don't want to pretend that I'm any sort of a hero, but after that *cri de coeur* I just couldn't sit down, doing nothing. In any case, it was high time I went round to take a look at the damage; this raid was front-page news. So I put on a steel helmet and stepped out into the street. Ram's offices were about a mile away.

I shall never forget the sight of that damned city, as I stood there on the doorstep. Everything was red—the buildings, the sky, the pavements—red with fire. Berlin looked as if it had been sprayed with blood. But, thank God, there was a lull in the raid, though there was still a good deal of gunfire coming from the western suburbs.

I hurried along, pausing now and then to make a note, trying to be the bright young reporter. I remember deciding to call my story Study in Red, but my mind wasn't really on the job at all; I was too busy thinking of Ram. I felt I had to get to him quickly, to save him from . . . God knows what.

I broke into a run, which would have been a rash thing to do, normally, but tonight everybody was running, some of them in circles, like startled ants. In a very short time I'd reached the avenue that led into Ram's street. It was a quiet backwater and I paused for a minute to get my breath, under a tree the leaves of which were as red as roses, in that weird light.

And then, without the least warning, I saw something coming down the street that made me think I'd gone completely crazy.

It was a giraffe.

Yes, sir, a whacking great giraffe, ambling along as calm as you please, sniffing the smoky air and occasionally stumbling as it put one of its feet in a shell hole. It passed me, without so much as a look, and disappeared around the corner.

"This is the end," I thought as I stared after it. "I've gone nuts." I was just reconciling myself to the thought of a padded cell, when I heard a terrific chattering and scampering, and past me rushed a horde of monkeys. They looked as happy as a crowd of kids on a holiday. One of them even climbed up a lamppost and hung there by its tail, making faces at me.

Then I realized what had happened. The zoo had been blitzed, and the animals were running wild.

I watched the monkeys go by, and hurried on. The city suddenly seemed to have gone very quiet.

AND now I was in Ram's street, and I saw at once that he'd "had it." The block which had housed his office just wasn't there. There was a pile of masonry and some jagged walls, round which the flames were flickering. That was all. There was nobody about—no ambulances, not even the usual cluster of gaping onlookers. It was all like a dream.

I stood there, wondering what to do. I loathe blood; I can't stand twisted limbs and horrors; I may look tough, but I'm not, really. I dreaded the thought of searching those ruins. But I couldn't go away; maybe he was lying there somewhere, pinned down, scarred. I had to go on.

I climbed the wall and scrambled down a heap of rubble. Then I saw a little black figure, lying hunched up in the far corner.

"Ram!"

There was no answer.

"Ram!"

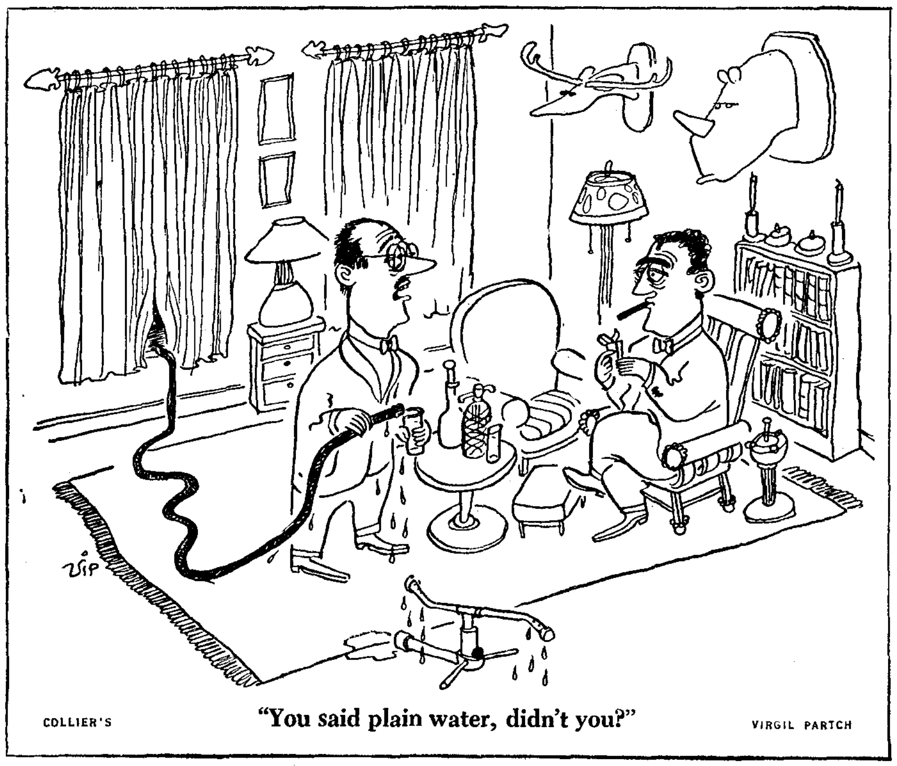
And then the answer came, in a sweep of black wings, gliding close above me. There were two of the brutes. They swept down toward the corner, and I remember trying to shout and throw something, but I couldn't move.

They hovered there, in the dark corner . . . something unspeakable was happening. At last I managed to stagger across. They rose just before I got to them. Their wings were red against the red sky.

His face . . .

You remember? "They go for the eyes first."

THE END



COLLIER'S "You said plain water, didn't you?" VIRGIL PARTCH

STYLE MAKES THE CHAMP... by Mullin -
DON HUTSON
GREATEST GROUND-GAINER AND PASS-RECEIVER IN PRO FOOTBALL (SHOWN HERE IN HIS NEW CHAMP HAT)* IS THE GREEN BAY PACKERS' STELLAR END, DON HUTSON
*DON HUTSON IS WEARING A CHAMP B-17
LES'SEE - AM I CATCHING THIS ONE ... OR KNOCKING IT DOWN?
WHAT DOES HE DO? .. COME UP OUT OF A HOLE IN TH' GROUND?
14
EQUALLY GOOD ON OFFENSE, DEFENSE, OR AS A PUNTER, HE IS THE OUTSTANDING FOOTBALL STYLIST OF ALL TIME... STYLE MAKES CHAMP HATS OUTSTANDING TOO!
101 TOUCHDOWNS SCORED, 488 PASSES CAUGHT, 7991 YARDS GAINED! JUST 3 OF DON'S 19 ALL-TIME RECORDS... ~ FOR RECORD-BREAKING POPULARITY, YOU CAN'T BEAT A CHAMP HAT!
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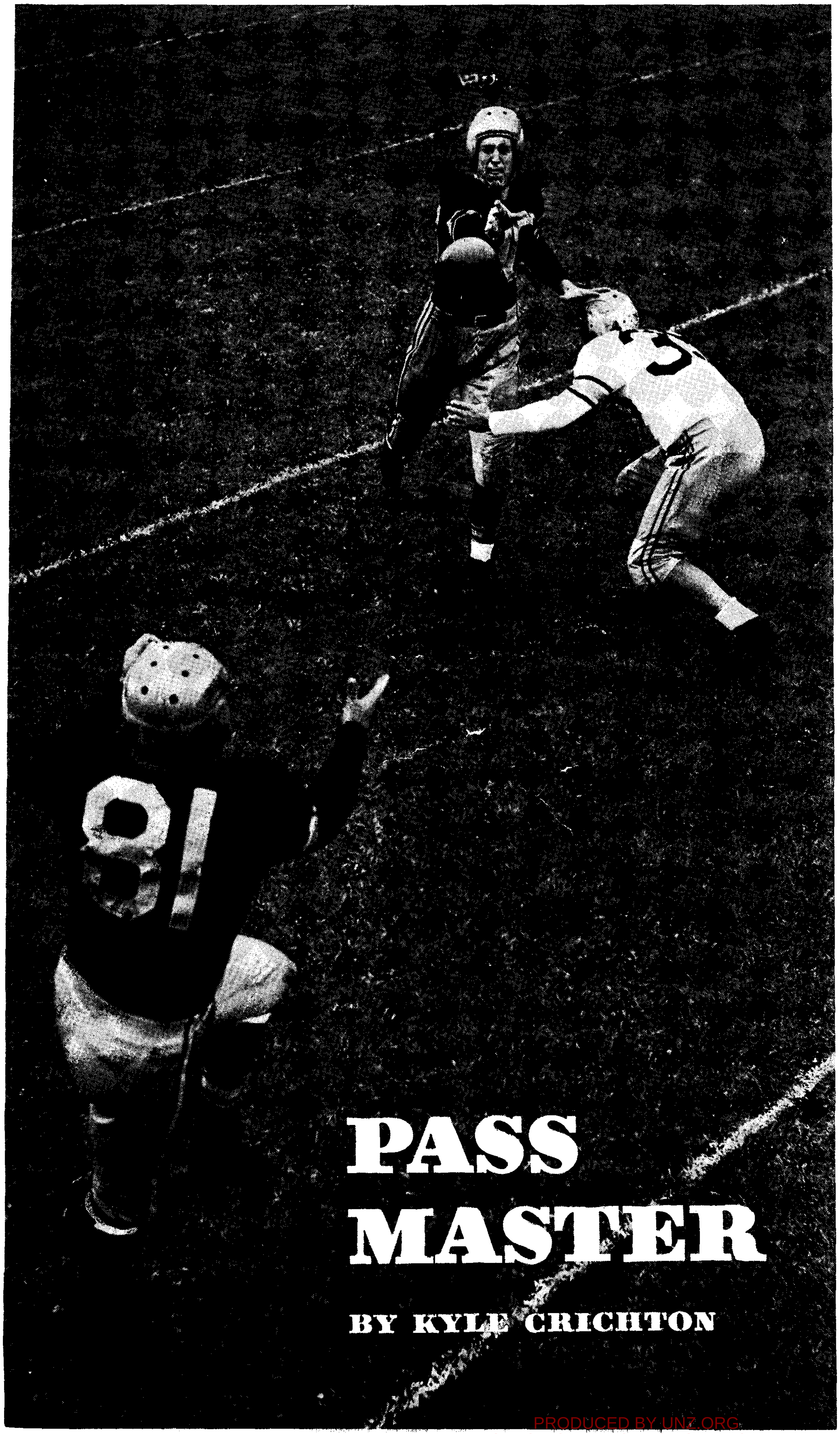
The sensational pass tossing of the Brooklyn Dodgers' Quarterback Glenn Dobbs impresses our football authority, who usually looks with boredom on the passing game

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN



PASS MASTER

BY KYLE CRICHTON

IS THERE anybody in the house besides me who is bored with forward passing? This art has opened up football and made it a form of basketball. Basketball, for its part, has become cross-country with hoops. Oh, you *do* like forward passing and think I'm crazy? All right; you get an article on forward passers.

They grow on vines; the woods are full of them. Any boy of twelve who can't tick a pass off his right ear is automatically awarded membership in Miss Heppelwaite's Minuet and Waltz Club. If you want a college passer, you select Harry Gilmer of Alabama or Charlie Trippi of Georgia or Bob Fenimore of Oklahoma A & M or Herman Wedemeyer of St. Mary's.

If you want a professional passer, you start with Sammy Baugh and end up when you're out of breath. The Los Angeles Dons have *both* Angie Bertelli and Charlie O'Rourke; the Los Angeles Rams have Bob Waterfield and Kenny Washington; San Francisco has Frankie Albert; the New York Yankees have Frankie Sinkwich and Ace Parker; the New York Giants have Frankie Filchock; the Chicago Bears have Sid Luckman; the Green Bay Packers have Irv Comp and the Philadelphia Eagles have Leroy Zimmerman.

For the purposes of this discussion, we have conducted a blindfold test in which all names were put in a hat; what came out was Glenn Dobbs of the Brooklyn Dodgers. There are frenzied partisans who maintain Dobbs is best of them all. But this is merely a manner of speech; on certain afternoons every passer is best of them all. In the 1943 Sugar Bowl game Dobbs completed eight straight passes; in the 1944 game Gilmer completed *all* of his passes. Davey O'Brien still holds the professional record for completed passes—thirty-three out of sixty tries.

We saw the famous play-off game in Chicago when Sammy Baugh ruined the Bears with passes that never seemed to be anything but touchdowns. We saw Sid Luckman throw seven touchdown passes against the New York Giants, and only last year we saw Arnold Herber of the Giants beat the Philadelphia Eagles with three touchdown passes in *four minutes*, each of them traveling at least fifty yards in the air.

But to get back to our boy Dobbs: At Tulsa University he made All-Missouri Valley Conference back three years and was, as aforementioned, the star of the 1943 Sugar Bowl game at New Orleans. He was voted the outstanding player in the All-Star game in Chicago in 1943. He served with the Army Air Forces for three years and came out a lieutenant. Over a four-season period, including one year at Randolph Field, he had a pass-completion average of .546, the best long-term record ever brought into professional football. In 1943 at Randolph Field his total-yards-gained figure (passing and running) of 1,867 yards was highest in the nation for college or service football.

This is just to show you that you're not dealing with a dope. In fact there are experts who consider that Dobbs is greatest as a kicker. Playing in high school with Frederick (Okla.) against Altus, he got off an eighty-yard punt that rolled dead on the one-yard line. He has produced ninety-five-yard punts in a game, and in practice he has done even better. At Skelly Stadium one day in practice he kicked a ball that carried over ninety yards in the air, hit on its nose, took a weird bounce that cleared the shrubbery past the end zone and ended up as a punt of one hundred and twenty yards.

"Accurately measured," they say stoutly in Tulsa.

Had enough on this wonder yet? All right, in the Sun Bowl Game in El Paso in 1942, Dobbs licked Texas Tech for Tulsa by completing twenty-one out of twenty-nine passes. They maintain further at Tulsa that he is even better as a pass receiver than as a passer and that there is no better defender in the world against passes.

"Has a nose like a bird dog," they say. "There'll be a lot of hocus-pocus behind the other team's line and everybody will be mystified but Glenn. Then old Dobber will suddenly take off on a lope with those long legs of his and, sure enough, he'll either bat the pass down or grab it."

Enough? Well, in the 1942 All-Star game in Chicago he completed nine out of fifteen passes. That was the year the All-Stars *(Continued on page* **77)**

Glenn Dobbs waits till the last moment for the throw, then tosses a low, hard pass to a teammate

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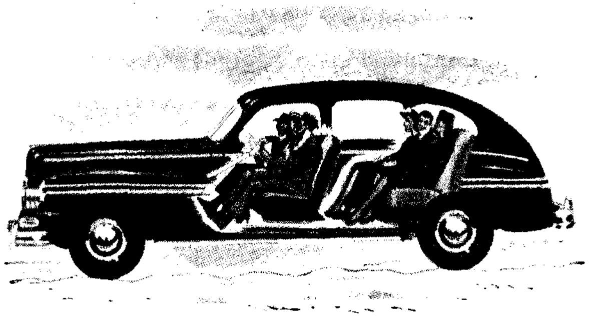

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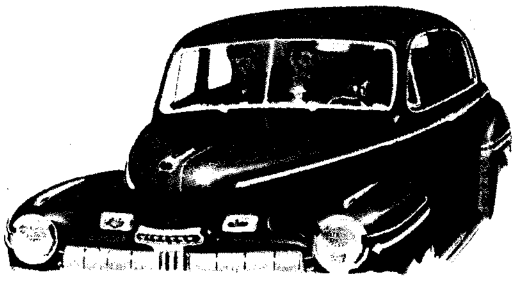

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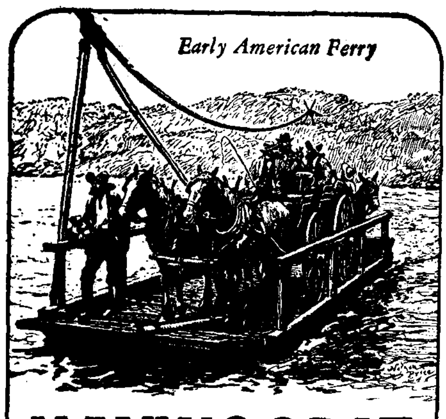

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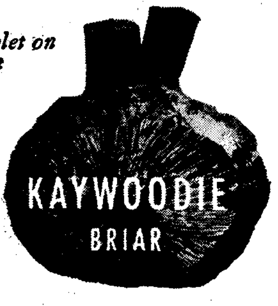


PREACHER IN SONG

Continued from page 44

"I didn't get there—not for a long time!"

Somewhere, at a whistle stop along the way, the train slowed down. From a road beyond the tracks echoed the metallic *tsing* of a guitar, and a voice singing blues. Josh slid off the train. Soon he was on the road again, this time leading a fabulous singer, John Henry Arnold, a minstrel from his home town.

"People seemed to come out of the earth to hear him," says Josh. "A human magnet, that voice and guitar of his—neither very special—pried about $500 each week from fascinated audiences. I know, because I used to lead him to various banks where he kept his savings accounts. John Henry also owned two race horses!"

John Henry bought clothes for the boy and fed him more or less regularly. Sometimes, he gave him a nickel for himself, too. But it wasn't until several years later that Josh learned from his mother that the affluent Arnold owed her a year's back wages for his services.

"I used to sneak his guitar and practice, when he was asleep," says Josh. "It wasn't easy, because he made me thump the tambourine until my knuckles were numb."

Sometimes, as they traveled the roads, they would meet other blind musicians down on their luck. Then Arnold would suggest their working towns together. "You'd have to hear and see the show such sightless singers put on to realize the emotional effect they created," says Josh. "Crowds gathered and threw their money into the tambourine."

It was on these occasions that John Henry told Josh to put away the tin cup. He coached him to divide the collection equally. That meant slipping coins noiselessly—ostensibly the boy's share—over the side of the tambourine into his own pocket, and keeping them there without letting them jingle as they walked along.

"Wherever we stayed at night," says Josh, "John Henry would count his share of the money, and compare it to the amount from my pocket. If it added up to more than he had, as he took it from me, that was okay. But, if as much as a penny was missing he'd fly into a temper and beat me."

One day in Georgia, John Henry decided to quit the road. Josh headed for home. On the way, along a back road, he saw another blind Negro sitting on the ground, propped comfortably against a tree, playing his guitar and singing to himself. He stood, all ears. He'd never heard such music before!

"You must be Lemmon Jefferson," Josh said. All his life he had heard of Blind Lemmon, who was a legend throughout the South. They talked for a while, and Lemmon asked Josh if he'd like to go along with him. Josh forgot all about going home.

"Now," he says, "I began to hear and learn songs that only Lemmon knew. Songs he had heard old, old people sing when he was a small boy. Pre-Civil War songs, and very rare spirituals. Work songs that had been forgotten by everyone else, and ballads that the early English and Irish settlers had brought with them and had sung from one generation to another.

"Lemmon was famous for moans and shouts, but I think he was greatest when he sang 'lonely' songs—songs that one man must sing alone, binding his heart to the hearts of all who hear him. People say I've absorbed this gift from Lemmon."

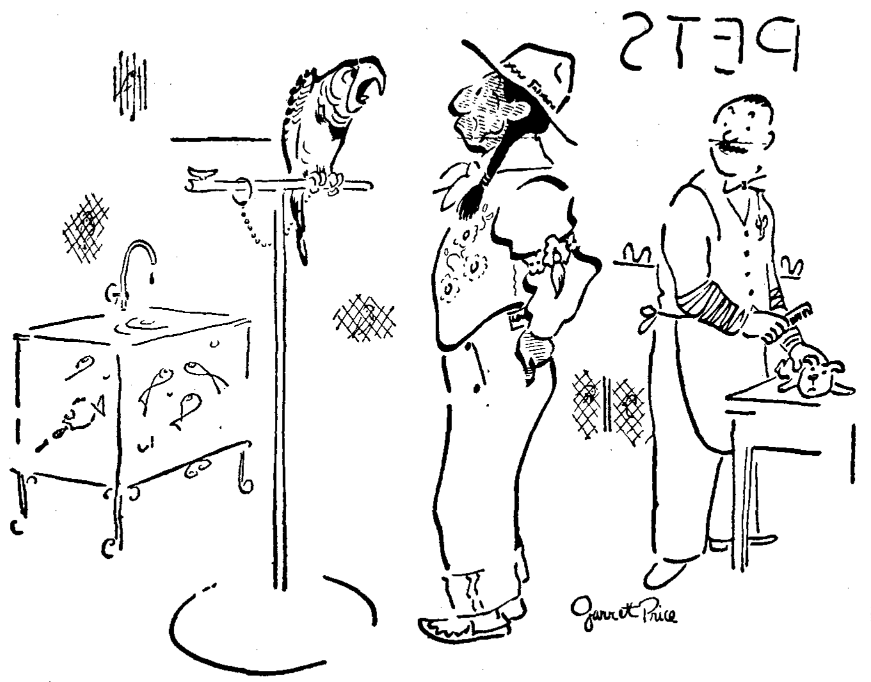
The Boy Who Made a Guitar Talk

Lemmon also encouraged Josh to play his guitar. He was delighted when the boy accompanied him, accenting one song with laughing, commenting harmonies, crying or slyly poking fun—the technique that today is unique with Josh White.

Josh was sixteen when Blind Lemmon Jefferson died. He went home and to school. One day a stranger knocked on the door inquiring for Lemmon Jefferson's last leader. This man was a talent scout for a phonograph company. Would Josh go North to make eighteen records of the old minstrel's songs? His offer included traveling expenses plus one hundred dollars.

In New York on his second day of recording, Julian Street, Jr., of the National Broadcasting Company, happened to hear Josh. He offered him a nine-month contract with the folk-song group, the Southernaires, three performances a week for $84. Then a second recording company engaged him. Handbills advertised him in Harlem as "The Singing Christian."

Josh had never seen so much money of his own before. But, by the time he had sent part of it home, and paid for board and lodging in expensive Harlem, he had little left. It was late 1932 and soon people stopping buying records. Suddenly



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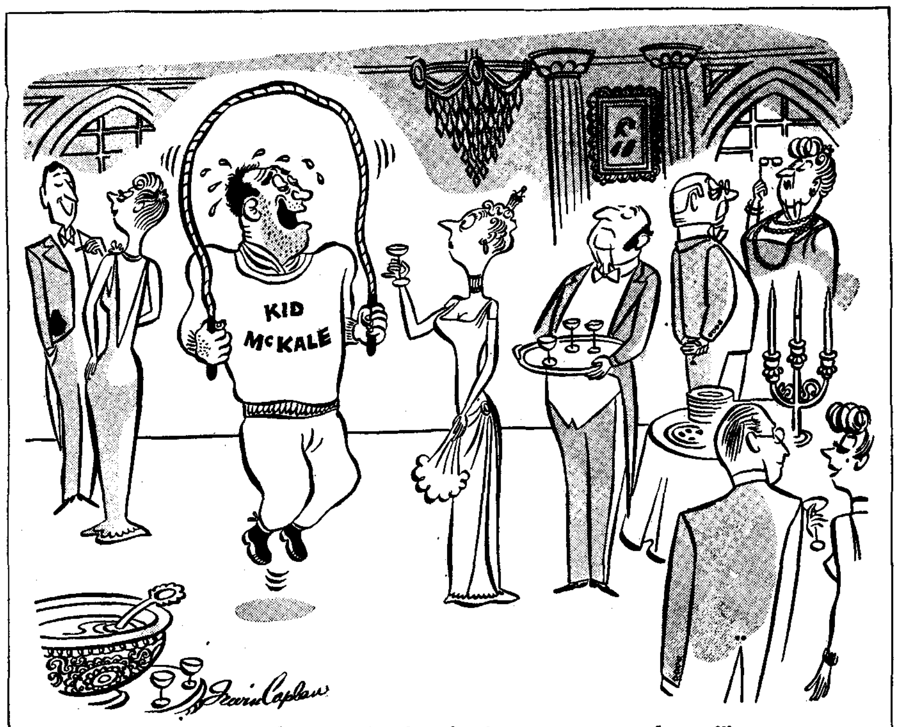

COLLIER'S "Nothing for me, thanks, I'm in training, you know!" IRWIN CAPLAN

Josh was broke with no prospect of work. A friend took him into his crowded flat. Josh lived on the cheapest food he could find, buttermilk. One winter day while carrying a bottle of it, he slipped on an icy pavement. In the emergency ward of a hospital a doctor told him that the fingers of his right hand were badly injured. "You will never play the guitar again," the doctor said.

When the fingers healed they were stiff and lifeless. All his good luck seemed at an end. He found a job running an apartment-house elevator, using his left hand. A fellow employee named George Carr said that massage might help the fingers. But massage cost money and Josh was making forty-five dollars a month. His brother Willie had come North, and now with Carr's sister, Carol, who did housework in the building, they patiently rubbed Josh's fingers and baked them in hot compresses. Four years passed before he began to play again. Then, one day, some one accidentally slammed a door on his hand. The rubbing and baking started all over again.

By the time Josh and Carol decided to pool their slender earnings and marry, he could play. Occasionally at night, he made three dollars playing a "gig"—a Harlem rent party. Then he lost his job. The day his first child was born he had to borrow money to buy food for his wife.

A few days later, Josh had a visitor. It was Sammy Bird, who was producing Roark Bradford's play, John Henry, with Paul Robeson. He remembered having heard some records sung by The Singing Christian. He wanted Josh to take the part of a minstrel named Blind Lemmon Jefferson.

Josh White played the part of his old friend as long as the show lasted. Now, life for him began to look up. Paul Robeson hadn't forgotten his own early struggles as an artist. He took a liking to the younger singer and made it possible for Josh to meet people who were deeply interested in the kind of entertainment he offered. In August, 1941, Josh was asked to go with the Golden Gate Quartet on a government-sponsored, good-will tour of Mexico. He returned to Harlem with money and an idea.

"For years," he explains, "I'd been haunted by certain songs that Georgia chain-gang prisoners sang in low, frightened voices when their guards walked down the road a ways, out of hearing. I wanted to try to set them down."

Josh White knows nothing of formal music techniques. He naturally produces quarter-tone harmonies from his guitar. It took much time and concentration, but finally he recorded the words and music of one prisoner's unhappy history, from the moment of a trumped-up arrest, through a farcical trial and hopeless years at hard labor. These were the songs—his famous Chain Gang Album—which first made Josh White's name known all over the country. Josh followed up with another unusual album, Southern Exposure, in which he debunked a legendary, romantic South. All these records were quickly bought up. Out of print, they are now collectors' items and bring high prices. He made other records of folk songs and old ballads and songs of social significance. Folklorists and music students began writing him.

"I soon heard myself called a 'repository' of rare Southern music," Josh laughs. "That's quite something, don't you think, to call a man who just loves to sing old songs?"

Recording Long-Lost Ballads

Actually, specialists in musical Americana were recognizing, in Josh White's repertoire, songs that they had heard about—songs whose titles were listed in old programs. These are songs which for years have been believed irretrievably lost. At the invitation of the Library of Congress in Washington, Josh has recorded these songs for posterity.

Now, night-club proprietors began to bid for Josh White's services. After twenty-four weeks at the Village Vanguard, he went to Café Society Downtown and Café Society Uptown where he stayed for three years.

Servicemen, hearing him before they left for overseas assignments, asked for Josh White radio programs when they reached their destinations. Once a week, during the war, he made broadcasts beamed especially to them. Today he gladly gives time to entertaining convalescents in military hospitals. It isn't unusual for him to make six or seven such appearances each week.

Josh White is perhaps the nearest approach that we have to the strolling minstrel of the Middle Ages. His songs of social significance, however, don't deal entirely with his own race. He will sometimes sing spontaneously of something in the news that has just occurred to help or hinder the dignity of men—regardless of race, creed or color.

As the outstanding singer of songs of social content, he is never aggressive in attitude. His singing is effective in creating understanding and good will, and that's the way he wants it to be.

THE END

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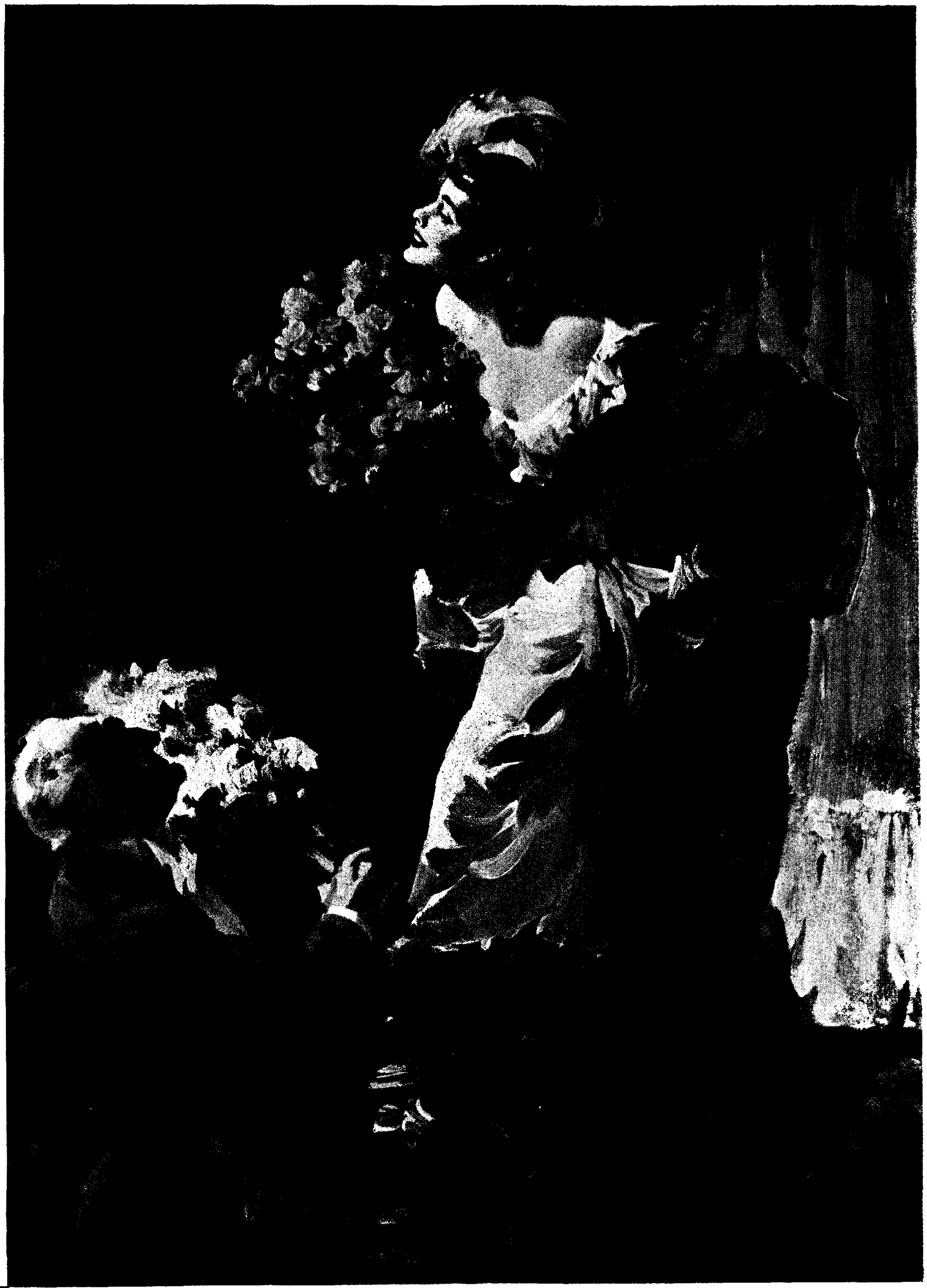

Every sip tells you what words can't

* * *

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OLD MAN RIVER'S CHILDREN

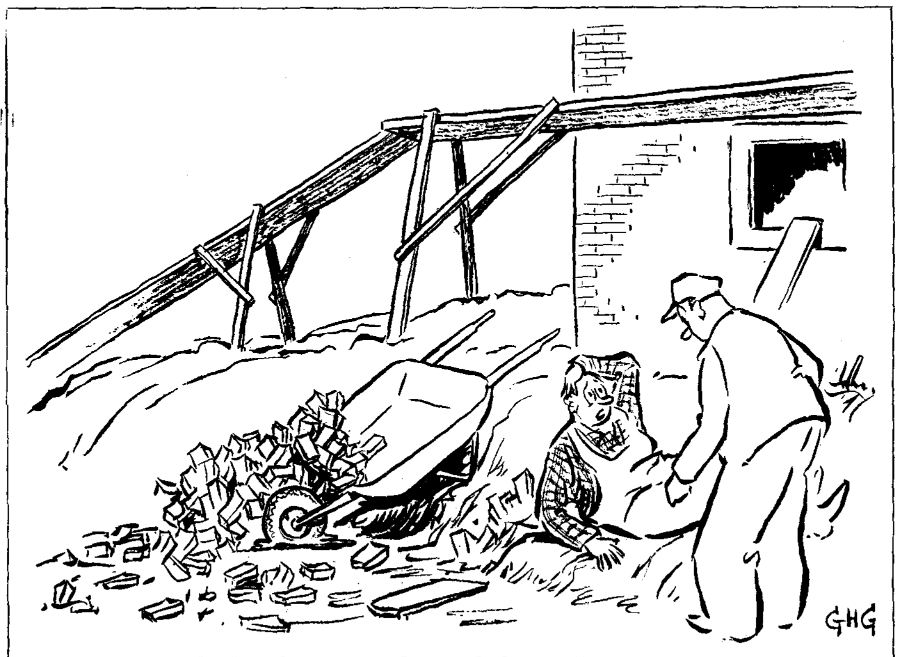
Continued from page 15

said. "Nothin' out there but water. Catfish bite better near the bank."

During the depression years, it was estimated that there were at least 10,000 of the old man's tribe on the big river, while smaller numbers eked out the same sort of an existence on the Ohio, the Illinois, the St. Francis and the other big tributaries of the Mississippi. Probably fifty per cent of them were economic misfits, willing enough to work but unable to get a job or to hold one if they did get it. Others were just plain loafers with a deep-rooted aversion to work of any description.

Others were escaping from something—broken homes, infractions of the law, prison records, the realities of competition—and preferred the anonymity and the comparative poverty of life on the river to continuing the struggle. A few were young men trying to answer a call that in former centuries would have sent them on the high seas with Drake and Magellan and Captain Cook.

After Pearl Harbor the draft boards reduced the number of river rats to a considerable extent, and lush war jobs in the cities along the Mississippi picked off a few more. But now the tribe is again increasing—the rats are returning to the river as rapidly as they can find something that will float. There are newcomers among them who have fled to the broad Mississippi because they can't find houses to live in, because they suffer from postwar restlessness, and because their pockets are filled with money earned in the war plants and they're determined to loaf and fish until it's gone. There is also a sprinkling of veterans, most of them likewise new to the river; some disillusioned about jobs and the shining values of the postwar world; some simply living easily and comfortably on their $20-a-week unemployment dole.



"I had a blowout, and it pulled me off the runway"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

And there's a brand-new crop of crooks; all up and down the river there are tales of new, sleek, well-appointed boats, fitted up for dice games and other forms of gambling; of luxurious floating brothels that tie up near the big cities and run customers back and forth in kicker boats. An old river pilot who knows the Mississippi as he knows the palm of his hand says there are more than 6,000 river rats between New Orleans and St. Louis now, and they're still coming.

Some of the river rats build shacks of tar paper, driftwood, and whatever scraps of roofing they can pick up on the little islands and in the willows that line the banks for mile after mile. A few cultivate small gardens, and once in a while there will be a few flowers struggling for survival against the weeds and the insect pests.

But by and large, the river rats are a floating population—they're almost continually on the move in all sorts of boats, a few shiny and new, but most of them old and battered. They make their own laws and live by their own standards, and men of good judgment don't interfere with them.

Killings and thefts occur occasionally, but only when something has been stolen do the rats invoke the aid of the law. A killing is a personal matter, to be avenged by the victim's kin, if he has any; if not, to be forgotten. The average river rat is a silent man; he'll pass the time of day and sometimes, if the conversation is casual and general, he'll become as voluble as the old man with his memories of his pappy. But it is a rare river rat who will divulge his own name or a scrap of his personal history. Many, especially the old-timers, have lived alone for so long that they've lost the habit of conversation.

One old man who lives on a shanty boat a few miles up the river from Vicksburg is said by other river rats to average fewer than two words a month. Once a visitor asked him why he never talked, and after considering the question for half an hour the old man used up half a year's supply of language.

"Talked too much when I was a young'un," he said. "Got nothing to say, nohow."

Catfish mean almost as much to the river rats as the bison meant to the Indians of the plains. All along the Mississippi from St. Louis down to the Gulf of Mexico the catfish is by way of being the national dish. With its big mouth, its spiked fins, and its long whiskers, the catfish is probably one of the ugliest fish that Nature ever created. But it makes wonderful chowders and soups, being almost boneless, and rolled in corn meal and fried to a rich golden brown, its flaky white flesh is a gastronomic delight.

There's a big market for catfish along the river, and the bulk of the supply is brought in by the river rats; it is at once their staple food and their big money crop. They keep their daily catches in a live-box or a corral net, and twice a week take the fish to market or sell to the fish boats which in some sections chug up and down the river.

A man who is properly equipped and will tend to business can make a reasonably good income catching catfish, but the river rats aren't interested in steady money. They've found that it brings trouble, and that once they start making it they get into the terrible habit of working, which is difficult to shake off. Last summer, at the behest of his woman, a river rat with a shantyboat below Memphis got very industrious; he fished steadily every day, and each evening took his catch to market. And what happened?

First, men in Memphis began trying to sell his woman a washing machine; then they wanted to sell him some property; and finally a revenuer came around with a lot of senseless gabble about income taxes.

The river rat had to slip his mooring at night and drift down the river two hundred miles to get away from the pests. He had learned his lesson, and thereafter, like all true river rats, he caught just enough fish to enable him to buy a little coffee, flour, tobacco, ammunition, an occasional pretty for his woman, and replenish his supply of bait, fishing lines and hooks.

The river rat needs gasoline for his kicker, if he has a kicker, but he regards gasoline as something in the public domain. If possible, he'll steal it from the barges which deliver to the river towns; if he can't do that, he'll trade catfish to the barge crew. If he can't get it any other way, he'll buy it. But only a little at a time.

"Don't last long enough to pay money for it," said one old-timer.

Religion Comes to the Rats

Several years ago a preacher in one of the river towns decided that the river rats needed a bit of religion. So he obtained a boat, which he christened the Gospel Mother, and fitted it up with fishing tackle.

One Sunday, with a Bible under one arm and a rifle under the other, the Parson, as he soon became known, started out to convert the rats. His idea, as he expressed it to several people who had helped him fit up his boat, was that he would fish with the rats and gain their confidence, and then slip them the Word. He didn't explain why he always carried a rifle, and there was considerable gossip about it.

The Parson made several excursions along the willow-lined riverbank, and several times was seen comfortably fishing in the midst of a group of river-rat boats. But it was noticed that each time he came back he appeared to be more thoughtful than when he had pushed the Gospel Mother into the stream. Finally, one Sunday night he tied his boat to the wharf, then turned and looked at the river a long time. Suddenly he flung his hand up and cried:

"Mighty engineering minds have changed the river, saddling its might and curbing its flow, but the river has changed men inwardly more than it has been changed. It gets into their souls, coloring their lives and it makes them different from other people the country over."

Both the Parson and the Gospel Mother vanished a few days later, and he never explained the meaning of his flowery outburst. But gossip along the river provided a simple explanation—that the river rats had converted him.

THE END

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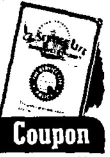

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BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

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"Electronx" is a miniature radio transmitter-receiver that feeds speech currents to the house lighting system, spreading them everywhere the wires go for several hundred feet. It can't be heard on ordinary radios or down the block. One cord connection powers the set and carries the voices. You can't get a shock.

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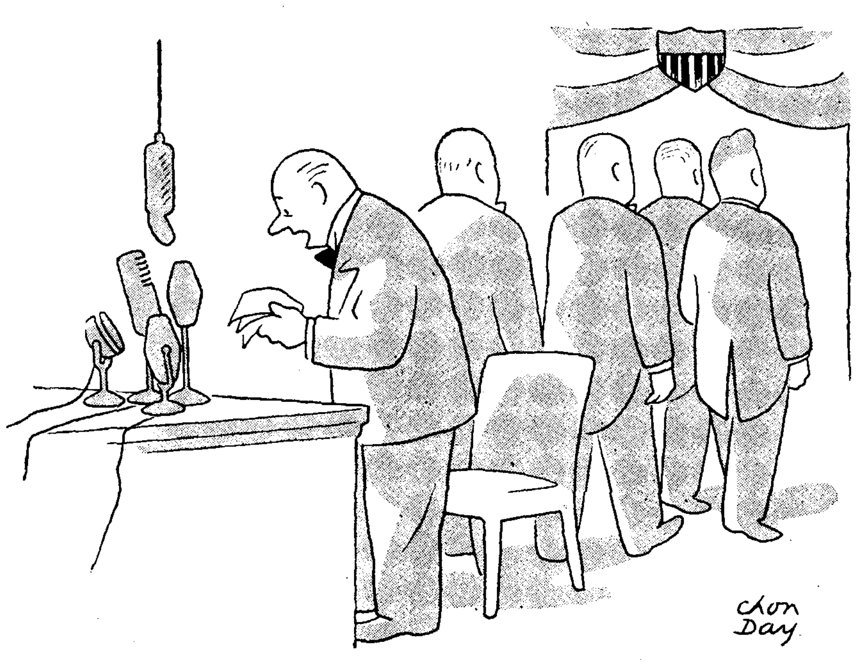
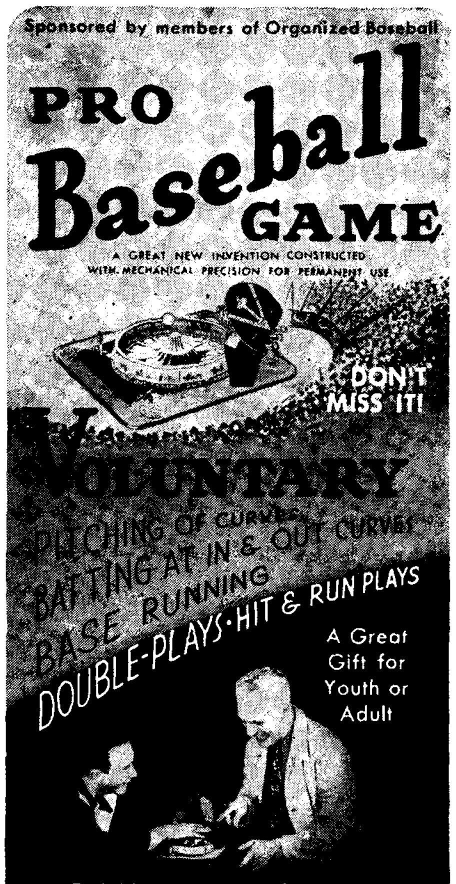
Next you will carry your pipe cleaners in your pocket, wound up in a small plastic case the size of a watch. Pull out the stub end of the continuous strip of cleaner till you reach a pink mark, then break it off by pinching the case. There are seventeen cleaners in a case, enough for a week or two of steady smoking.

The distaff side can use this "Handi-Kleen," too—for cleaning gas burners, applying liquid lipstick, tying up plants and flowers, curling hair. Even the kids can use the fuzzy wire strips for skeleton sculpture. And the empty plastic cases will make fine wheels for homemade toys. ★★★



"The opinions expressed here have been those of the President of the United States and do not necessarily constitute endorsement by this broadcasting company"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY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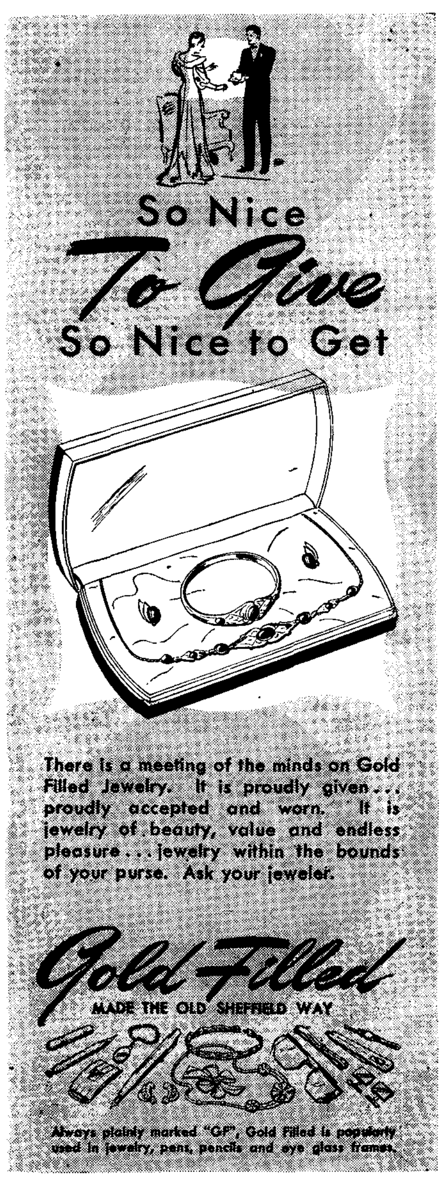

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PASS MASTER

Continued from page 70

beat Sammy Baugh and Washington, 27-7. In the 1944 All-Star game, there was old Dobber again. The Chicago Bears won, 24-21, but Dobbs quick-kicked eighty-five yards to the Bears' two-yard line and completed twenty-seven out of thirty-two passes! In that Sun Bowl game we were mentioning, he got off a 100-yard punt. In the Sugar Bowl in 1943 he quick-kicked seventy-six yards.

You may not have had enough but we have. From now on, you get something of the personality of this miracle man. He's six feet four and weighs 210. Up until his senior year in high school, he kept away from football by general demand. He weighed 118 and was almost six feet tall and there were fears of accidental homicide.

For purposes of back-yard playing, he confined himself to passing and kicking, becoming proficient in both and preserving his life.

"As a matter of fact, I didn't even like football," says Dobbs.

For Dear Old Civic Honor

But there was a bit of crisis in Frederick at the moment because the high-school team had no passer and the civic honor was at stake. They impressed Glenn into service and, after losing the first game, they went on to win eighteen straight the next two years. What was young Dobbs doing two years in the senior class?

"Six of us decided graduating at sixteen was too early," says Dobbs.

They also knew that there was no money around home for college and decided that a year more might cause the ears of football scouts to perk up. They perked when Glenn made all-state halfback and he had offers from Northwestern, SMU, Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Oklahoma A & M. He liked SMU but Tulsa wept sentimental tears of state pride, etc., so he went to Tulsa.

Chet Benefiel was coach, and in Dobbs' first year the team lost only two games and won the conference championship. But that record didn't save Benefiel, who had evidently said boo to the wrong man in downtown Tulsa. Out he went and in came Henry Frnka, who had a pretty setup to start with and didn't lose anything in the coaching.

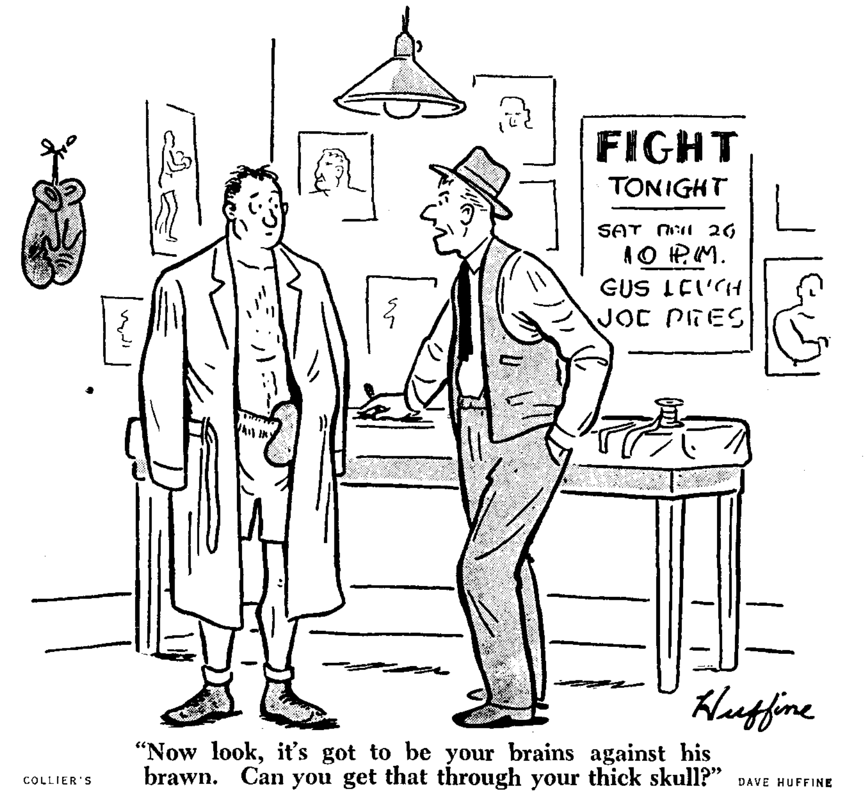
"We had the pass pattern plays worked out so accurately," says Dobbs, "that any one of us could have gone in there blindfolded and made them click."

Because of his height Dobbs has a great advantage as a passer. It is almost impossible to stop him from passing and he can wait till the last moment before throwing. His passes are low and hard and it is a national event when one is intercepted. In his whole career, high-school, college and professional ball, he has had only twelve passes intercepted. He throws always to a man and not to a spot.

When Dobbs graduated from Tulsa, he was picked by the Chicago Cardinals in the football draft but did nothing about it because he was going into the Army. He was a cadet flier at Sheppard Field but washed out because of a defect in one eye (*That* was a shock, believe me!) but stayed in the Air Forces. Dobbs won both the military and athletic awards upon his graduation from OCS at Miami Beach in 1944. He was the first officer in 50,500 candidates to win both awards. And the athletic thing had nothing to do with football; it came from a physical test with pull-ups, weight lifting and such.

This is an amazing performance because in person he looks tall and thin and not too strong. He belongs in the Gary Cooper category of men, speaks easily and well and has a good head on his shoulders. He was married in his sophomore year at college to June Manchester of Tulsa and now owns a home there and has an eighteen-month-old redheaded son named Glenn III. Dobbs himself is a junior but never uses it.

When he came up to play in the All-Star games in Chicago, his performances were such that he was a natural prospect for the new All-American Conference, then just forming. But Dobbs gave Charley Bidwell of the Cardinals first chance at his services. He hinted that a bonus for signing would be pretty, but Bidwell would have none of it. He not only refused a bonus but offered a contract that would not exactly cause eye burning at the Chase National Bank. Dobbs signed with Art Ryan, who expected to have the New York franchise



COLLIER'S "Now look, it's got to be your brains against his brawn. Can you get that through your thick skull?" DAVE HUFFINE

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Just try this at bedtime tonight!

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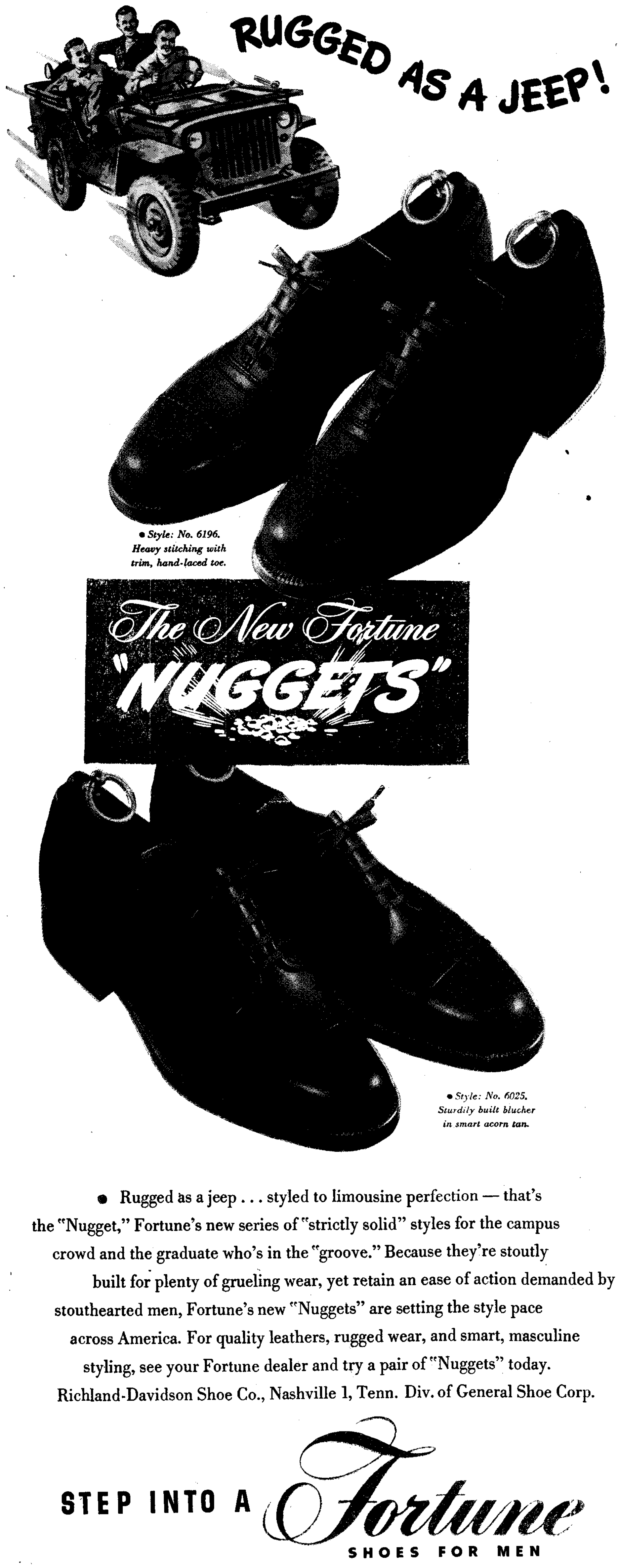
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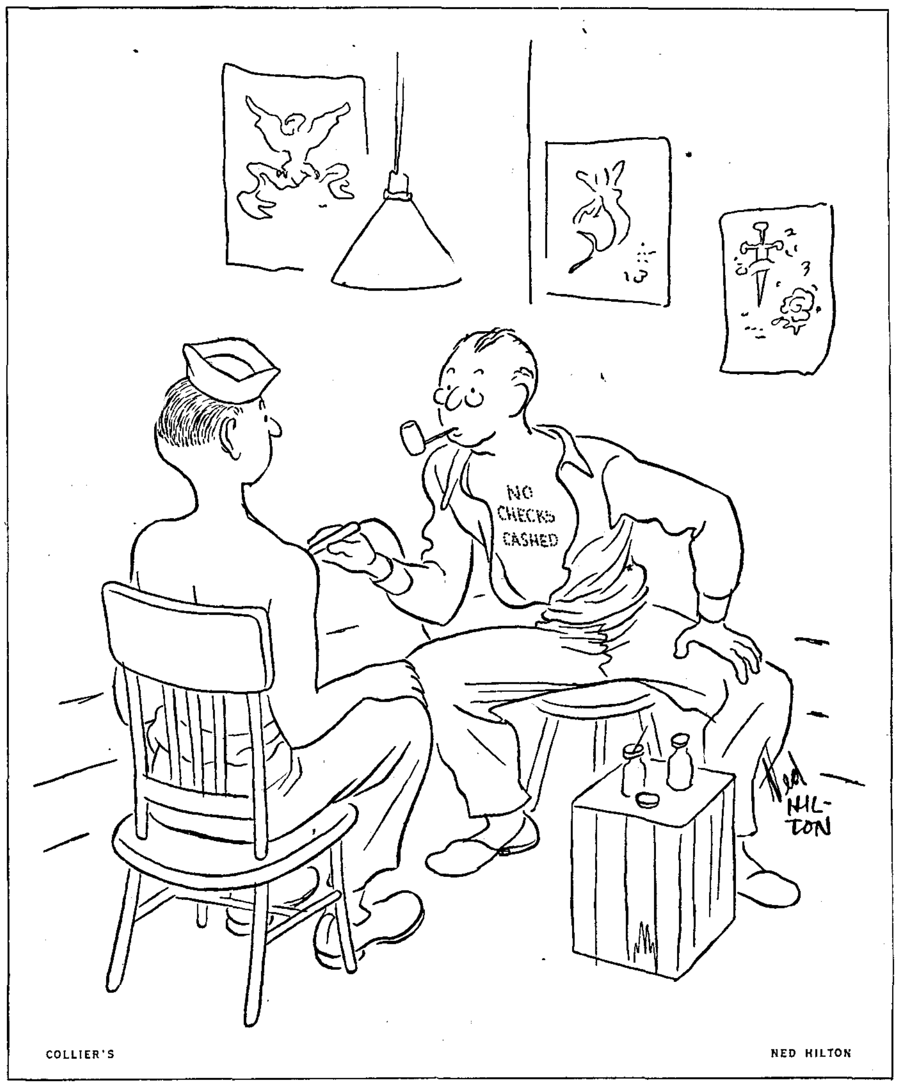

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

in the new conference. This was later transferred to Brooklyn.

"I was the first one to jump to the enemy," says Dobbs, "and I suppose if this conference doesn't go, I will end up Public Goat No. 1, but it's going."

Dobbs reported to the Brooklyn Dodgers on July 14th at Bend, Ore., and finally reached Brooklyn on September 29th. In that time the team played seven exhibitions and three conference games. They failed to set the world on fire, but Dobbs himself was acclaimed everywhere. Vincent Flaherty of the Los Angeles Examiner said, "Dobbs is, for my money, the greatest all-round football player in America today." That came after Brooklyn lost to the Los Angeles Dons.

Chock-Full of Confidence

Dobbs is confident that Brooklyn will beat everybody in the conference the second time around. The team is coached by Dr. Mal Stevens and is said to be the youngest outfit afloat. In addition to Dobbs, Brooklyn has the great Bill Daley and Paffrath of Minnesota, and Ruby, the wondrous tackle from Texas A & M. Along with Dobbs from Tulsa are Judd and Purdin, adepts at catching his passes, and Gibson, a center and blocking back.

The Dodgers have one of the trickiest offenses in football, although it doesn't use the T. Stevens calls it the "A to Z" formation and it features passes to tackles and guards, as well as end-round plays in which the same gentlemen carry the ball. Dobbs is quarterback and signal caller, as he has been since his high-school days.

Dobbs has had two bad breaks this year. Two bones were cracked and the tendons were strained in his right hand when he fell after making a pass. In an early game he also got a wicked cut over the eye, requiring twenty stitches. His hand was taped up, and he was used only for kicking in the Buffalo game until Buffalo tied it up in the fourth quarter. Dobbs took off the bandages and managed to throw three passes, two of them for touchdowns. The hand was still weak and sore in mid-October, but he had developed a series of sponge pads to go between the fingers and break the shock.

The thing that pleases Dobbs most is his running, because nasty people have hinted that he is statuesque rather than agile in that department. For three straight years at Tulsa, he ruined Oklahoma A & M by his running because Jim Lookabaugh or somebody from Stillwater made the pregame mistake of needling him on that score. In truth, he is doing about as much running as passing in the pro game.

But what we started to do in this article was express our disgust with the haphazard tossing of what the fancy writers call the "prolate spheroid." If you've ever listened to a broadcast of a game, you'll get the idea. "Buzzfuzz has faded back to pass . . . He's getting good protection . . . He lets it go . . . It's a long-g-g-g-g-g one, far down the field . . . just over Blotz's head . . . Ah-h-h. Second down, ten to go." You can picture the teams plodding back and then the huddle and then another play. "Buzzfuzz is fading back, back, back . . . etc., etc., etc. It falls off Blotz's finger tips. Ah-h-h. Third down, ten to go."

Gentlemen, it can be the great American bore. But those records by Dobbs—thirty-two passes in the 1944 All-Star game and twenty-seven completions! How are you going to get around them?

When Brooklyn was playing the San Francisco Forty-niners earlier in the season, Dobbs completed twenty-five passes in forty-two tries, and yet Brooklyn lost. There were seven Brooklyn fumbles and half a dozen muffs by Brooklyn receivers with nothing ahead of them but the goal posts. The logic must be that it would have been worse if he *hadn't* passed. All we ask is that in the future all passes be completions. They hurry up the game and don't wear out both the spectators and the players with those long walks back. Dobbs is probably working on the problem now.

THE END

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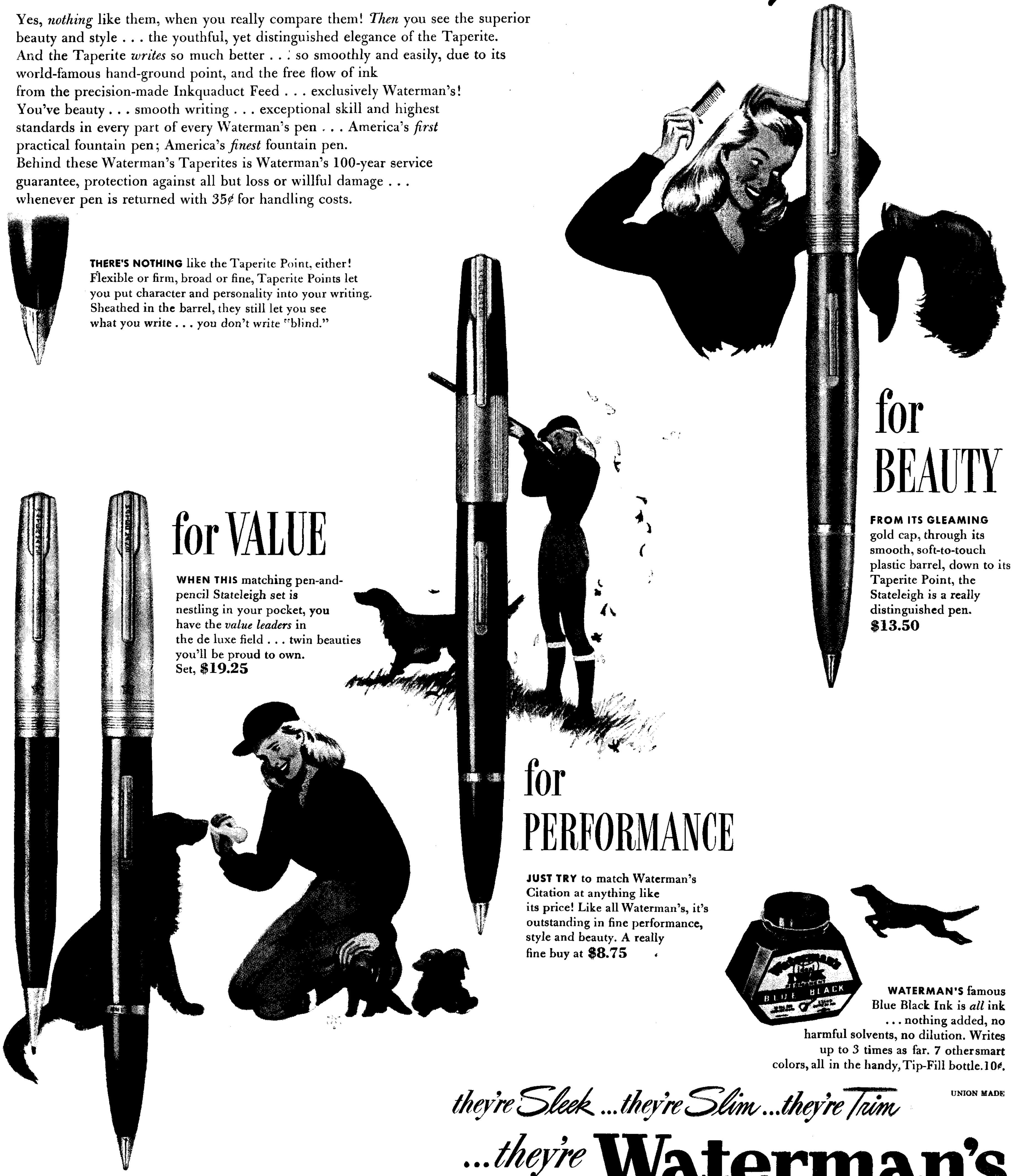

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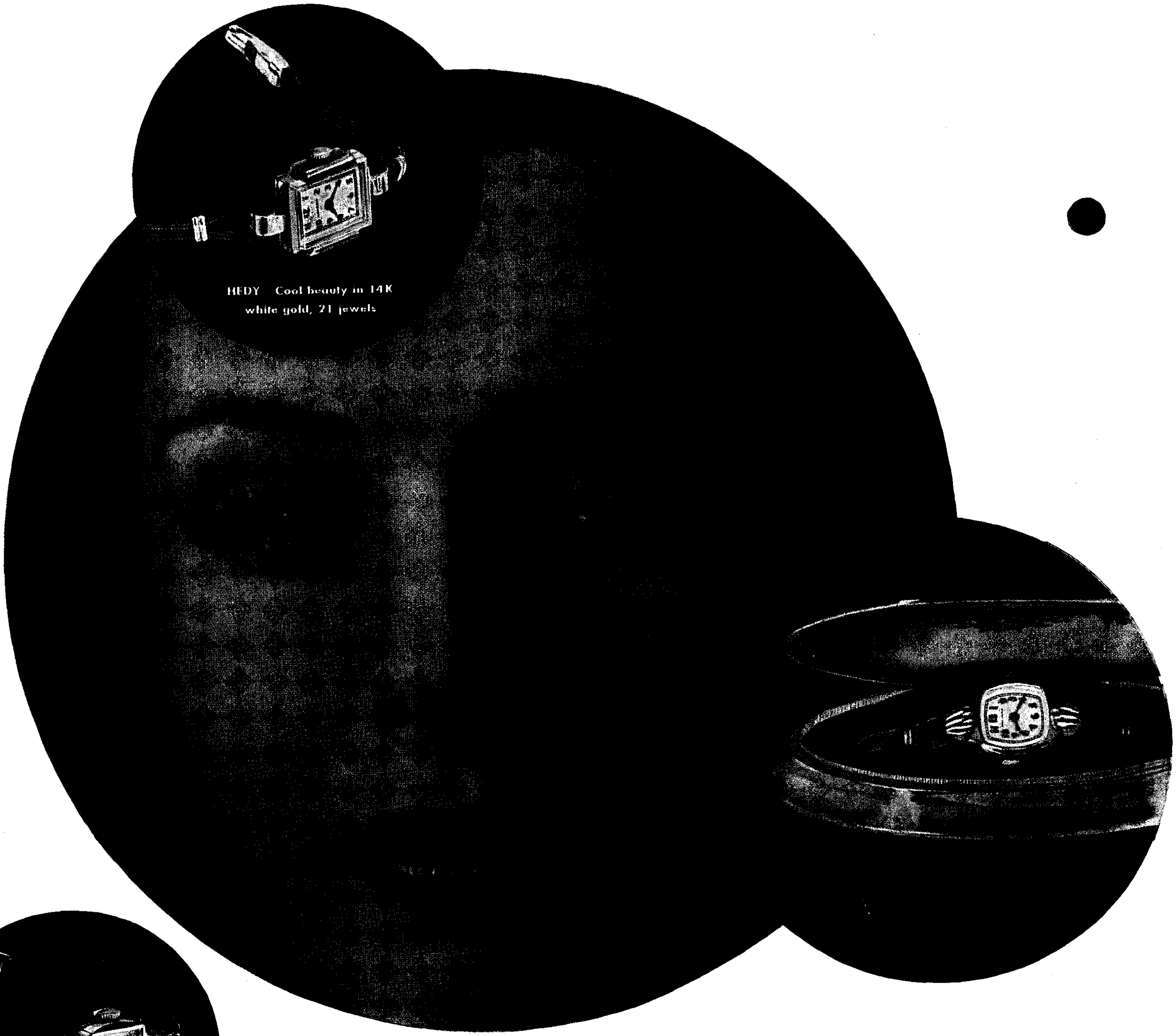

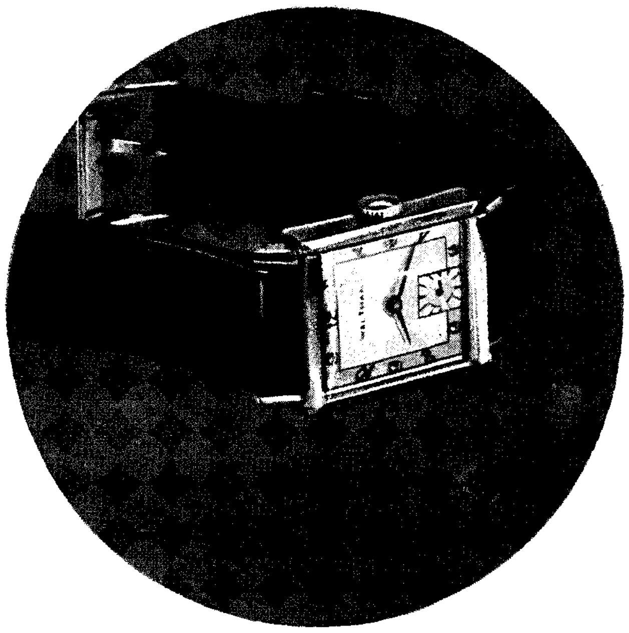

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THE NEW WALTHAM

FIRST AMERICAN WATCH

BLONDIE'S GOLD MINE

BY AMY PORTER

Several Hollywood families are making a good thing out of this comic-strip heroine. And oddly enough, she is doing the same for them

The Bumsteads at home. Alexander, Cookie, Blondie, Alvin Fuddle (Alexander's pal) and Daisy's pups give Dagwood a little workout

SOME people, when they dream of good fortune, think how nice it would be to fall heir to a gold mine, or an oil well, or a stack of crown jewels. But in Hollywood a lot of people think, instead: Oh, if only I had got in on the ground floor of the Blondie series!

In a community where the big name of today has a better-than-even chance of being nobody at all tomorrow, the Blondie saga is a miracle of stability.

Year in, year out, Blondie holds her own, quietly, unostentatiously—and provides a nice steady income of from $25,000 to $300,000 for some eight or nine Hollywood families, plus respectable though smaller sums to scores of craftsmen who help to keep Blondie fresh in the hearts of the American people. Even the puppies who romp through the Blondie-Dagwood movie household do all right financially.

The comic strip, created by Chic Young, has been running every day and Sunday for 15 years, and now, with 850 newspaper outlets, it is perhaps the most popular strip in the country as well as in South America, China, England and other foreign parts.

The first Blondie movie was shown eight years ago, and Columbia Pictures is about to start shooting the 20th film in the series. The radio program has been a Sunday institution in millions of homes for seven years.

There are, besides, Blondie and Dagwood dolls, games, sewing kits, perfumes, home movies, storybooks, fashion and comic books. For Chic Young the comic books are more lucrative than strip, movie and radio rights combined.

Fan mail now averages 6,000 letters a week, and is still climbing. By rule of thumb, for every fan who writes a letter, there are 10,000 who do not write. That makes 60,000,000 people who are devoted to Blondie in one or another of her guises.

"Blondie," says Penny Singleton, who plays Blondie in the movies and on the air, "is my best girl friend. She never lets me down."

As a general thing in Hollywood, the start of a new production is a frantically nervous time. The members of the cast are on trial. If things go wrong, the director starts issuing orders: Rewrite the script, fire the second lead, change the set, throw out those costumes. The director himself may be tossed out, too. It all leads to heart palpitations and ulcers.

But the start of a Blondie picture is just old home week for everybody concerned. There's the good old set, the same one that's been in use for eight years. The divan on which Dagwood is always trying to sneak a nap is the same divan the Bumsteads started housekeeping with. It has been re-covered a couple of times and the springs retied. The kitchen is the same kitchen, touched up with fresh paint here and there. The Bumsteads can't get a new dream-world kitchen any more than the rest of us. Other houses get torn down but the Bumstead home stays put out on Columbia's ranch. "Meet you in front of Blondie's," Columbia workers say.

The principals in the cast never change. Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake are the ever-loving Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead. Baby Dumpling (Larry Simms) has grown to be 12 years old, and they now call him by his right name, Alexander. Cookie (Marjorie Kent) is four, a sweet nuisance. Daisy, the pup, is there, as always. (Her owner and trainer, Rennie Renfro, bought her out of a pet-shop window eight years ago, just because she was such a homely mutt—price $3.) And Daisy's five puppies. (Daisy happens to be male, but let's don't get any more tangled up than we are.) And Alvin Fuddle (Danny Mumert), Alexander's next-door-neighbor playmate.

All of these Blondie regulars are secure in their jobs.

"I expect we'll go on forever," says Blondie, "until I am so old Alexander has to wheel me onto the set in a wheel chair."

The Blondie scripts are dependable familiars, too. You know that awkward, bumbling Dagwood is going to get into some sort of difficulty—money shortage, job trouble, or some kind of mix-up that makes Blondie jealous. At least once in every script,

Dagwood (Arthur Lake) and cartoonist-creator Chic Young embark on a typical Dagwood sandwich. Thanks to Blondie, they can eat very well

PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND–BLACK STAR

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you can expect him to fix a formidable layer-on-layer Dagwood sandwich. You *know that whatever happens,* the Bumsteads will keep right on being a happily married couple and good parents to their kids.

The fans hold the Bumsteads to a terrifyingly strict moral code. Dagwood does not smoke cigarettes, or drink or gamble. Sometimes he does meet the boys for a "game"—what kind of game remains a mystery. Once, just once, Dagwood brought home some pretzels. The fans didn't like it a bit. Pretzels implied beer, they said.

Other characters come and go in the series, and Hollywood believes it's good luck to appear with Blondie. Among actors who have enjoyed the Blondie blessing are: Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, Peggy Ann Garner, Larry Parks, Janet Blair, Marjorie Reynolds, Gene Lockhart.

All of them were movie unknowns when they took part in the antics of the Bumsteads, and all of them are doing nicely now.

Penny Singleton says: "When a new girl joins our cast, Arthur and I sit back and wonder how long it will take her to become a star. 'I'd give her five years,' Arthur says, and I say, 'No, I think she can do it in two.' "

Quick, Cheap and Profitable

The Blondie pictures are definitely B *pictures. Their cost is microscopic for* Hollywood—never more than $300,000. Production time is a quick four weeks. compared to 12 weeks or more for the big A pictures. But in many small towns, Blondie gets top billing over any other picture on a double-feature program.

A curious thing is that practically everybody connected with Blondie is a part of a two-child family—the Chic Youngs have two children; so have the Arthur Lakes. Larry Simms (Alexander) has a brother; Cookie has just acquired a baby sister. Penny, who is the wife of Robert Sparks, the original producer of Blondie and now a producer at RKO, has two little girls, Dorothy, 11, and Susie, 4. Alvin is the exception, an only child.

All of the Blondie families live in the same general area—in pleasant San Fernando Valley homes, most of them, with the Lakes not far away on the beach at Santa Monica.

They see one another often, and when they have children's parties, the Blondie kids alone constitute a quorum. Several of the families have pups which were sired by Daisy.

"I do my Christmas shopping in September and October," Penny says. "It takes about that long."

I visited Blondie out in the valley. She has a nice suburban house, white and neat, with a yard for the children *to play in. Blondie herself* was just coming up the walk, her arms full of grocery-looking bundles, when I arrived. She smiled and started talking in her breathless little voice, "Oh, hello, nice to see you. Would you mind coming round this way to the kitchen door—all these packages. It was my turn to do the marketing today. Oh, thanks, I can manage, but if you'll just open the screen door for me. There, that's fine. Now!

"Oh, Susie, come say how do you do. Would you believe it, I took a hem in her slip yesterday and still it shows below her dress. Can they grow that fast? Susie, you go change into your sun suit, that's a good girl.

"Let's sit here, you take that chair, it's comfortable, I did it over myself. I love to fix things. It's wonderful what you can do with picture post cards. I learned it out of a government bulletin. You take a post card you like and you get some clear lacquer and paint the card with it, and you let it dry until it is just slightly sticky to the touch and then you beat the white of an egg until it's *frothy and then you paint on top of the* lacquer with the white of egg. It's wonderful how this comes out—looks just like an oil painting.

"I did this with several ship picture cards my husband liked. Come and I'll show you. They look so nice over his desk; that's where we keep our stamp collection too. No, Susie, you run along and play with your sister . . . Well, tell her Mommie said she should play with you. . . ."

If you visit a while with Blondie, you get to wondering whether she was always like this, the perfect pattern of a cute suburban housewife, or did she get this way through eight years of playing the perfect pattern of a cute suburban housewife?

Her quick little walk, her flip little gestures, her sunny good humor toward you, toward her children, toward the Negro woman who has been with them since Dorothy was a baby, her feeling of wifely obligation always to be on hand to greet her husband when he gets home at night—she is Blondie herself, in the flesh.

Her fans feel that way about her too. They send her jelly, recipes, advice on child-raising, cures for poison ivy. Also valuable stamps and beautiful carved onyx earrings. (Dagwood's fans are always sending him keys in the mail. "Lock that damned bathroom door," they say.)

Blondie isn't concerned with the glitter-life of Hollywood. "I don't have to go to night clubs and things, so I don't go," says Blondie.

Her only Hollywood gesture is a weekly bleaching to keep her hair blond. It hasn't been dark since she was Dorothy McNulty, singer and dancer on the New York stage.

The Blondie household doesn't even have a swimming pool, but only a little canvas affair they fill up for the baby to cool off in on a hot afternoon. Tsk, tsk.

A Deal in Washing Machines

Out in the garage there is an extra washing machine—Blondie was able to get a new one. "It cost me $140 in the first place," she said, "and I paid $45 to renew the wringer and all that. I am selling it for $75. Does that seem fair? June Allyson wants to buy it, I think."

The garage also houses a tin tub on legs, the one the Sparks family used on their ranch where there was no plumbing. "I used to bathe the children in that tub and wash clothes in it," Blondie explained. "I'm keeping it, we might need it again."

Out on that ranch—called Pennybob, a combination of the first names of Mr. and Mrs. Sparks—they raised chickens and sold eggs, Pennybob eggs. "We fed our chickens by a government bulletin and mostly they laid double-yolk eggs." Penny would come home after a day at the studio and go to work candling and packing the eggs, 900 of them each day. . . .

All this in a family whose income can't have run much below $200,000 for many years.

The members of the Blondie community are a little apprehensive about what Chic Young, the creator and final authority on Blondie, may do next.

"If Chic decides the Bumsteads are going to have another child, I suppose we'll all follow suit, the way we always do," says Penny.

Chic Young isn't very helpful on this point. "Another baby? I really couldn't say. Sometimes my characters get out of hand."

Abby Berlin, director of the movies, says, "Chic has promised to give us plenty of notice if anything like that is going to happen."

THE END

OFF THE RESERVATION

Continued from page 24

Alabama for a warm-up game. And wouldn't now. Not even with those high-priced ringers Alabama's got."

The pickets shook as Mister Ed gripped onto them. "Ringers!"

"Now, Ed," said Father. "Everybody knows."

"Ringers!" roared Mister Ed. "Why don't you punt? Go on and punt! Why, what we'll do to Haskell Indians next week—"

"You want to bet?" asked Father carefully. "Give me three points, of course. Say twenty dollars."

"Punt!"

"You want to bet on Alabama, Ed?"

A picket pulled loose. "Blast it, yes! I'll take your twenty. Now go on and punt."

Father reared back. When any man my father's size reared back, it was a lot of rearing. On that Kentucky tobacco farm where he'd been raised, before he was a fullback and went on to law at Vanderbilt, he'd grown a lot of bone and muscle chopping weeds, and though some of the muscle wasn't in the shape that it once was, still there was plenty left to rear with. Something really wonderful was coming up. We'd seen Father get mad before. Not boiling mad, but careful mad, the way that those Kentuckians get, a kind of concentrated, hell-for-leather violence. And then he kicked.

The *thwuck* of it came echoing at us. My brother Henry, backing fast, tripped on Mother's chicken trough. My brother John ran smack into the barn. The football was still soaring out toward the woods lot when my father turned majestically.

"That's how," he said, "the Haskell Indians will do it, Ed. Pay me in cash. In fives."

The pickets didn't even rattle. Father was stalking grandly toward the house.

WHEN we boys finally got our football and went in, Father was standing by the dining-room sideboard with a toddy glass. We didn't notice anything but him at first—we were too proud of how he'd showed up Mister Ed—until we heard my mother, tatting by the table, talking rapidly.

"It's just not sensible," she said. "You ought to know that, John. You've got to practice law in Birmingham, where almost all the judges and the cream of clients will be Alabama alumni, and yet you take this attitude."

"It's not an attitude," said Father, peering into his toddy. "It's a principle."

"I'd think," said Mother, "that your abiding principle would be to do the most that you can for your sons. And going out of your way to antagonize the largest single element—"

"Now, Nan," said Father, "if I can't practice law without rooting for Tuscaloosa I'll go back to Clarksville. Why, any man can swim with the tide."

"There's such a thing as swimming with the tide," said Mother, "and also such a thing as trying to sweep back the ocean."

"Nan, you're distorting things again," said Father. "You're building this into a sort of Armageddon. It's just a football game. A little college and a university—and I'm a little-college man. I like little colleges. Why, they're the backbone—"

"Backwoods, you mean," snapped Mother. "And why on earth must you take up the Haskell Indians? If it were Washington and Lee I wouldn't mind. Or V.M.I. But I have never heard of any influential Haskell Indians alumni."

"Nan, all I did was bet on them! That doesn't mean I took them up."

"It's the same thing. You took them up. You know Ed Jenkins is president of the Alabama Association. You know he's head of the banquet committee for this game and that he's planned for months to welcome the team to Birmingham."

Father's hand rose. The toddy went down fast. "Banquet," he snorted. "In the Ditwiller banquet room, as usual. That is, if Ed—by golly! That's an inspiration!"

"John!"

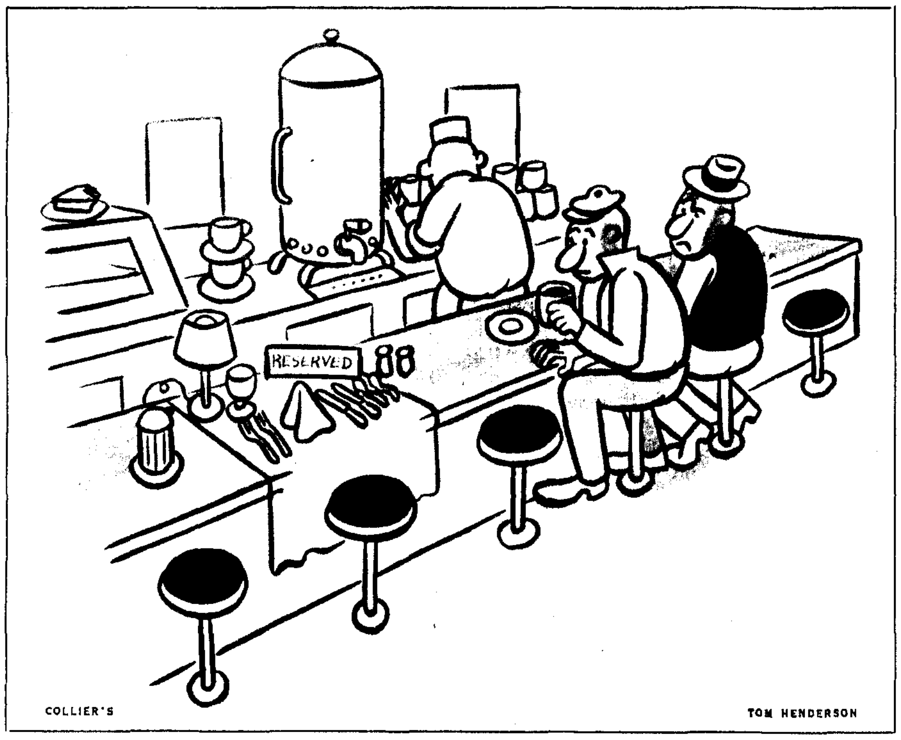
But Father was already going out. Before he reached the hall his stomp was jiggling Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair on the wall. From the front door he called, "Tell Mary to keep supper in the oven for me. Don't wait up. I'm going to the University Club and see—"

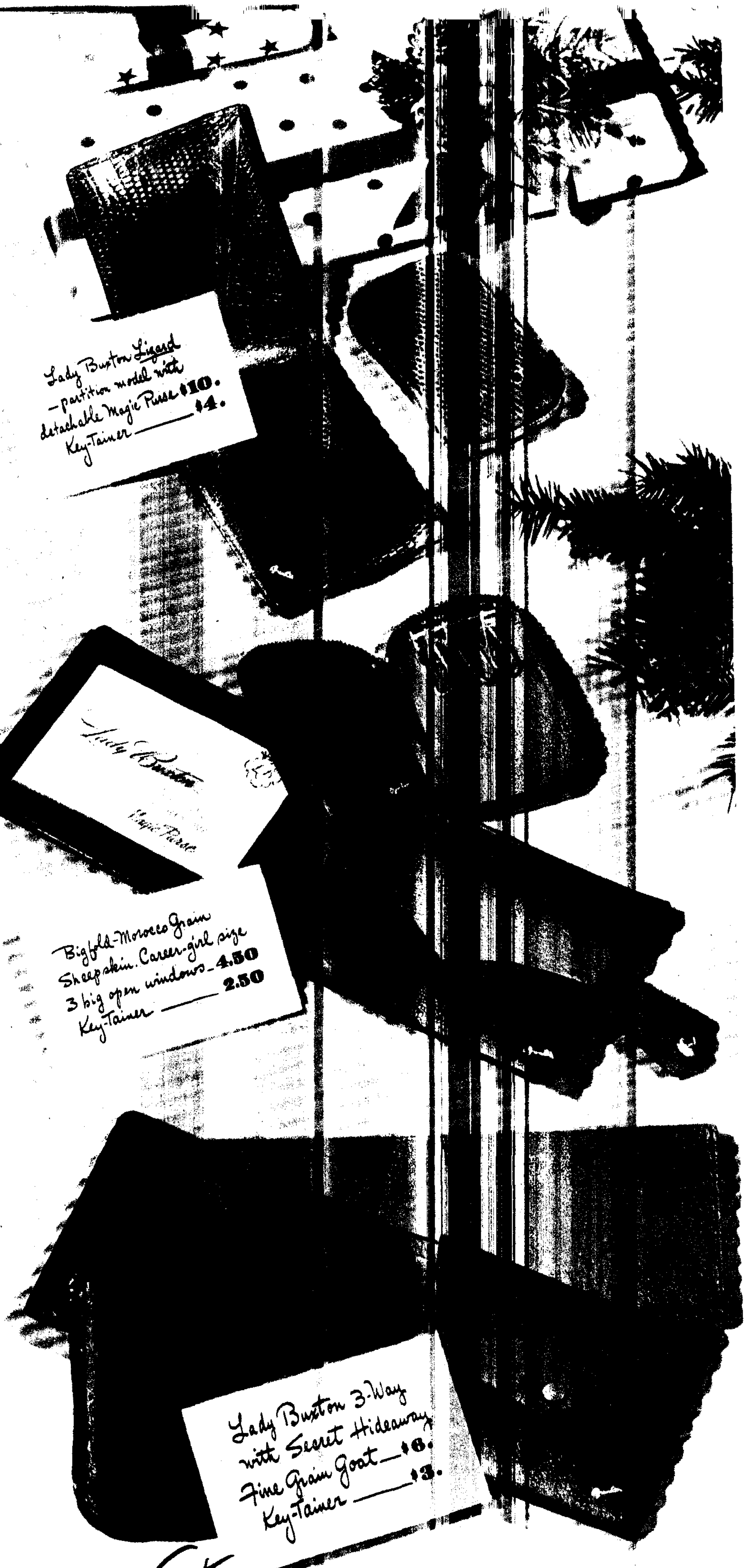
"John!" Mother cried, going after him. "Don't you dare try—"

"Try?" Father roared. "I'm putting this across. No influential Haskell Indian alumni, maybe, but there should be enough of us from Emory and S.W.P.U. and Howard and Sewanee and —and Oglethorpe . . ."

"John Williard!" cried Mother.

The front door banged. Mother came back. She sat down by the table and resumed her tatting furiously. That was





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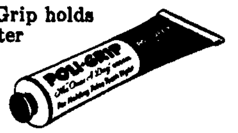


GUARANTEED BY POLIDENT

our tip. We three boys knew from that that something big was up. When Mother really tore into her tatting, things were getting crucial. Most of the time she fooled with it, just something to be doing with her hands, the way men flip a key ring or break matchsticks. This was different. The tatting shuttle clicked as if those yards and yards of little scalloped threads were meant for something much more vital than a summer petticoat. We got the outlines of it sometime after twelve o'clock that night.

By then, of course, we'd been asleep upstairs for hours. What woke us was a blatting roar that split the night of Roebuck Springs. It started on a deep pitch and got wilder almost instantly, and by the time we reached our bedroom window we decided what it was. Nothing in Birmingham made noise exactly like it. Nothing could. For it was Mister Ned Monckton's Stutz, wide open as he raced the motor of it.

We knew about that Stutz. It was, I guess, notorious in Birmingham. Of course Mister Ned Monckton was a member of one the very finest families, but as my father said, a sort of nonparticipating member. The only fine thing he'd ever done, beside own that Stutz, was to play quarterback for Auburn. He'd never been much friend of Father's, though Father said he was a decent fellow when you really got to know him. Mother had said that getting to know him wasn't quite worth the knowledge that he was a decent fellow. Anyway, just then, we knew that Mister Ned was outside in his Stutz. And then we heard our front door bang.

"John?" Mother called.

Something tripped on the fumed oak library table in the living room. "Confound it, Nan, don't scream out in the dark!"

"I didn't scream," snapped Mother. "I simply asked who it was."

"It's me," said Father. "Or what's left of me. My kneecap—"

"Oh, just come on to bed, John. Before you wake up everybody in the neighborhood."

"That's an idea," said Father. "Nothing I'd like as much as robbing old Ed Jenkins of a little sleep."

"It's me you're robbing," Mother pointed out.

FATHER came thumping up the steps. Then something happened. Out in front, where Mister Ned Monckton had his Stutz, another sound arose. This one was different. It had an offbeat quality, without the smooth precision of the Stutz, but it was just about as shattering.

"Rah-rah-rah! Haskell! Haskell! Rah-rah-rah!"

Mother, I guess, bounced absolutely out of bed. "John Williard! John Williard—if that Ned Monckton thinks—"

"Nan, they're just practicing."

"Practicing what?"

"Oh, just a yell we've worked out for the game."

"Oh, just a yell you've worked out for the game. Well, you just work your way out there and tell those idiots to shut up."

"Now, wait a minute, Nan."

"If you," said Mother, "can't spend an evening at the University Club without coming home like this!"

"A simple toddy," Father said. "Just one. Well, maybe two. I don't see what there is to get steamed up about. Go back to bed, and I'll go out and tell the boys—"

"The boys!"

"All right, the men! The tired, old fools! The doddering, besotted—all right, Nan! I'm going out. But if I trip across your library table again, you're going to have more kindling than you'll ever need."

We heard the thumping of his feet downstairs, going out. And then, incredibly to us as we crouched listening, we heard a sound that could have been my mother snickering.

We tiptoed back to bed. After a while the Stutz purred dreamily. Footsteps came like a kitten's from the living room. Peace and serenity. We slept, thinking that once more all was well. All wasn't, though.

Only in towns like Birmingham could little things become so terrible. A careless word, and blood could flow. Eternal enmities were born of such things as could happen on a Sunday afternoon, across a picket fence. And only women realized how dangerous a way of life it was. Men scoffed—men like my father, prone to precipitousness, always expected everything to work out in the end. But women knew. Because, I guess, it was the women who laid down the social codes for towns. It was the women who demanded that an eye pay for an eye. And so, when cause for internecine war arose, women knew it instinctively. And plunged in with their hatpins jabbing.

THAT Monday was my mother's turn to give the bridge luncheon for the Altar Guild. All it involved were several plates of sandwiches, stuffed eggs, pickles and olives, those tiny cups of coffee women like, and a cut-glass dish filled with mint wafers for them to nibble at. Yet getting ready for it started just as soon as Mother could get Father off for Birmingham. When we boys marched out to school, old Drunken Mary was already grumbling that she positively didn't have to work that hard, that life in any case was short, that cutting bread so thin was foolishness, and where had Mother put the sliced pimento at?

"It's sho," she groaned, "dat I ain't seen it no place."

"It's right there, Mary," Mother pointed out. "That jar, right by your hand. Now, go on, boys. For goodness' sake, go on to school. No, Mary! Not that way—you've got to chop it fine!"

Old Drunken Mary's lower lip came sticking out. With snuff in it. We couldn't see the snuff but it was there. It always was, only we never thought of it until that lower lip came sticking out. And so we tiptoed out, not scared, but knowing when there was too much electricity for boys. Bridge luncheons always started out like that, with all the frenzy of their preparation mounting until, finally, as the first guest came through the door, Mother would come forth looking beautiful and capable and utterly serene. And that snuff-laden lower lip would pull taut in old Drunken Mary's grim conception of a smile. And always it would be a luncheon that was wonderful, and when the guests were gone at last, Mother would be exhaustedly contented.

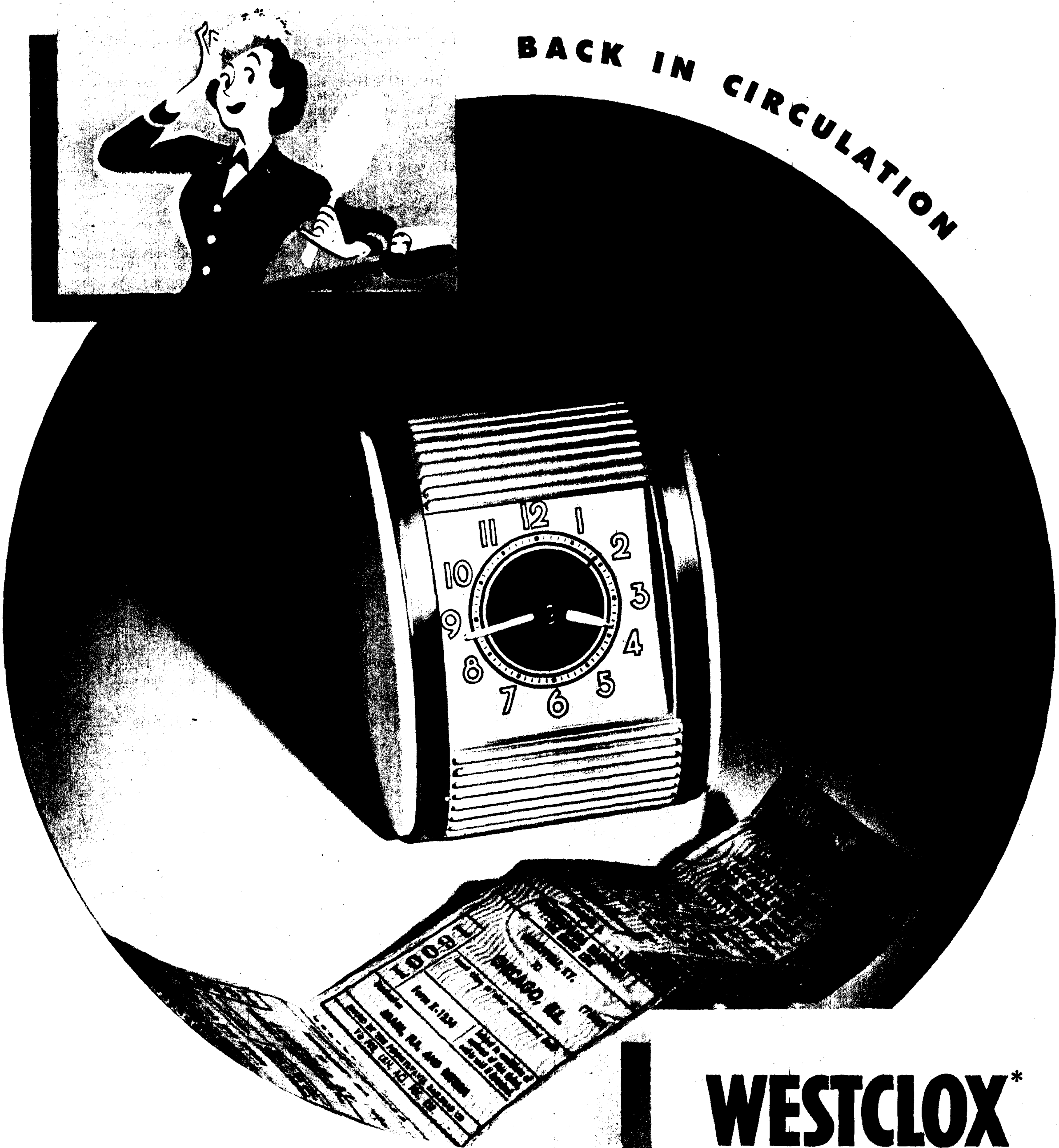
"It went off well," she always said.

But not that day. When we got home from school the guests were gone and there was brooding silence through the house. Old Drunken Mary, chipping a block of ice to fill a rubber bag, pressed her long, bony finger to her mouth.

"Go 'way," she whispered in that hoarse, half-tragic tone she sometimes used. "Dis ain't no place for little boys."

It frightened us. Old Drunken Mary really put her back into her drama then. "Miss Nan," she said, "she in her bed. She feelin' mis'able. You boys go play till Mister John git home."

That was one of the longest afternoons we ever lived. We stayed outside, talking in whispers every time we got close to the house. For all we knew, the pleasant things, the home we loved, the feeling that there was for us a warm, snug, solid nest, were gone. At least it was a thin suspicion that kept creeping back at us. When we saw Father striding vigorously



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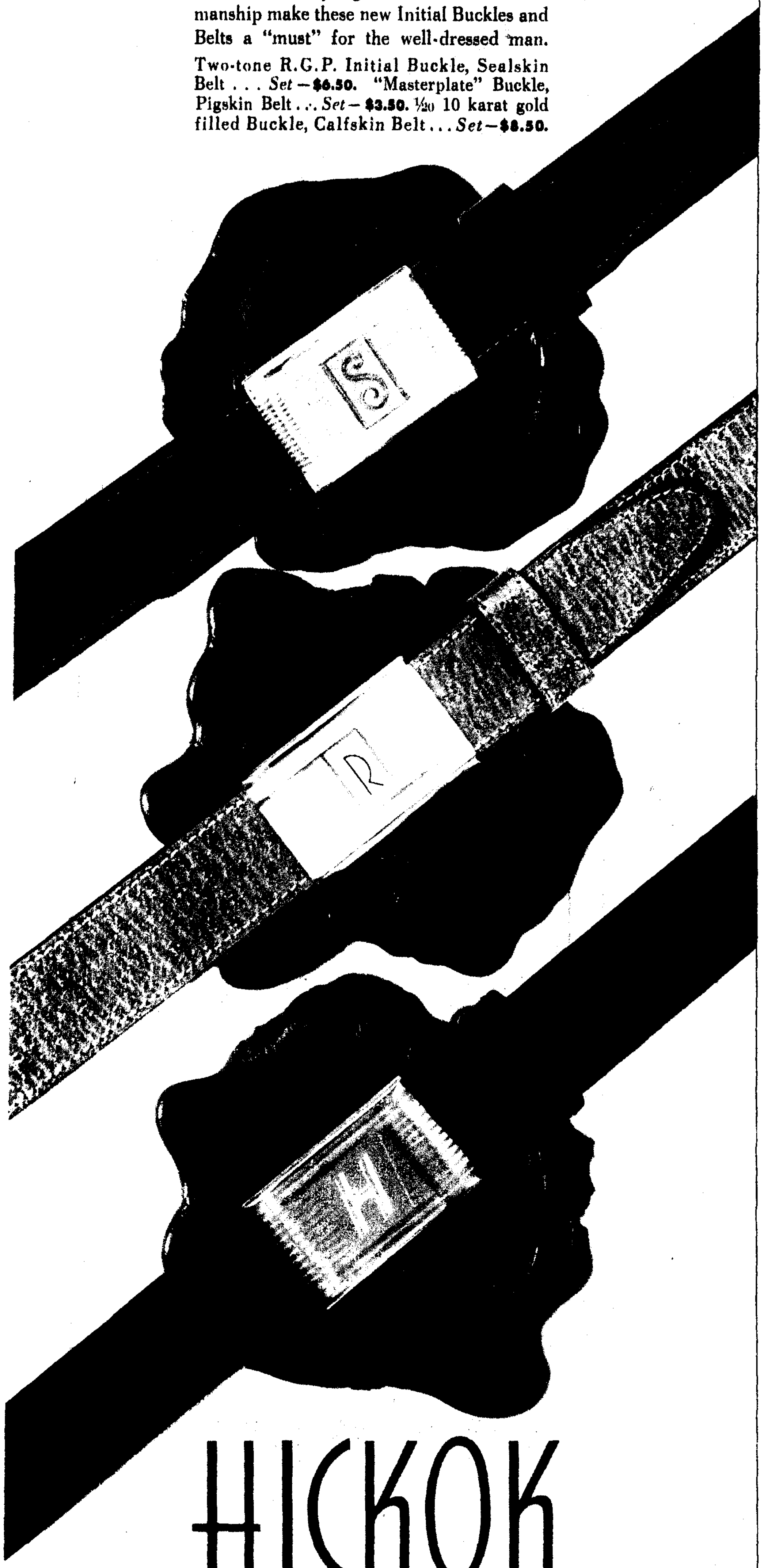

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along the pine-plank sidewalk toward the house at last, it was as if deliverance had come. We ran for him.

"Why, sons!" he said, enjoying all the welcoming he got. "Not quite so boisterous!"

"Mother," my brother Henry solemnly announced, "is feeling miserable."

"Nan is? Why, what's the matter?"

"She's *in her* bed. And Mary's making ice bags for her."

"Nan?"

"And Mary says this ain't no place for boys."

"Why, what—?"

He bounded up the front porch steps. The way he ran made panic of our fears.

AND then he stopped. In fact, he froze. Mother was sitting on the sofa in the living room. She looked as if she had been suffering. She had that ice bag in her hands, pressed to her brow, and this time—she was usually waiting to *kiss him* at the door—she just sat there and stared at him.

"Why, Nan! Are you all right?"

"I'm quite all right."

"Not sick?"

"John, I'm perfectly all right."

"Headache?"

"Well, yes."

He stooped and kissed her. Awkwardly. But still she just sat there.

"Did—ah—the luncheon go all right?"

"What there was of it went all right."

Father tried patting her. "Suppose you tell me what's the trouble, Nan."

Mother jerked angrily. "Oh, just the usual trouble when a *man does* silly things."

"Silly? What's happened, Nan?"

"They didn't come. That's all."

"Who didn't come? Confound it, let's get down to cases."

"Well, Myra Jenkins telephoned at one. Then Elsie Peterson and that Mrs. Hampton Watkins. Oh, all of them—seven women in that Alabama University crowd. All suddenly quite ill. It wrecked my luncheon, but of course that really doesn't matter . . ."

"Oh, yes it does. It matters, Nan." Father was furious. "To me, it does. They're getting back at me through you, simply because I—ah—"

"Because you what?"

"Because I hired the Ditwiller banquet room. I knew Ed Jenkins had forgotten to attend to it. Now all they've got to throw their party in is that little salesmen's sample room downstairs."

"You mean you've hired the banquet room, the one they've always used? You're actually—you're going to give a banquet for those Indians?"

"Not just me, Nan. My idea was a natural, and every man in town who didn't go to Tuscaloosa's helping out. We'll make that Alabama crowd look pitiful. We've shot the works, Monckton and I. Plenty to eat, plenty to drink."

"To drink!" Mother exclaimed. "John Williard, you know what happens when an Indian drinks."

"Nan, these are educated Indians. They're college men. If they play football here, they ought to have a banquet like the other team. It's only right."

Mother stood up. "If they get crazy drunk, if they do something terrible, you know who'll bear the brunt of it? Oh, not you, John! Your ideas always boomerang on me. You didn't have to sit here through that horrible bridge luncheon today, pretending that you didn't care at all."

"They won't," Father insisted, "get drunk. I'll be watching that. Monckton and I both thought of that."

"John, if they do—"

"I'll take them to the station," Father said. "That's all. I'll put them on the train. Confound it, I've got to show that Alabama crowd what's what. Especially now, since they've struck back at you. I'll admit that when we started this we didn't mean to launch a civil war. It was just a game of football, but the way things have shaped up . . ."

"John, if you turn those maddened Indians loose!"

"I'm truly sorry about the luncheon," Father said. "But once this game is through, you're really going to see some things. Did I tell you that from now on I'm *handling* the Monckton estate? That'll mean—why, hello, Mary. Don't know when I've ever been so starved. What have we got for supper?"

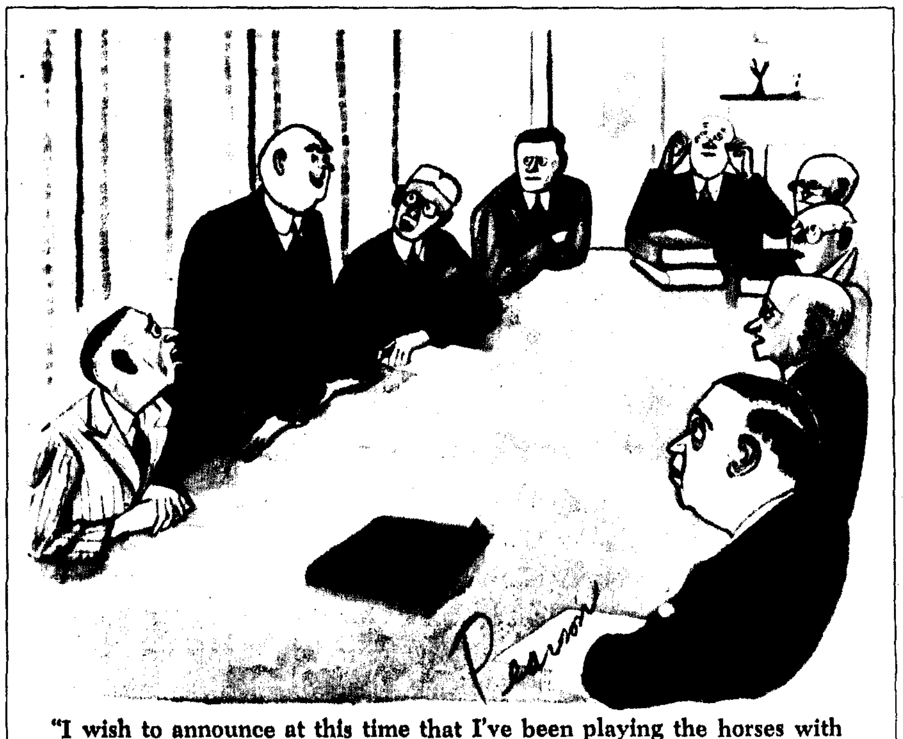
Old Drunken Mary's lip came out. "Stuffed eggs," she said. "And chopped nut sandwiches."

"And don't you say a word against them," Mother snapped.

That meant the ice-bag period had passed. If there was one thing Father could exist without, it was stuffed eggs. But hearing Mother speak like that, as if she meant to go on living for a while—well, it was glorious. There still might be some salvage in our home. . . .

The climax came on Saturday. It came at breakfast.

"There's going to be a parade," Father announced. "We're going to meet the Haskell Indians at the station and escort



"I wish to announce at this time that I've been playing the horses with bank funds and can report a net profit for the bank of $892,600"

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them to the Ditwiller. I want you boys—"

Mother's fork dropped into her mackerel and grits.

"You boys," Father continued hastily, "be in my office at ten o'clock. I'll have chrysanthemums for your mother."

"I'm sorry, John," said Mother quietly. "You'll have to count me out."

He shook his head. "No, Nan, I can't do that. I'm in too deep."

Then silence came, the way it does between the thunder and the lightning, while we waited breathlessly. Old Drunken Mary padded in, her shoes making a nervous squeaking on the hardwood floor. I guess she knew. She poured that coffee with a hushed, tense air, as if a spilled drop might precipitate catastrophe. She stayed as long as possible, not snooping actually, but somehow understanding that so long as she was there, the lid was on. At last she had to go. And then Father stood up. We'd never heard him speak more seriously.

"I don't intend to argue with you, Nan. If you won't come, you won't. But understand—if I don't put this thing across, if I let down the little-college men, or even let them think I've let them down, I might as well start packing now. Because I wouldn't have a friend in Birmingham. This thing has gotten big. If we cringe now—"

"Oh, I'm not cringing, John. I'm simply thinking of what's going to happen when you turn those Indians loose."

"You think it over. I'll wait until ten o'clock. And if I have to ride alone—if it's just me and thirty Indians, I'll do it! Goodby, Nan."

THAT was at eight o'clock. It was quarter to nine when Mother came into the living room. Old Drunken Mary had a feather duster in her hand, making a desultory pass around the furniture.

"Mary," said Mother, "dress the boys. I want them scrubbed. I want them in their white suits. Try to make Henry's hair lie flat, so they won't think—in twenty minutes, Mary!"

"Ma'am?"

"In twenty minutes we are going to leave this house."

"T'ain't possible to scrub three boys in that time."

"Scrub what you can."

It was the roughest twenty minutes we had ever spent. When we came out, Mother was in the living room, dressed beautifully in gray—dressed to the teeth. She wore an enormous hat with ostrich plumes on it, gray gloves, something that ruffled at the neck, and she stood stiffly, almost scornfully, looking as if she felt like Marie Antoinette taking that last ride to the guillotine.

"Come, boys," she said.

We got to Father's office at exactly five past ten. Father was waiting with the tumbrel—Mister Ned Monckton's Stutz. We climbed into it solemnly. The cars and carriages lined up. Somebody cheered. We moved.

I guess the Haskell Indians weren't expecting us. And they weren't what we boys expected. Certainly they didn't whoop. They just got off the train, looking uncomfortable, big men in ordinary clothes, perplexed by all the pennants that were waving at them. Sewanee, Howard, Clemson, Auburn, Georgia Tech—not all small colleges, but banded now, a fusion of minorities, converging on the Ditwiller.

Through all this Mother kept that Antoinettish attitude. But Father didn't seem to notice it. Even when we had lunch in the confusion of the University Club, when men came rushing up to pound him on the back, he kept that jovial air of his.

"Nan, this is Walter Carradine."

The plumes would bob. Very precise.

"Nan, this is—"

And so on, until we started for the game. We had a box for that, but Father wasn't in it. He was out front, helping Mister Ned Monckton lead the cheers, each with a megaphone with Haskell freshly lettered on it. But what they got out of the crowd must have been puzzling to the Haskell Indians. Of course we'd hear a yell for Haskell now and then, but most of it was for Sewanee or for Georgia Tech, or Howard, Oglethorpe or Auburn. Then, too, the singing was confused. A dozen alma maters don't blend well. It sounded wild. Maybe the Haskell Indians were inspired by it. Maybe it had an Indian sound to them, as if a dozen reservations were encamped that day in Birmingham. At any rate, they fought like giant men. The final score was 9 to 8. It was concededly a moral victory.

"Well, Nan!" Father was jubilant. A little damp from all that jumping that he'd done, and shaking some. "That does it! Jenkins loses. What a game! And what a banquet!"

"I suppose," said Mother, "that I can get out of that?"

"Now, Nan, relax. The banquet is for men. You've done your part. Why, I've solidified myself more here today—with your help than—"

"You won't need help to get those Indians drunk."

"Now, listen, Nan, I told you I'd be watching them. But if they do, why, even if they take this town apart, it's no more than they are entitled to. Outweighed by twenty pounds per man!"

"I see," said Mother bitterly, "what you intend to let them do."

Father laughed reassuringly.

I guess, though, that Mother was not much reassured. When we were home, after we'd eaten supper, Mother got out a book of Browning's poems and sat on the sofa in the living room. Browning always helped to make her philosophical. And with Father downtown, presiding at that banquet in the Ditwiller's banquet room, and then those Alabama rooters cooped up in the sample room, the situation called for almost everything that Browning had. Mother kept reading, flipping pages nervously. She didn't even notice that we hadn't gone to bed. At nine o'clock she tried her tatting for a while. More Browning, then. My brother John dozed off upon the davenport.

IT MUST have been after ten o'clock when that first thumping echoed from the porch. There was a lot of it, really a lot of it. And then the front door opened.

Mother gasped. Two Haskell Indians were holding Father firmly by the arms. He looked—well, weak. But not depressed by it. They brought him in. He eased himself down to the davenport. One of the Haskell Indians said, "A very splendid evening, Mister Williard. Thank you, for what you've done for all of us."

"Don't mention it," said Father, speaking as if he had a hoecake in his mouth. He really said, "Doan menshunit." And then he said, "Nan—Mister Crazyhorse. And Mister Tallchief."

"How do you do, Mrs. Williard?" the Haskell Indians said.

Mother just bowed. The Antoinettish attitude was gone. She looked, I guess, a little limp. There never were more perfect gentlemen. Nor more sober.

"Well, boys," said Father, "just bring Ed Jenkins in. And be a little careful with him, boys. He's going into partnership with me. Amazing what can happen when you take a little snort together—but just one, Nan—when he came up to pay his bet."

Outside, upon the porch, we neard a sound. It was, we knew, Mister Ed Jenkins snoring tranquilly, not quite aware that he was being handled by the Haskell Indians.

THE END

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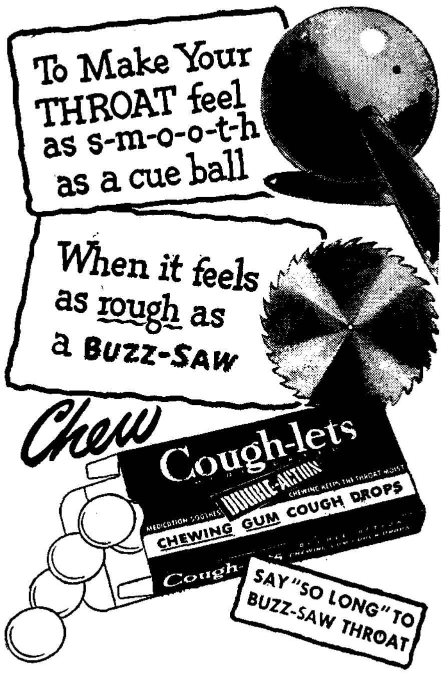

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MOTHERHOOD WITHOUT MISERY

Continued from page 13

Mrs. W., daughter of a doctor, is another second-timer. "The first time was an awful experience. With the anesthetics, I was knocked out for three days afterwards. I was limp and sick. This time, right after the delivery, I smoked a cigarette with my husband in the hall, then went to my room and ate a hearty breakfast."

In one room in the hospital the day I went down were two current Sawyer patients. Their babies had been born just the day before. Both mothers were bright-eyed, full of color and energy.

"This is my fourth," one said. "The others were like nightmares. I always remember them that way. I have nothing to remember this time but a pleasant, exciting experience."

The other woman—she was no more than 20—smiled at me. "I'm sorry I can't make comparisons. This was my first and all I know is that what I've been hearing all my life isn't true. Childbirth isn't something to fear, in my experience."

Then she added something I've heard from almost every Sawyer patient: "It's not even just painless. It's a huge satisfying thrill—a positive pleasure."

Emphasizes Prenatal Education

If the Read theory is utterly simple, the technique of putting it into practice isn't. Sawyer's, worked out over three years, begins in early prenatal visits. First comes education about the uterus itself.

A muscular organ that distends to many times its original size, the uterus has a band of muscle fibers running along its length. There is a circular muscle band called the cervix at one end.

Think of an inflated paper bag with a rubber band tied around the end and you'll have the picture. The bag is the uterus and the band is the cervix. Now put your hands, one on each side, lengthwise along the bag, and they'll represent somewhat roughly the longitudinal muscles.

What happens when a baby is ready to be born is a simple yet wonderful feat of Nature. Press inward on the bag with your hands, at the same time shoving the top of your palm forward as well as inward. That motion represents uterine contractions, which serve to push the baby toward the cervix.

When contractions start, the cervix muscles relax. It's as though the rubber band on the bag had suddenly become enormously elastic. Thus, as the baby nears the cervix, the uterus is open to allow its passage outward. That's the way childbirth should work, the way Nature intended it to work.

But why is childbirth painful? Because when the contractions begin, woman's truly unhappy birthright—the old legend of the inevitability of pain—goes to work to produce fear.

Imagine putting cement on the rubber band at the bag's end. It would remove all elasticity, clamp it tightly closed. That's what fear does to the cervix. It tenses the muscles and they remain shut. But the longitudinal muscles are pressing the baby forward. And the baby must get out. Result of the baby's pressure against the closed cervix is real pain and laceration. The pain multiplies the fear and the fear increases the tension in a vicious cycle.

Once Dr. Sawyer has firmly implanted the physical picture in the mind of the prospective mother, the next step is to teach her how to relax. "Make believe," he tells patients, "that you've been running until you're exhausted. When you stop, what do you want to do? Find a bed and tumble onto it, letting every muscle go limp. And that's the way to relax. Practice it once a day, starting from the tip of your toes until you reach the top of your head."

There's an emotional approach too. During every prenatal visit, Sawyer keeps emphasizing how much the baby is going to mean to the patient. He encourages her to speculate as to its sex, whom it will resemble, how deeply she'll love it. Every possible device is used to concentrate her attention on the baby instead of herself.

About a week before delivery, the woman is shown an X ray which proves graphically how much room the baby has for easy exit. This is further reassurance.

By this time the prospective mother has full confidence. She has talked with other women whose children have been born without anesthesia. She knows exactly what is going to happen, what she will feel from the moment labor begins. Moreover, she knows that an anesthetic will be close by and, if she wants it, she can have it at a moment's notice. But Sawyer goes even further during the educative process. Husbands have, in their anxiety, helped to instill terror in their wives. So when Sawyer patients come for prenatal instruction, they bring their husbands. And when the time comes for trundling wifey off to the hospital, the husband, anxietyless himself, adds to his wife's confidence.

There's still another feature to the technique. No Sawyer patient, feeling the contractions coming at ten-minute intervals, moves in the dead of night to an impersonal hospital, anxiously inquiring for her doctor. Sawyer is there to meet her. And he's there, in and out of her room, to encourage her all the time she is in labor.

If she has been receptive, and most women are, the whole process of labor and birth is completed more rapidly than usual and with comparatively little discomfort and with absolutely no fear or terror. At the moment the baby is about to be born, she is offered an anesthetic. Very few take it.

The Case of a Woman Near Forty

I talked to one of the most extraordinary cases, a woman approaching forty. Her husband had been attached to the Great Lakes Naval Station in Chicago. He was given sea duty and she was left alone.

Her doctor told her that she was quite old to have her first baby. She was not, he added, ideally built for having a child. She'd have to be careful. The doctor didn't mean to frighten her, of course. It was simply a case of cautioning gone wrong. "It was," the patient told me, "the most frightening experience of my life."

In her fifth month, her worries became too much for her, and she suffered a nervous collapse. A brother flew out of New York, got her on the first train out of Chicago, and dumped her into Sawyer's lap. "It wasn't," Sawyer admits, "an ideal case. But it wasn't hopeless." The woman was paralyzed with fear.

Sawyer calmed her, then talked to her as with other cases, and finally gave her Read's book to read.

The head nurse in Sawyer's office, a woman of ten years' experience with a child of her own, told me: "Seeing the method work on that woman was the most eye-opening experience. It shouldn't have worked by all that's medically predictable." But it did.

Often, where the method fails, it's the fault of external influences. One recent Sawyer patient had had her first baby without anesthetics, and results had been excellent. Now, having the second, she

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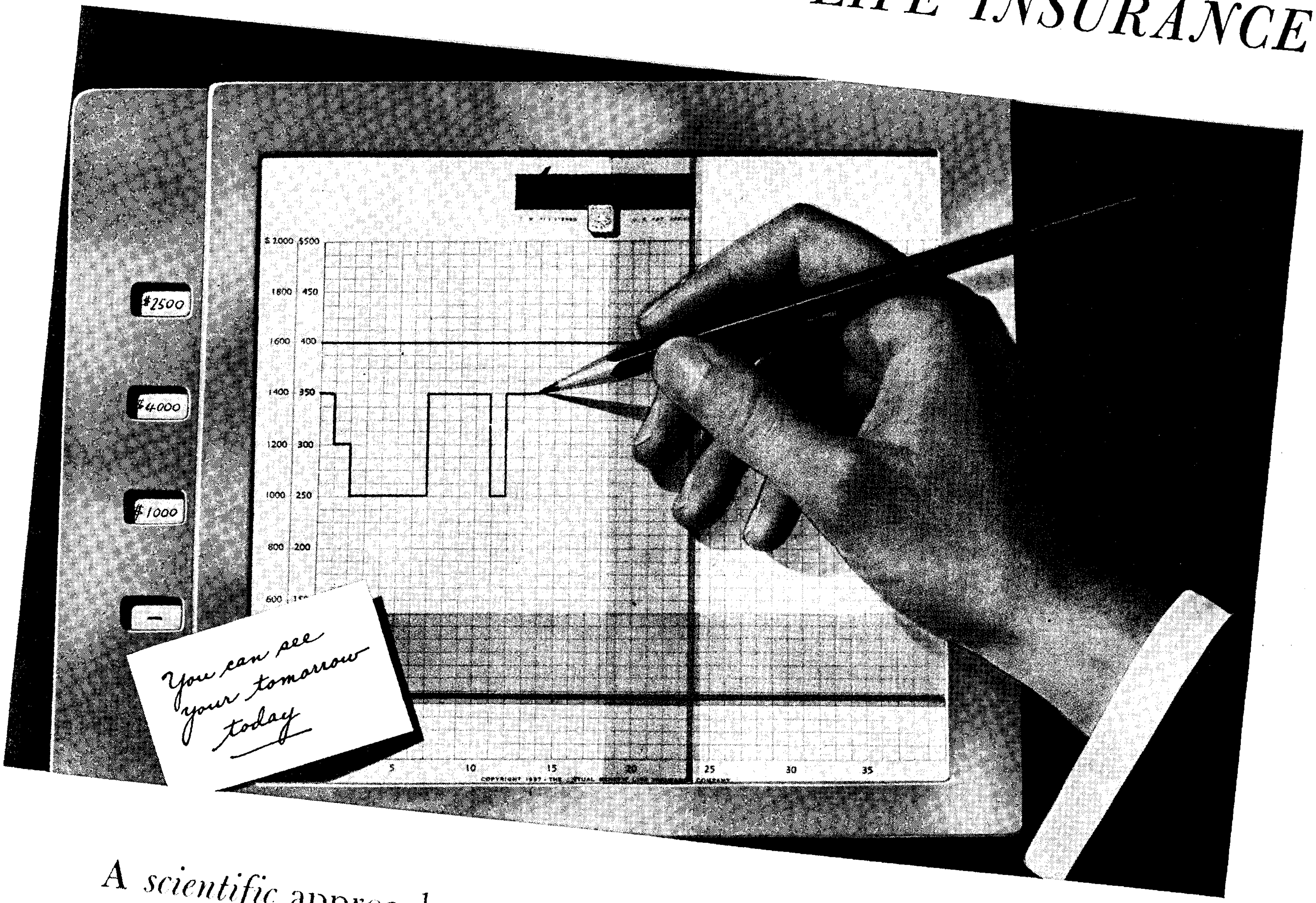

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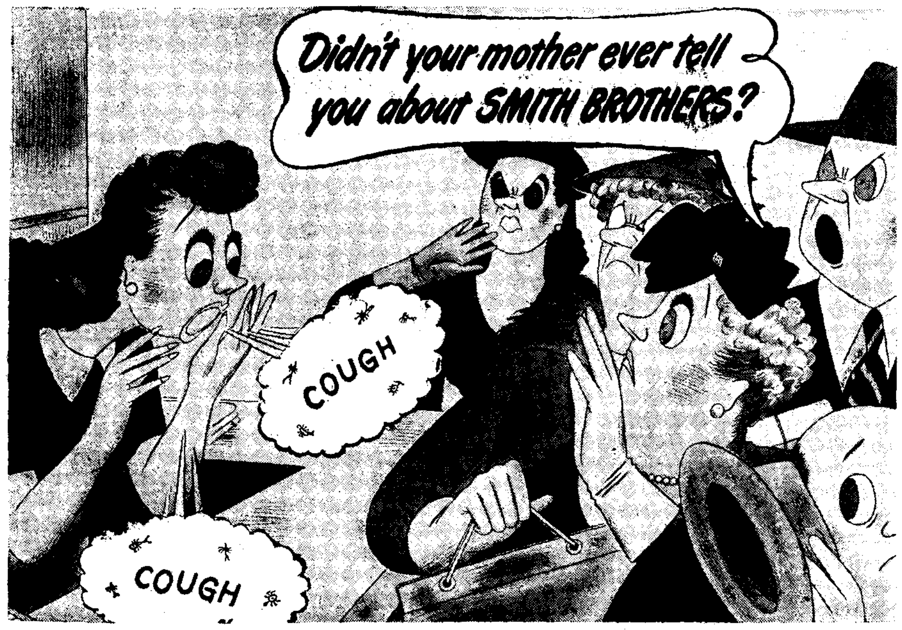
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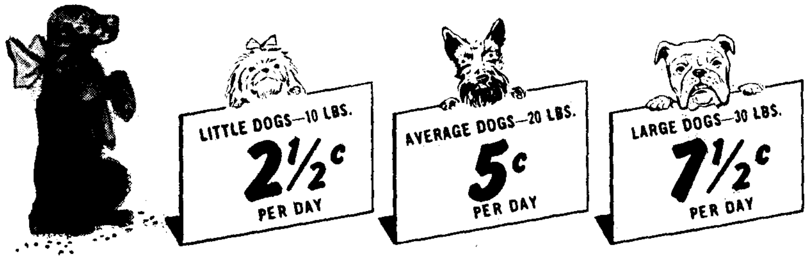
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was going alone fine. Another woman in the next bed did the damage. She had just lost her own child in delivery.

Hearing about Sawyer's treatment, the other woman pooh-poohed it. "I bet some stupid man dreamed that one up. Only a man could believe childbirth can be painless."

She went on at length, knocking all the ease out of Sawyer's patient. The result was a screaming delivery that had to be done under anesthetic.

Medical reaction to the Read technique is mixed. That of Dr. Andrew M. Claye, professor of obstetrics at Leeds University, is typical of one group. "With much of what Read writes I am in agreement," Professor Claye remarks, "but I question whether the whole procedure is feasible for the average mother."

He does give significant credit. "There is no doubt that banishment of fear is the thing most likely to give normal labor and enable a patient to devote herself wholeheartedly to her child. There are women who have been through an unsympathetically managed labor, who recall it constantly for the rest of their lives, and may even go repeatedly through the whole experience in nightmare.

"But," he finishes, "the relief of pain by drugs is also a powerful means of conquering fear, and drugs are available which in my judgment provide a much simpler method."

In answer, Read marshals a powerful array of arguments. There is, he points out, no satisfactory anesthetic for all cases. Moreover, no anesthetic is free from danger to mother or child. And any narcotic agent may be injurious to babies during birth, all narcotics being more or less severe respiratory depressants.

There is another important argument. Owing to the ease of administering anesthetics, interference at birth is more common than formerly. Read points to a "Report on an investigation into Infant Mortality" by the British Ministry of Health in 1937: "In a considerable proportion of uncomplicated cases in the Maternity Home, resort was had to delivery with forceps." He points to conclusions arrived at in a similar investigation into maternal mortality in Wales: "A good deal of the instrumental delivery by doctors under modern conditions of medical practice is unnecessary, and this unnecessary interference has played some part in increasing the maternal mortality rate in Wales."

Mental Process vs. Drugs

"Anesthetics," Read declares, "are used in place of education; drugs are an antidote for misunderstanding; the phenomena of labor are misinterpreted. A carefully introduced mental process will maintain the natural perception of natural stimuli, enhancing the health and happiness of mother and the vitality of her child. Surely it is safer to introduce a mental process than a dangerous drug."

Doctors who believe in the Read theory and technique are all out in their enthusiasm. One of America's most eminent physicians, a professor of psychiatry at a leading university and outstanding contributor to the science of psychosomatic medicine, told me: "Read's work and Sawyer's application of it are sound and should be in more widespread use. Removing fear and endowing the pregnancy and birth process with happy fantasies is a much-needed procedure, not only from the standpoint of a less painful birth but from the standpoint of happier homes, happier marriages, and happier people."

In England, where Read's work is now widely recognized and being put into practice, it is also being hailed for its sociological benefit, in one instance as "a contribution to the most serious problem in the reconstruction of our social order: the falling birth rate. Medical practice and research have offered no solution to the mystery of these purposeless pains which for generations women have endured in achieving their noblest duty. The fear and anxiety engendered by the prospect of them, however, act often as a deterrent and may build up a psychological inhibition to having children, especially among the more sensitive and highly educated."

One difficulty that stands in the way of widespread use of the Read-Sawyer technique is that it requires a great deal of the doctor's time. One of its cornerstones is consistent effort by the doctor in educating the patient and being with her when labor time comes.

As an offset to this, however, in addition to every other benefit, is the fact that the method can be applied any time, any place. The more modern anesthetic techniques require facilities and trained personnel rarely available in hospitals other than those of large metropolitan areas. And 42 per cent of all Americans live in communities of less than 2,500. In all of Ocean County, New Jersey, for example, where Sawyer practices, there is not a single trained anesthetist.

Role for Public-Health Nurses

It may be significant, too, that the Arkansas State Board of Health has interested itself in the technique. Dr. Frances Rotherbert, acting director of the Division of Maternal and Child Health, wrote Sawyer: "You state that the disadvantage of the method is the fact that it is time-consuming. This might be helped somewhat by the teaching that a public-health nurse could give in mothers' classes, or by individual instructions to the patient, the nurse working very closely with the obstetrician."

But the biggest problem is to make women believe, even when told by other women, that pain in childbirth is a matter of suggestion rather than of real physical pain, despite what they've heard all their lives And, even beyond that, that having a baby can be an actually pleasurable experience.

One of Sawyer's patients toward the end of the war was a woman whose husband was stationed in the Aleutians. Toward the end of her pregnancy she wrote him the good news. She was going to have a child without anesthetics, without pain. In fact, she was going to have a good time of it. There was no question in her mind and she went into excited detail about all the women with whom she had talked. This was no vague theory; she knew it and understood it and had confidence in it. She had known Sawyer all her life and so had her husband and they both had confidence in him.

In due course, however, Sawyer received a worried letter from the husband. "Look, Doc," he wrote. "You know I'm a lawyer myself, somewhat intelligent, and somewhat familiar with women, particularly my wife. Whatever it is you have up your sleeve about painless childbirth, please, please don't try it on my wife. There's a woman—take it from me—who is as nervous as they come. Instead of what you've apparently been telling her I wish you'd tell her the reverse. Warn her about the pain. Prepare her for it. Get her ready for the worst."

The letter came the day after the baby did. Sawyer showed it to his patient. She laughed until tears streamed down her face, then wrote boldly on the bottom of the letter: "I did too have a good time."

"But," Sawyer adds, grinning wryly, "I'm sure our lawyer friend doesn't believe it yet. After the heritage of thousands of years it isn't easy."

THE END

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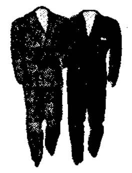

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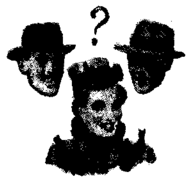

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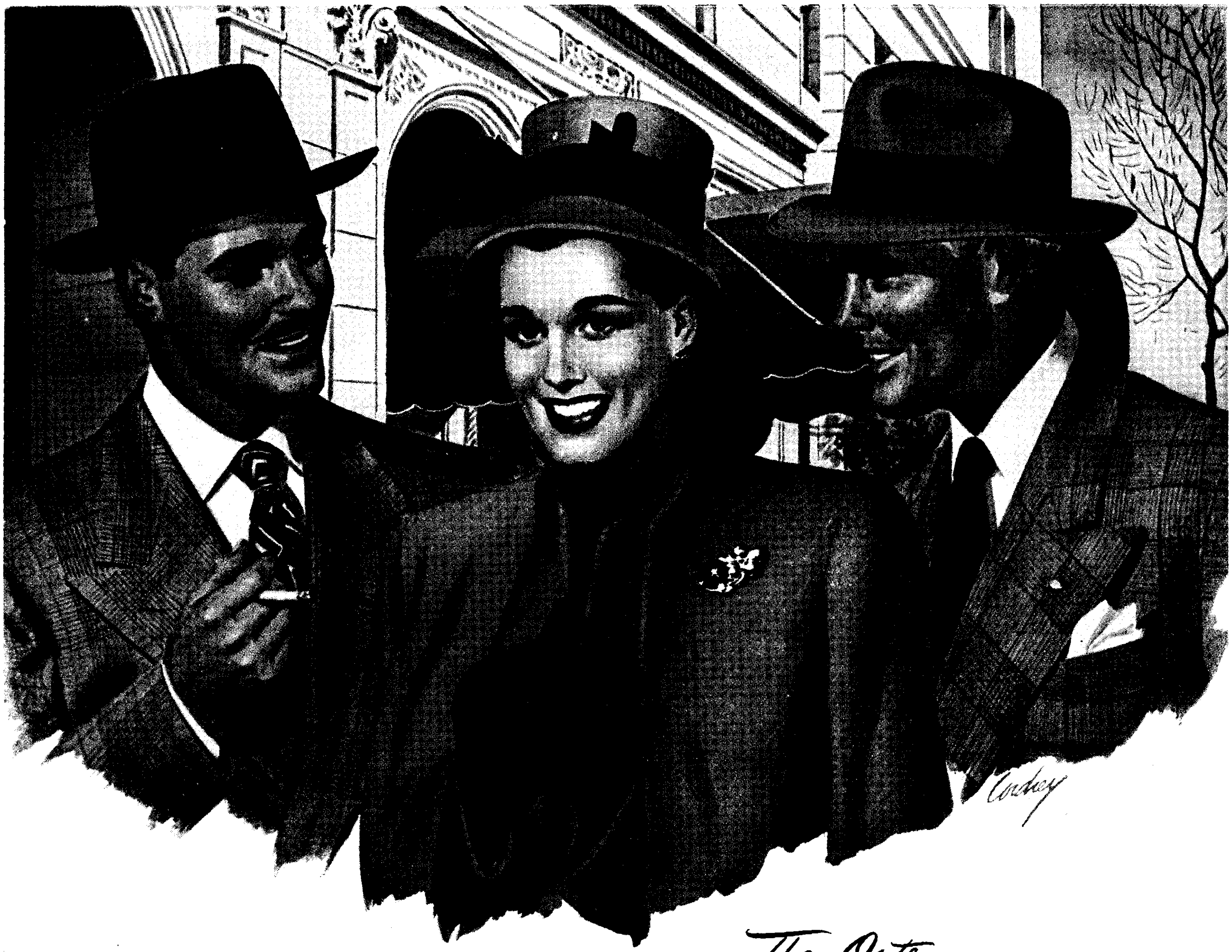

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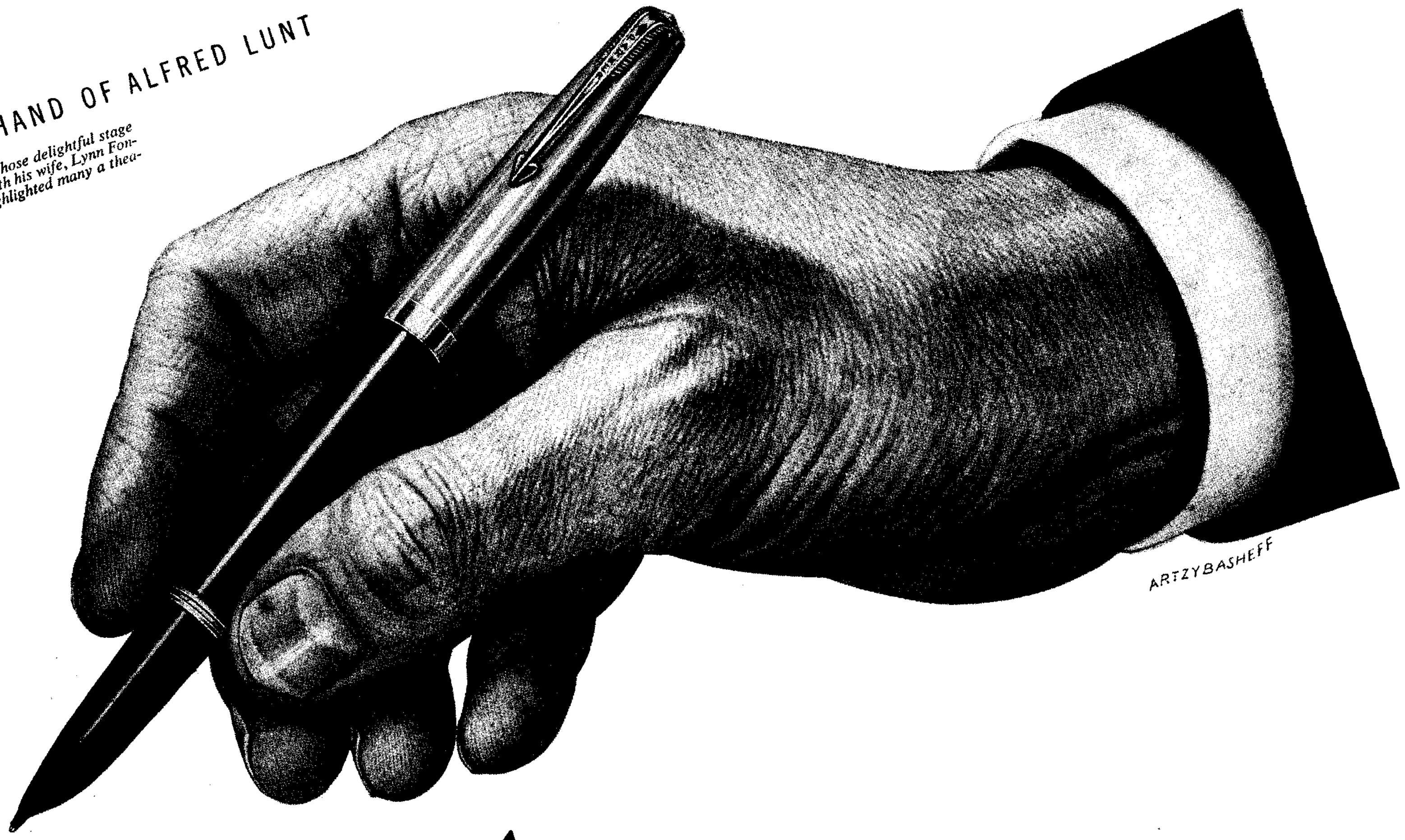

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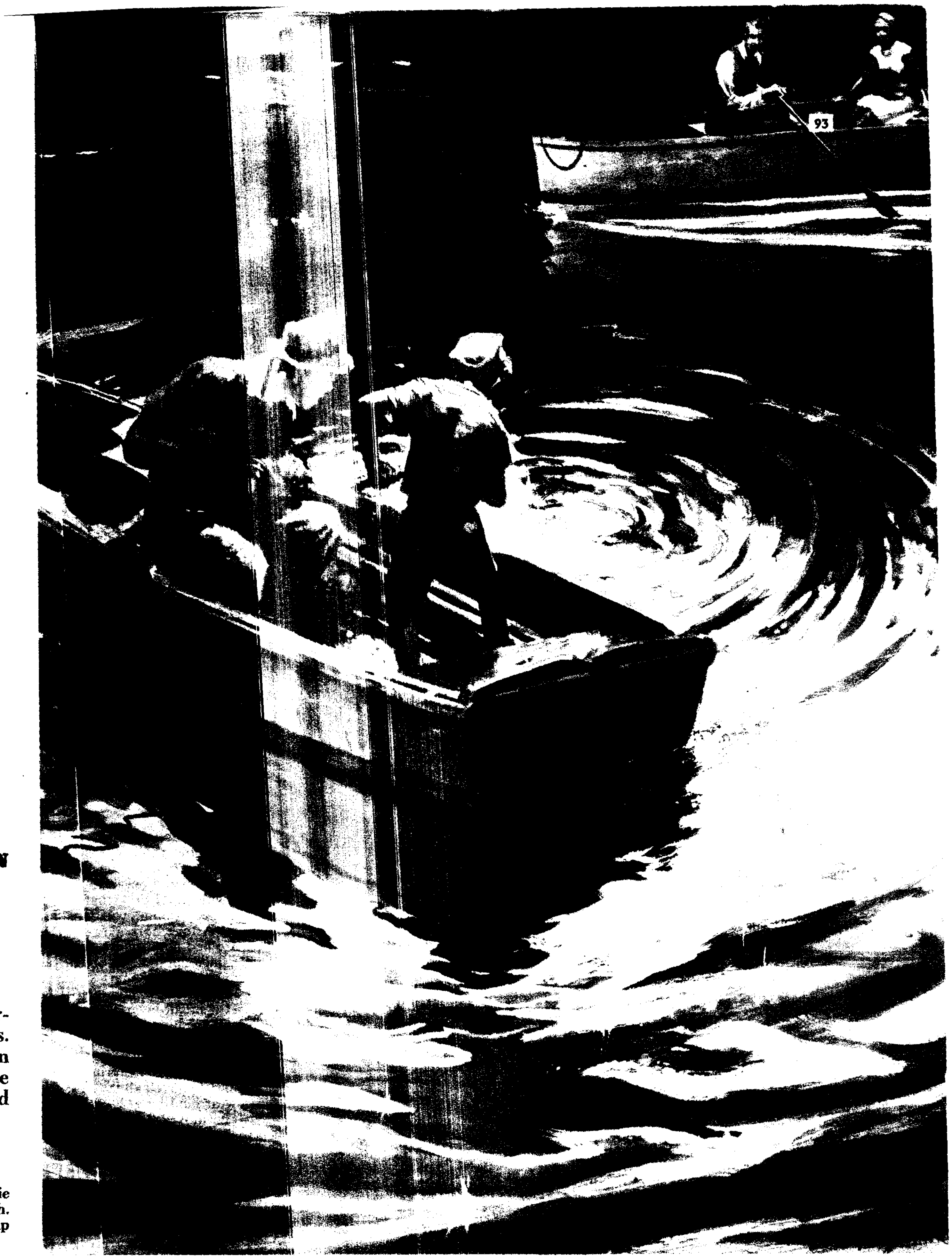
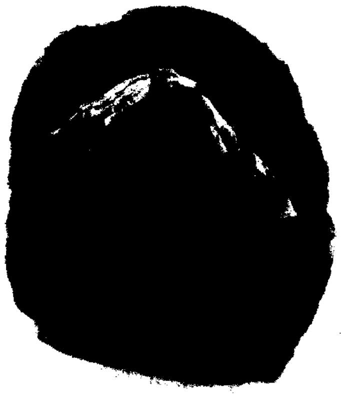


Mimi told them about the murder in all of its grisly details. She told these three women more than she realized. More than she would ever understand

Our boat was quite close when Dickie shouted that he had caught a big fish. Then we saw them bring the body up



AND I said to Alfred, 'Well, if you must rush off to Chicago the minute we get home from our vacation, and without a clean shirt to your name, I suppose you must, but I don't know what kind of a wife people will think I am.' And so . . ." Mimi Jordan paused to look at the cards in her hand, prolonging the *so* to warn that she did not intend to yield the floor. "And so Alfred said he'd buy some, and I said, 'I'd just like to see you try to buy white shirts *anywhere,* Fred Jordan,' and . . ."

"Listen, are we going to play bridge, or aren't we?" Jess demanded with an impatience indicative of honor count.

Mrs. Jordan closed her mouth over rather too prominent teeth, opened it again to snap out, "One heart!"

"A spade," Jess said.

Sadie said a no-trump. Dort, who was hostess this week and still busy with Cellophane bags of gumdrops, said, "Wait, girls, I haven't had a chance to look at mine. And, anyway, Jess, I want to hear about the Star Lake case, whether you do or not. Mimi was right there the whole time."

"Star Lake? Why, the card you sent us was postmarked Peterville, and you didn't even mention the murder!" Jess said.

"I didn't think it would be very good taste, on a post card." Mimi was prim. "Besides, Alfred said we didn't want to be mixed up in it or act too interested, or people would think it was just morbid curiosity. You know how sensitive he is. He'd hardly even let me talk about it."

"You even *told* us you were going to Peterville," Jess objected suspiciously.

"Well, naturally I did! Alfred always says 'Peterville' because that's what they called it years ago before it got so popular. Nowadays they call it Star Lake, since this development company took over, but they still call the post office Peterville because—you know how the government is."

"I want to hear about the murder," Dort cut in; "and so does Sadie. Go on, Mimi!" *(Continued on page 110)*

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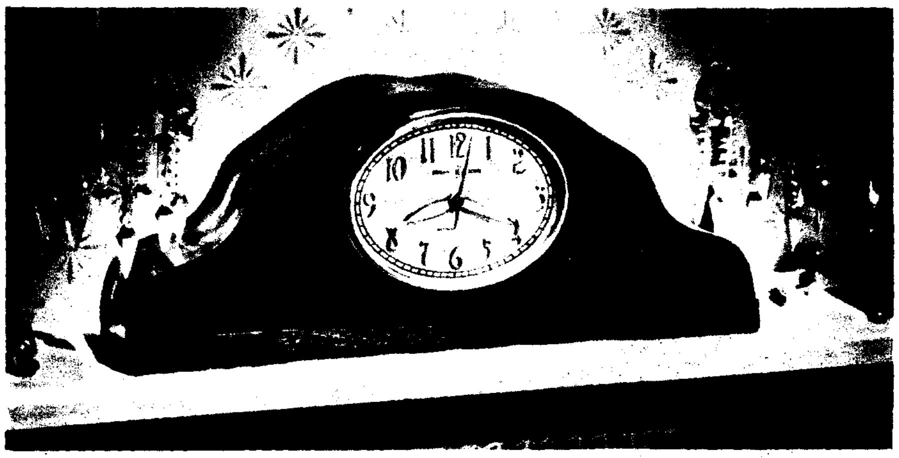
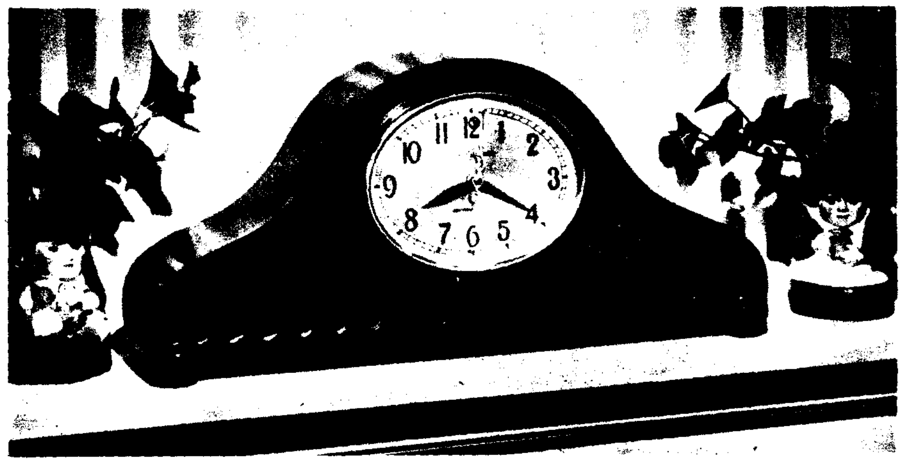
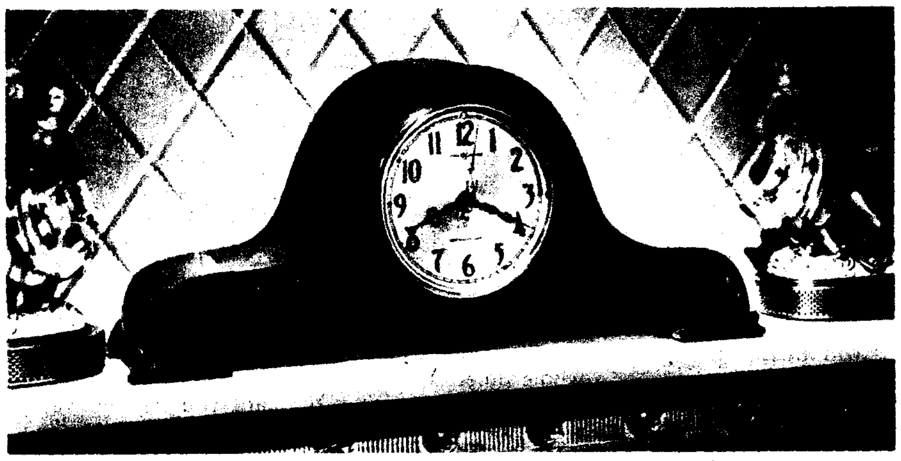
These beautiful new General Electric Mantel Chime Clocks add the final note of charm to a room. Of simple classic design, they are self-starting, need no winding. Any one of these clocks will make an ideal Christmas gift! A *lasting* Christmas gift! Put them on your *preferred* gift list *now*.



The RHAPSODY—The Rhapsody's graceful lines sweep down to fluted base pedestals. Note the grained mahogany case burnished to a satiny sheen. Full Westminster chimes of subtle tone strike the quarter hours. Gold-colored hands and raised gold numerals stand out against the silvery face.



The MAESTRO—An *exquisite* chime clock in the best tradition of tambour design. The case is of richly-polished, grained mahogany, with scalloped border at base. Full Westminster chimes strike on each quarter hour. Black numerals on silver-colored dial, with gold-colored hands.



The CONCERTO—Concerto is a practical and decorative asset to any room. Exquisitely grained mahogany, in attractive tambour design, with a hint of moulding at each end. Soft, resonant Westminster chimes sound the quarter hours. Black raised numerals on a silver-colored dial.

These clocks are available in limited quantities at most General Electric Dealers. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

General Electric Clocks

GENERAL ELECTRIC

STORM BEFORE DAYBREAK

Continued from page 55

had the driver let him out at the corner of Hillside and Merritt. A poor man came home on foot, humbly lugging his own suitcase.

The lengthening shadows of afternoon did nothing for Merritt Street. The place was even uglier than his memory of it, and he marveled that he had once expected to live out his span here. Everything about the street was gray: pavements, sidewalks, dead grass, houses. Even the people looked gray. It was lucky for them, he thought, that the dumb oxen had never seen California.

He paused before the Elite Grill; decided to go in and drink a beer while he pumped old Lottie for the Merritt Street dirt. Since it was only five o'clock the place wouldn't be very busy now, and she might come across with some information that would be useful.

He sauntered in; thinking, as the smells ran to meet him, that she must be cooking her French fries in the same grease she was using when he left. Lottie looked at him without recognition at first, then as he grinned at her across the counter she knew who he was.

"Hello, Jim," she said.

JUST that and no more. She didn't offer to shake hands but she was not actually rude; she was just indifferent, as if he came in every day and it didn't matter to her whether he came or stayed away. His first impulse was to snarl at her and walk out, then he remembered that he was probably not as solid with the community as he had once been, and that conciliation was probably a better policy.

"Hiya doing?" he said effusively. "Long time no see."

"That's right." She wiped her hands on a towel and began to polish the counter with it. "I don't hafta ask you how you been doing; you look as fancy as Mrs. Astor's horse."

He had not thought of the effect of his elegance upon the Street; he had thought only of dazzling Mary so that she would want to follow him. Now he realized that it might have been smarter to look seedy, to show them why he hadn't been able to do more for Mary. But what the hell! It was Mary he had to work on; not Merritt Street. He grinned at Lottie.

"I bet you tell all the boys that. What's new around here?"

She moved her thick shoulders. "Still rocking along and keeping outa jail. You back to stay?"

"God, no. I came to get my wife and kid—if she's still speaking to me." He looked boyish and appealing.

"You mean you haven't even seen her?" Lottie demanded in astonishment.

"I'm on my way now." He decided to try frankness; bluff it out. "I just got in town and I thought I'd stop in and wet my whistle so I could argue good. You got any good beer?"

She produced it without a word and went on polishing the counter. "Aw, come on," he pleaded. "Tell me all the latest dirt."

"I don't know it, Jim. Like I said, we just been rocking along."

"But you know my name's mud. Is that it?"

She still didn't look at him. "Not as I know of. Why don't you see Mary and ask her? She don't come in here, so I don't get to talk to her."

"Okay." He refilled his glass. "I had a lotta tough breaks, Lottie. Now I wanta make up for it as much as I can. Gimme a kind word, anyhow."

"Sure. I'm sorry you had hard luck."

That was the best he could do. As a rule, Merritt Street kept its nose and its mouth out of other people's affairs, although there was no taboo against choosing up sides in your own mind. Lottie was obviously on the other side. He finished his beer, paid her and went out.

"Be seeing you again," he said. "Maybe you'll be gladder next time."

"Glad to see you any time, Jim." She didn't look up as she spoke.

There was Joe Sellers, of course. Jim's feet paused in front of the poolroom and then went on. Joe, who knew everything that happened, was probably still glued to that straight chair, and probably still as gabby as that heathen idol he resembled. Better pass up Joe and go straight home, to do his own sleuthing and his own spadework.

He passed Lura Butler's house and remembered her for the first time in many months. There was a gal for you. Regretfully he put aside any ideas about Lura; he had to concentrate on being a repentant husband and father.

No. 418 aroused no feeling of nostalgia or shame in him; instead he appraised it as he went slowly up the walk, and wondered how anybody could be satisfied to live in such a place on such a street in such a town. Even on today's market the house wouldn't bring a cent more than five thousand, but you could have a big time on half of that.

He didn't knock before he turned the doorknob; there was no reason why a man should do that when he was coming back to his family.

But the door was locked. That puzzled him, because there was a light inside and he was sure somebody was at home. Merritt Street must have gotten tough since he went away. He put his finger on the bell and tapped out a playful tattoo. By the time he had put on a wry grin of apology, the door opened and Mary stood there.

He didn't know what sort of greeting he had expected from her, but it was not this. She recoiled a little and then stood silent and perfectly motionless, as if she was trying to bar the way, and the look on her face was one of raw terror. He had been prepared for tears or scalding anger, but not for terror. She was like a woman staring death in the face.

"Why, sugar," he said tenderly, "I'm not gonna eat you alive. Can't I come in?"

HE DIDN'T wait for an invitation, but picked up the suitcase and moved forward, with Mary falling back before his advance. He closed the door and tried to pull her into his arms and she retreated two more steps.

"No."

Her tone baffled him. There was no feeling of any kind in it; just a toneless denial. He shrugged and kept the soothing smile on his face.

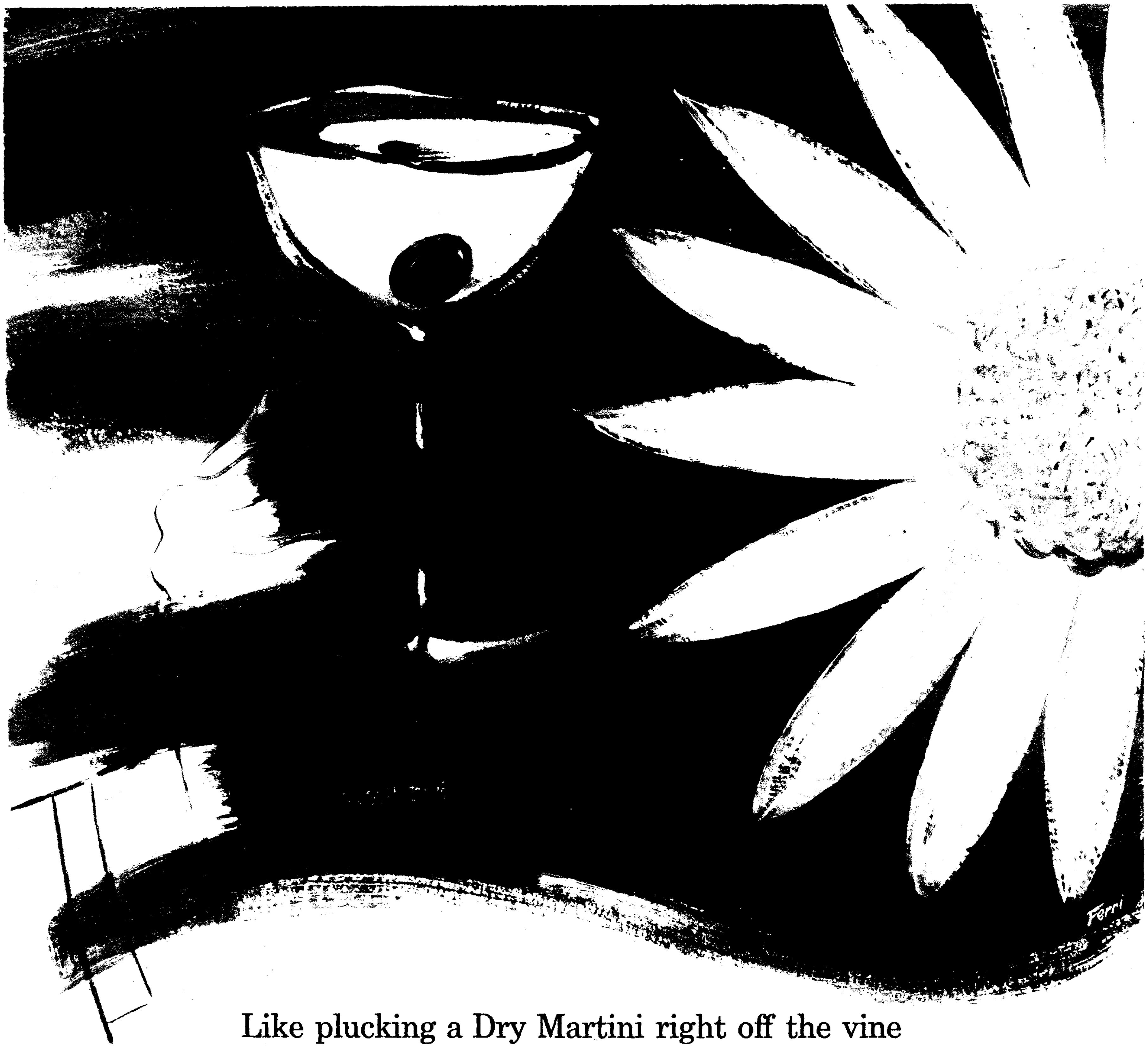
"Okay. I'll wait till you're ready."

"I never will be," Mary said. "Jim, what made you come back here?"

"To get you and the kid, dopey! I'm sick of single life."

She laughed, then, and it was a terrifying sound; short and rasping and unlike any laugh he had ever heard from her. Mary looked different and almost pretty. She had put on a little weight and her mouth made you want to kiss it. He remembered hearing that having a baby sometimes did that for women. Being forced to take Mary, along with his cut from the house, was not going to be half as bad as he had expected. Ethel would probably tear up the place, but any time he couldn't handle Ethel he would jump off the Bay Bridge.

He had to walk lightly, though. Too much depended on Mary's consent and good will. Instead he looked hurt by her skepticism. "I don't like the tone o that ha-ha, honey. You gonna make m stand here in the hall all night?"



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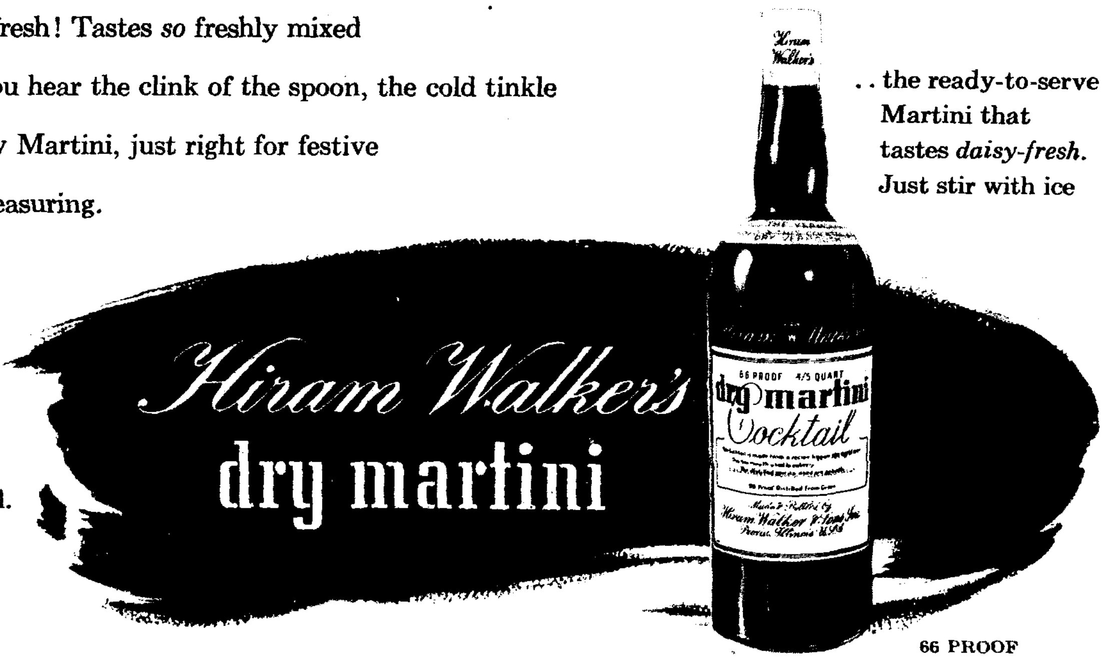
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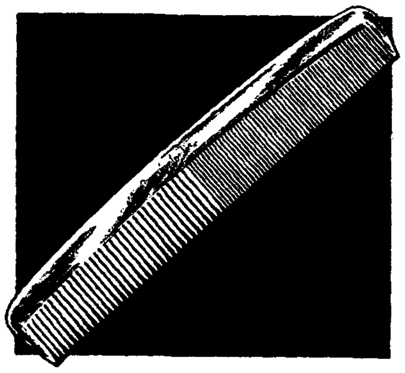

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She came to life, but there was still no anger in her face or her voice. "You're not going to stay here, Jim. After the way you acted, I'm through with you and I'm going to get a divorce. I've already talked to a lawyer and he told me, if you came back, to telephone him right away. I don't want to put you in jail, but I will if you don't go away and let Shan and me alone."

"Shan?"

"The baby." Color dyed her chalky face. "I call him that because two Pauls are confusing."

"Oh." Jim's black brows met. "Paul lives here too, does he?"

"Of course he does. He's been here ever since he got back. He didn't have anywhere else to go and I didn't either. And," Mary's voice nicked him like a razor, "he doesn't make enough to support all three of us in two different places."

Jim swallowed the acid remark he had been about to make. "I'll bet old Paul won't try to put me outa the house. Let's wait till he gets here and talk it over. Besides, I wanta see my kid."

She made a slow, despairing gesture of defeat. "He's in the kitchen. Go on back while I telephone Paul you're here."

JIM thought grimly that he might as well have worn overalls. Mary hadn't even looked at him as if she saw him. He went quickly into the kitchen.

Nobody had explained the situation to Shan, so he didn't know that Jim was anathema. When Jim stood transfixed and stared at him, Shan looked through the bars of his play pen and offered the broad wet grin; not because he had gone over to the enemy but because he didn't know there was an enemy.

Shan chuckled and said two unintelligible words and the sound had a curious effect on his father. Jim lifted him out of the pen and examined him carefully, then thought: My kid, by damn. Cute, too. Hell, he's better than cute; he's the best-looking kid I ever saw, and why wouldn't he be? Ain't I his pop?

But even in the elation of his discovery, his ears were bent to Mary's low voice in the hall.

"Paul? Jim's here." She might have been announcing the arrival of the laundry. "Yes," she said tonelessly, after an interval. "He wants to see you and talk things over. . . . Yes, I'm all right." Why did he ask that, Jim wondered; did he think I was gonna murder her? "All right, I'll tell him. . . ."

She came slowly to the kitchen door and Jim grinned at her over Shan's head. "He's the swellest kid I ever saw. Why didn't you tell me about him?"

She gave him a level, contemptuous look. "I did; every time I wrote you. And you didn't even answer the letters."

He had led with his chin that time, so he warned himself to be more careful.

"I moved around so much I guess I didn't get a lot of 'em," he mumbled, and went back to admiring his son. "How come you to name him for Paul?"

"Because I was already through with you when he was born, just the way you were through with me. And Mollie thought a lot of Paul."

Jim's heavy chin jutted. "Yeah, he used to wrap her around his finger. He could get by with murder and she wouldn't say a word."

Mary shook her head. "She thought just as much of you till you acted like you did."

She stood in the doorway and looked helplessly around the room, wondering what to do until Paul came, and what they would do afterward. She didn't want to go on with her preparations for supper, because Jim would probably invite himself to stay and then there would be real trouble. It was too late to telephone Mr. Abney at his office, and Mary quailed before the thought of calling him at home. They couldn't go to court until tomorrow anyhow, and tonight would just have to be laid in Paul's hands.

Jim was dividing his attention between her and Shan. She still had not flared into the simple fury of a woman scorned, and her quiet loathing left him helpless and unprepared. In his world, a woman either wrapped herself around your neck or tried to cut your throat; but Mary had done neither. She had not even raised her voice.

"You're looking awful good," he told her. "Put on a little weight, haven't you?"

She brought her eyes slowly back to him. "Yes. Since I stopped trying to look after Shan and work for Joe Sellers, both."

Everything he said became a boomerang and the black anger boiled up in him like a sickness. He wanted to choke her and he wanted to possess her, and until he had carried his point he could afford to do neither. He had to grin like a witless ape and take every nasty crack she threw at him.

"I know," he said. "I'm sorry I acted the way I did."

Mary's big eyes bored into him, making him tighten warily against the question he knew she was going to ask. "And now you've just come back to try and make Paul sell the house, haven't you?"

He caught that one and deflected it because he was ready. "I've come back to take you and the kid with me to California. You'll be crazy about it out there."

"What do you expect to take us on: Paul's money, or are you able to take care of us yourself?"

He needed time to think, so he gave a minute to grinning at Shan and poking him in the stomach. "What's the matter?" he said plaintively. "Don't you wanta go with me?"

"No," she said flatly. "I wouldn't go with you even if you could support me, which you can't—or won't. I certainly won't help you talk Paul into selling his house so you can run through with half his money. And you needn't think you can talk him into it either."

THE anger was almost choking him. If it hadn't been for the kid—and the money—he would have slapped her or shaken her. This was not Mary the way he had known her, and behind his anger there was this new and unforeseen desire. She had something he hadn't suspected. He didn't think of Paul because his memory of Paul, like his memory of Mary, was old and outgrown. When he visualized Paul he saw a swaggering kid with slick yellow hair and a fondness for liquor and women and sharp clothes; a kid who would pass by Mary without even seeing her, because she wasn't flashy enough for him. The surprising thing was that Paul should have felt any obligation to take care of her.

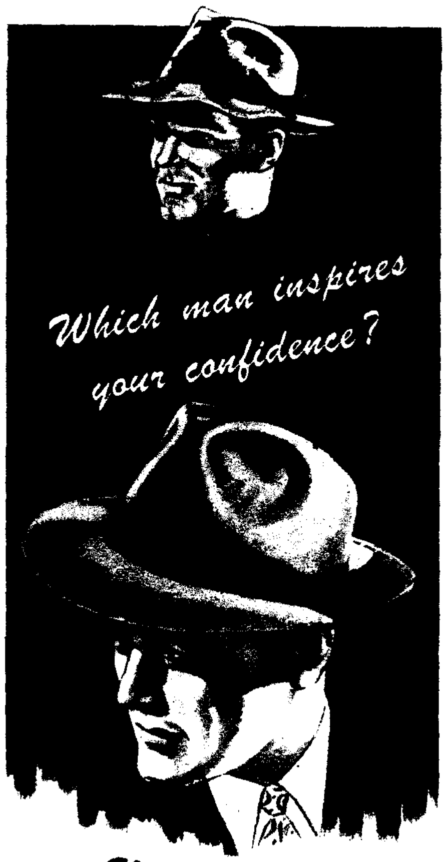
He swallowed the anger again, bitterer than any dose he had ever taken, and kept the reasonable note in his voice: "Can't you lay offa me for a while, till we've all had a chance to sorta get acquainted again? Do I have to go out and sleep in the street tonight?"

Mary had recognized defeat; she was putting on her apron and getting ready to fix Shan's supper. "For all I care, you can sleep in the sewer. It's where you belong."

His hand clenched around Shan's arm so hard that Shan gave a startled bleat and began to howl. Mary whirled with her eyes blazing and snatched the child from him. "I wondered how long it'd take him to find out about you.

"It's all right, Shan. Sit in your high chair while Mama fixes you some supper. Shan want his supper?"

She threw words over her shoulder at Jim, like dry bones to a dog: "I guess the paper's come. Why don't you go in the sitting room and read it while you're waiting for Paul?"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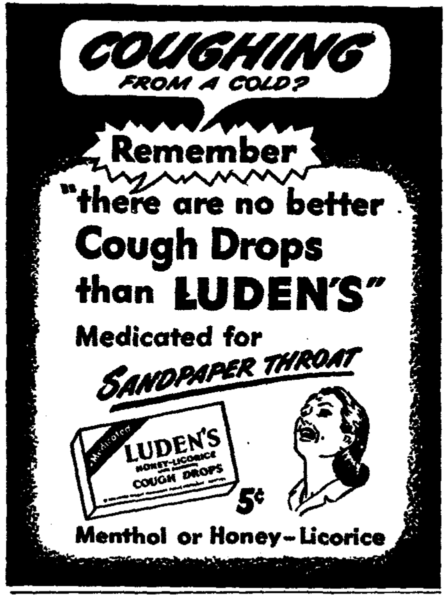
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Jim scowled at her straight little back; opened his mouth to curse her. Then, remembering his uncertain status, he turned and went to the front room to wait for Paul. Compared with Mary, handling Paul would be a pushover; Paul had always held him in the grudging awe which a kid brother accords an older one, and if Mary would just keep out of it the thing was practically in the bag.

PAUL fumbled the telephone into its cradle and raced through the directory until he found Mr. Abney's number. He dialed it and waited with his teeth clamped together, listening to the monotonous and futile ringing that meant an empty office. When there was no longer any room for hope he raced through the book again and found the residence number, then he dialed once more. A maid's voice answered, schooled and precise.

"Mr. Abney's residence. . . ."

"I want to speak to Mr. Abney, please." He hated intruding on Mr. Abney at home, but this was an emergency if he ever knew one.

"He's out of town until Saturday," the voice intoned. "Will you leave a number?"

"No, thanks; I guess not. . . ." He absorbed the blow slowly, fumbled the telephone into place again and went out to speak to Ed.

"I got to go home," he said.

Ed looked up from checking a customer's tires. "Something wrong?"

"Jim's back."

"Oh." Ed stared at the gauge in his hand. Paul's voice told him how bad it was. "You be back after supper?"

"I don't know. Close up the station if you want to." His voice broke. "Touch a match to it."

He turned away and Ed called after him: "I'll stay on; it don't matter. Paul. . . ." But Paul was already inside the station putting on his sweater.

Paul tramped on the accelerator of his car and the car lunged forward with its gears growling in protest. Jim *would* come back late in the afternoon, he thought savagely; when they couldn't do anything about him until morning. He would sit around all evening and curse or whine, and when bedtime came he would try to go back in that room with Mary. . . .

He parked in front of the house. No sense in putting the car in the garage just like Jim had come home to stay. He hurtled out and dashed up the walk, bracing himself for what he might find inside the house.

Jim sat alone in the living room, reading the evening paper. He lowered it deliberately and grinned as Paul plunged in. "What's the matter?" he drawled. "Going to a fire?"

And then he stood up, taking his time in the face of Paul's astonishment and recognition of anticlimax. He crossed the room slowly, with the smile warming his face, and looked at his younger brother.

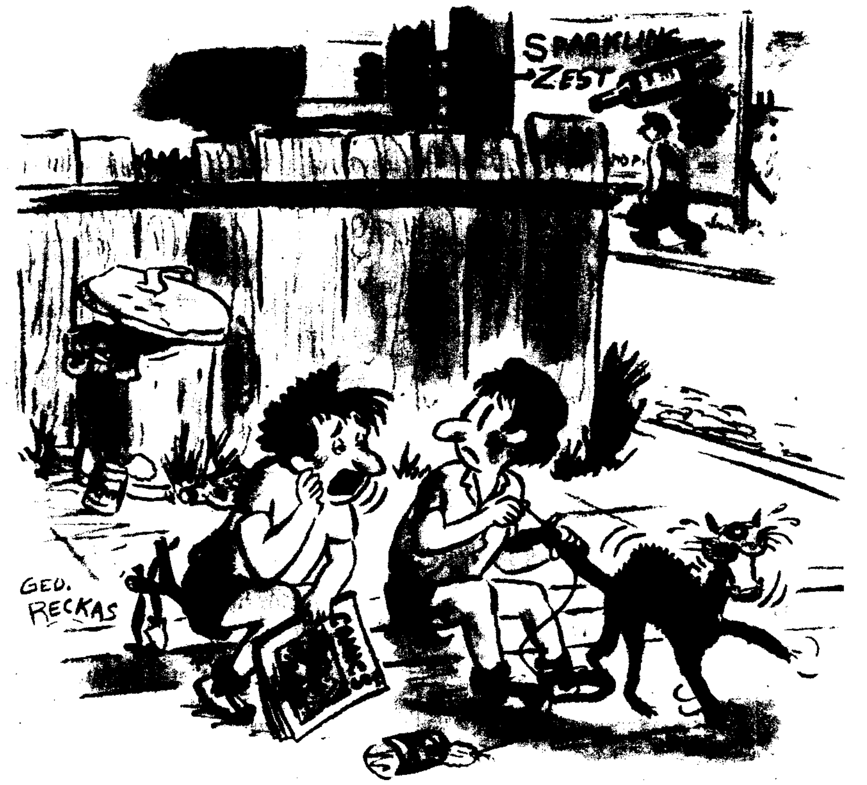
"Why, kid, you've grown up!"

Paul held his body rigid. "What did you expect—rompers?"

None of this was right; none of it was what Paul had expected and prepared himself for. Jim wasn't cringing or threatening; Jim was in command of the fort, grinning and holding out his hand to his kid brother. His manner was practically saying: Swell of you to take over till I got back, sonny; but I'm here now and you can relax. . . .

Paul accepted the hand mechanically, because his thoughts were so taken up with readjustment, and felt Jim's cordial, condescending grip. He had forgotten how good-looking Jim was and how much he had always admired Jim as being just one rung below God. Or maybe one rung above. Jim's whole appearance was what he had aimed at one day, a long time ago; and for an instant he was in danger of slipping into his old slot—admiring and envious and more than a little humble. He almost forgot the things he had called Jim; they had been directed at an abstract figure who had deserted a wife and kid and had, by an unfortunate accident, been connected with the Shannon family. You could call that kind of man all the names in the book, but you never quite realized that you were saying those things about your brother. You never realized how it would be when you stood and looked at him after so long a time, and felt the shattering impact of familiarity.

Jim snapped the spell himself; not intentionally, but because he had recognized an advantage and was stupid enough to stretch it beyond the breaking point. "No, I didn't expect rompers,



"I must be growin' up . . . nobody could swallow an atom bomb, dive into the Empire State Building and still get the girl!"

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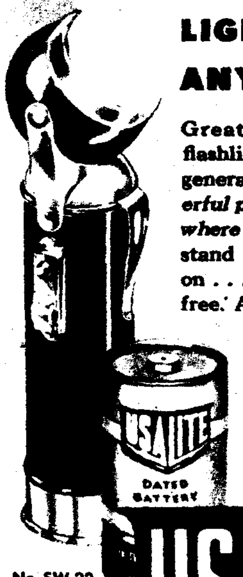

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but I did think you'd be more like the wolf you used to think you were."

That did it. The gibe was the real measure of Jim's conceit. Jim thought that a crack about Paul's working clothes and his premature maturity would re-establish the old advantage. Paul pulled his hand away and looked Jim over, as deliberately and contemptuously as Jim had examined him.

"Coming from you," he said, "that crack stinks."

They were on even terms after that: Jim's smoothness and seniority against Paul's achievements. And while they were weighing each other and feeling delicately for new holds, Mary came into the room.

She looked from one to the other expressionlessly, because she knew without coaching that she had to hide her feeling for Paul in order to preserve it from the enemy. If she showed how she felt about him, she would be handing Jim a stick to beat her with.

"I'm getting ready to get supper," she said to neither and to both. "Is Jim going to stay?"

THERE was a weighted silence, during which the radio intoned with melodic, cathedral gravity. Jim put on his wry, apologetic smile and looked from Mary to Paul.

Paul shrugged finally, knowing that the issue had just been joined and that the struggle might take a long time. "I guess so. You going to stay, Jim?"

"Sure; if you'll let me."

Mary went out quickly, but she said over her shoulder, "You'll have to take potluck, then," just as if Jim was a stranger who had dropped in at an awkward time.

The victory went to Jim's head and once more he overreached himself. "Mighty nice of you and my wife to invite me to supper," he said, and was set back by the still, white fury in his brother's face. "I mean," he added in a hurry, "it'd serve me right if you kicked me out."

"Yeah," Paul said softly, as if he were talking to somebody else. "I don't know yet why I haven't."

But he did know. He and Jim had to settle the thing somewhere, and the privacy of home was the place for private quarrels. Not on the sidewalks or in Joe Sellers' poolroom. He wheeled and started out to clean up for supper, with Jim's placating voice following him: "I got part of a pint in my suitcase, if you'll condescend to drink with me."

Paul wanted a drink desperately, but not from Jim and not with Jim. And when you were seething inside, the way he was now, taking a drink was like dropping a match in a keg of powder.

"I don't believe I want one," he said.

He wanted to go back to the kitchen and reassure Mary, but he knew it wouldn't be smart; the less attention he paid to her as a person, the less Jim would suspect. Instead he went into the bathroom to scrub his hands and face. He changed clothes when he had washed, in order to put himself on even terms with Jim, and took a lot of pains with his hair and his necktie—the striped tie Mary had given him.

When he went back, Jim was drinking his own whisky in the kitchen; making up to Shan and pretending not to notice Mary's frigid remoteness. He grinned proudly at Paul.

"Some kid, huh?"

"Yeah." Paul dragged the word out. "In spite of it."

Mary grew very still at the stove; a muscle knotted in Jim's jaw. The room was poised and waiting, but Jim was not ready yet. He laughed plaintively.

"You like to rub it in, don't you, kid?"

Without looking at Mary, Paul sensed the appeal in her eyes. She was right, of course; this was one more thing that had to wait until Shan was in bed. He said evenly, "Too much, maybe. Forget it."

Supper was a curious, unreal ceremony. Jim ate vastly and talked like a welcome guest who was making himself agreeable. He described Seattle and San Francisco in glowing detail, then asked all about the filling station. Paul answered in monosyllables; Mary divided her attention between Shan and the food and said almost nothing. Shan was the only one who was not caught in the swirling currents; he studied his father intently and broke out his big grin whenever Jim punched him or spoke to him.

Until he saw Jim flaunting his fatherhood, Paul had not realized how much he loved the baby himself. He had taken Shan more or less for granted, after the first glowing wonder of a namesake; helping Mary take care of him and loving him as part of his love for her. But Jim's cool proprietorship stirred a jealous rage in him, so that he wanted to snatch Shan out of reach.

He knew, too, that once the novelty of a son had worn off, Jim would leave the actual Shan as readily as he had left the unborn child. If Paul's hatred had needed a completing facet, the thought of Shan would have supplied it. He pushed the food around on his plate, going through the gestures of eating, and tried to hold in a little longer.

As soon as supper was over he scraped back his chair and looked at Mary. "I'll put Shan to bed while you're washing the dishes."

Jim stared at him, wavering between anger and mirth. "Why can't I do it myself?"

"Because you wouldn't know how—unless maybe you been practicing on another one in California."

The words were soft and deadly. The muscle leaped again in Jim's cheek.

"Listen, kid, I've taken about all . . ."

"Jim!" Mary didn't raise her voice, but Jim's body uncoiled. "You all *please* stop this till we get Shan to bed. I—" Her voice broke. "I can't stand it, before him."

Paul's look touched her and moved quickly away. "Sure, Mary. It was lousy, and I'm sorry." He nodded at Jim and reached for Shan, who came gladly. "Come on. Let her wash the dishes in peace."

THERE had been a lot of screwy things in this whole setup, but none screwier than this one. Putting a kid to bed—the kid you had supported and learned to call yours—while his father stood by and pretended to learn the routine. He went about it with dogged efficiency, hiding his love for the kid and his pride in him; knowing that Jim, if he suspected how much Shan meant, would hang on twice as hard out of sheer meanness.

"He thinks a lot of you, don't he?" Jim said curiously.

"Sure. He's used to having me around." He laid Shan on his back and drew the cover over him. "That's all. Let's get out and let him go to sleep."

Neither of them wanted to sit down when they went into the living room. They were like boxers, needing to be fast on their feet and needing space to move around. When Jim took up his position before the fireplace, Paul stopped just inside the door and looked him over coolly and deliberately.

There was no family resemblance between them. As Mollie had said, Jim was Black Irish: eyes, brows, hair; he was three inches taller than his brother and twenty pounds heavier. Except for the remnants of a tropical sunburn, Paul looked fair and slight beside him; yellow hair, steel-blue eyes, sandy brows and lashes. There was little youth left in his face or manner: responsibility had

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PRODUCT OF THE ARGENTINE

finished what war began; while Jim had the look of a man who has never truly grown up and never will. Jim's youth had no freshness in it; he was perennially young only in his evasion of obligations and his personal definition of the good and the bad; he was old in his unlovely knowledge of the world.

Paul attacked first, knowing the value of offensive tactics: "Okay; let's get on with it. What made you come back here? What really made you, I mean?"

Jim put on dignity and assurance like an overcoat. "You oughta know. I came back for Mary and the kid, so you could have a break yourself, for a change."

Too early to go into Mary's feeling about him; there was a more vulnerable spot than that, and a safer one. "You got a job now, and the money to take care of 'em?"

The assurance ripped like a piece of rotten cloth, letting Jim show through. "I got the promise of one. Hell, I can get a dozen jobs any time I get ready; I been waiting on one particular one."

"Yeah?" Paul pounced like a cat. "What is it, and where? When you going to work and how much you gonna make?"

The questions were like rifle fire, and he knew from the wavering of Jim's eyes that Jim was getting ready to lie. He had to scramble for a description of the job.

"One of the big plants—at Oakland—soon as they can finish converting."

Paul shrugged off the lie. "I'll believe it when you send me a photostat of your first pay check. How much money you got in the world right now, anyhow? Enough to get you back to California?"

When Jim wavered again, Paul knew that he had probably blown his last cent on the sharp sports clothes and a one-way ticket. He looked at Jim and smiled; a grimace heavy with contempt. "What were you figuring on doing if I didn't come across? Stay here and go to work at twenty-five a week, the way I did?"

Jim was cracking fast. His forehead had the slow red flush of anger but he was still holding himself in. "Look here, kid," he said thickly. "Lay offa me a minute and think it over. What kinda break is this," he gestured inclusively, "from your angle? A lousy one, and I know it. I appreciate it, even if I haven't acted that way, and I'm trying to take over in the only way I know how. I oughta come back with my pockets lined and take 'em off your hands. But I had some tough luck out there. . . ."

"I'll bet," Paul growled. "You oughta learn to take your own dice to the game. As for that malarkey about a skin disease: If you did catch something, which I doubt, it didn't cost *you* anything. You sharp boys see to that. The way I figure it, you smell a good thing at this end of the line, so you come hotfooting it home all broke out with remorse." His mouth twisted as if he wanted to spit.

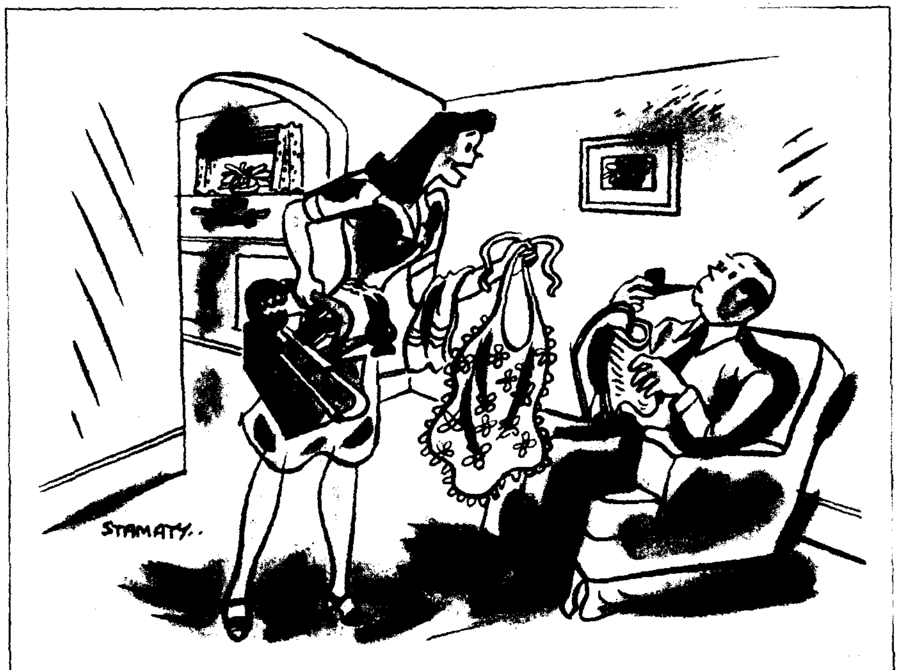
Jim stopped trying; his teeth gleamed and his hands knotted into fists. "You make me wanta vomit, with all that pious talk. You got everything Mollie left—house, business, everything—and I got the bum's rush. All because you were off where you *couldn't* do anything to make her mad. It wasn't me that used to burn up this end of town; it was you."

PAUL made a sharp sound of impatience. "That's water over the dam. Remind anybody of all that ancient history and they'll laugh in your face. I grew up, is all. You never will, because you haven't got what it takes." He lighted a cigarette to steady himself, but the match shook in his hand. "It's no dice," he said in a quieter voice, "and there's no use in us standing here growling at each other. The car's still outside; I'll drop you wherever you want to go."

"Wait a minute." Jim went over to the couch and sat down, trying to take on a more permanent and established appearance. "We still haven't finished. Say I hate your guts and you hate mine. All right, but that don't get us anywhere. I can't take Mary and the kid, and keep 'em till I get started again, without you kicking in; but even at that you'd be a lot better off than you are now. You'd be your own man again; you got a nice little business—thanks to Mollie—and you could spend every cent you make on yourself. You'd be a sight better off, really, if you'd play it my way. Being stubborn just because you hate me is just cutting off your nose to spite your face."

Paul crossed the room deliberately and sank down on the arm of the big chair beside the fireplace. He couldn't pretend to relax and plant himself, the way Jim had done, but he felt like a fool standing just inside the door and glaring.

"And where does Mary come in?" He brought her name into it for the first time, and casually. "You stood her up when she was pregnant, which was bad enough. But at least she had a place to live—thanks to Mollie," he mimicked Jim's irony, "and friends that'd give her a job. If you repeated in California, she wouldn't have a prayer. You're forgetting the house is hers, as long as she wants to live here; not mine. I don't even come into the picture till she de-



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cides to leave, and the only reason I'm living here now is because she kept a place for me to come back to."

Jim still hadn't caught on, and Paul thanked God for it. Jim was so conceited that he couldn't even believe in Mary's implacable hate: once a conquest of Jim Shannon, always a conquest. More than that, he rated her so low that he couldn't imagine any other man loving her.

"But Mary was just staying here," Jim spoke with a soothing, last-ditch reasonableness, "because she didn't know what else to do. I'd ratted on her—yeah, I admit it—and she couldn't do anything else. Now she can, and she'll be willing, all right, if you say the word."

"No, I won't."

They both jumped, because they hadn't realized that Mary might be listening and that she might want to get into it herself. She came into the room and stood where Paul had stood, just inside the door and apart from both of them. She had combed her hair so that it fell dark and shining over her shoulders, and made up her rich full mouth. She looked quiet and remote and incongruously determined.

"You didn't say it was private, so I listened in the hall for a while. I guess it's got as much to do with me as with anybody, and I'm not going with you—anywhere." Her green eyes blazed at Jim. "You talk like I was a suitcase or a piece of furniture."

Paul leaned across the chair and smashed out his cigarette.

"You heard her, Jim," he drawled.

JIM bounced to his feet and glared at them both. "What is this—a frame-up? By all rights," his eyes veered to Paul, "you oughta be tickled to death to make a deal. You may be reformed, but you're not *that* good."

Paul kept his seat on the chair arm and waited a minute, thinking out his answer. "I wouldn't have to reform much," he said softly, "to hate seeing any girl buy a ticket on you. I wouldn't wish that on my worst enemy."

Maybe the insult would deflect all Jim's attention to him, and maybe it wouldn't. He was not looking at Mary because he *didn't* dare, and he hoped she wasn't looking at him. But when he raised his head to stare at Jim he saw that Jim was standing in a pose of arrested motion, like a moving picture when the reel stops turning. He could see Jim's eyes going from one to the other of them; he could follow the racing of Jim's mind. Mary was doing fine; she was motionless in the doorway, meeting Jim's look with the same deadpan contempt she had given him from the first minute of his return.

"You make me sick, Jim Shannon." She said it distinctly, even though her voice was shaking. "You leave me here when I'm going to have a baby, and go out where you can make big money, and you send me a few dollars for a little while. Then you come strutting home and you try to make Paul pay you to take us off his hands. But I've looked after Shan and me once, and sooner than live with you I'll scrub floors. It hasn't got anything to do with whether Paul wants to sell the house—and he certainly *can* sell it, because it's really his. But when it comes to me and what happens to me, I got a say in that myself. And I'm not going."

Maybe you couldn't hide a thing as big as this, even from a dumb, conceited guy like Jim. Maybe, Paul thought, the vibrations between Mary and him were strong enough to reach *even Jim.* He sat on the chair and tightened his fists in his coat pockets because he knew that Jim had finally caught on. He could tell it from the black look on Jim's face and the whistle of his breath as he dragged it in.

"Well, I'll be damned," Jim whispered, his eyes darting from one to the other. They came to rest on Paul, and there was still disbelief in them. He knew what he knew, and yet he couldn't believe it. As he moved forward, Paul tightened and braced himself.

"Was I the cedar bird." He said it with his eyes boring into Paul's. "I thought you'd got religion all of a sudden, and instead you and Mary are . . ."

"That's a lie!"

The denial was a reflex, but the words left a bitter aftertaste in his mouth. He had tried to protect Mary from the Street: all his thoughts and actions had been bent toward keeping her name clean and proud. But protecting Mary from the Street was one thing; trying to hide the truth from Mary's husband was a different one. In this house the issue had nothing to do with appearances. He didn't want to lie; he wanted to tell the truth, to appeal to Jim's problematical remnant of decency in the hope that Jim would accept the fact and enter into a generous deception. But he had had no chance to ask Mary how she felt about it, and so he had to lie with a pretense of righteous fury until Mary could set him free.

"That's a lie, Jim Shannon, and you know it!"

She was echoing the denial with an indignation as hot as his own, and her denial closed a door in his face. She might be *thinking* of *him*, the way he was thinking of her; or she might be making a desperate effort to bluff it out. He wished feverishly that they had foreseen this and decided on their course in advance.

Jim fondled his discovery and ignored them both. "My wife and my own brother. Both of 'em so pious to *me*, and all the time . . ."

"Shut up!" Paul snarled. He couldn't

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DON'T EVER LOVE ME

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

go on protesting innocence because the words hung in his throat, but he could try to check the filth that Jim was going to spew. If Jim defiled them with the words in his mind, the thing might never seem clean again. "Shut your dirty mouth," Paul repeated, "or I'll . . ."

Jim lunged suddenly and without warning. His fist caught Paul in the mouth, and although he rode the blow, the taste of blood was salty on his tongue and he knew he would have to defeat Jim physically before they could settle anything.

Even in his fury he tried to keep thinking. He didn't want to break Jim's jaw or do him any permanent harm; not because he cared what happened to Jim, but because in these weeks of waiting he had tried to think about every possibility. Hurting Jim—really hurting him—was too big a price for the satisfaction it would afford. The law saw to that. And so he had decided, when he knew that a fight was inevitable, that he would try to put Jim away for a minute or two without breaking any bones.

The fact that Jim was taller and heavier didn't make much difference. Jim hadn't had all those months of rugged and expert training in self-defense. There were ways to fight a man when you wanted to kill him, and there were ways to put him quietly out so that you could preserve him for questioning later on, with no real damage done. You didn't even have to give him a cut lip; you just moved carefully and coolly.

JIM grunted with the blow and went down in sections, like a marionette when its strings are released. There was a look of pain on his face as he folded. Paul caught him in time to keep his head from hitting the fireplace, then lowered him to the floor and left him there, in a stillness broken only by the sounds of their separate breathing. Mary whispered, "Paul—you're bleeding . . ." and he mopped at his lip with his handkerchief, then ran his tongue over the cut place on the inside.

"Is he dead?" Mary had crossed the room and was standing close to his shoulder, staring down at Jim.

"No." The word rasped in his throat as he bent to give Jim a quick, expert examination. "He'll come out of it in a minute or two. Quicker, if we use ammonia or cold water."

"You want me to get it? You ought to have something on your lip, too."

He dragged his eyes from Jim and stared at her with a long look. "I'm all right, and we'll let him cool a minute. Mary . . ."

Words hung in his throat again. It was a tough thing to ask of her; too tough, maybe, after what she had already had from Jim. Maybe he ought to go on lying himself blue in the face; repudiating the thing that had seemed so natural and inevitable and good until Jim gave it a dirty name. He gestured helplessly and kept on looking at her.

Mary's eyes were big and shadowed as she looked back at him; one hand clutched the back of the blue velour chair while the other smoothed the fabric automatically, moving with a life of its own. "You want to tell him the truth, don't you?" she said after a while.

He wondered if this was what love did to you. If it wrote your thoughts on a printed page, clear enough for the other person to read. "Do *you?*"

She looked down, so that he saw only the top of her head and the clean straight parting in her hair. "I do if it's going to worry you. Make you feel ashamed. He'll take to the Street with it but I guess he's got a right to know anyhow. I can stand it if you can."

"I don't mind lying to other people," he said doggedly. "If he did tell it, I wouldn't mind saying he was just trying to get even. People would believe us instead of him."

But that left a bitter taste too, and he knew that he was still hoping desperately for Jim's silence. Calling Jim a liar when you knew he was telling the truth would be almost as bad as lying to Jim himself.

Mary pulled her head up slowly, as if it had weights on it. "Go ahead and tell him, then. Maybe it won't be the way we think."

There was no conviction in her voice. She didn't believe there was any good left in Jim but she was ready to play it Paul's way because she loved him. She had put a lot of burdens on him in five months and she couldn't crown them with the burden of deceit. Her morality was elemental and uncomplicated; "sin" and "conscience" and "punishment" were more than words to her. Maybe she had been wrong in trying to escape untouched; maybe God had just been biding His time and was catching up with her now. She said more clearly:

"We ought to tell him, I guess, no matter what he does. I didn't really think, when I told him it wasn't so."

"Thanks, baby." He wanted to touch her but he knew he couldn't.

Jim's voice broke in, harsh and thick: "You needn't bother. I been listening to you two deciding whether to tell me what I already know. You wasted a lotta trouble." He pushed himself to a sitting position and shrugged off Paul's attempt to help him. "Keep your hands offa me."

When he had gotten to his feet he dropped into the blue chair. "I want a drink."

Paul looked at Mary and she went out. No use in leaving her here with Jim while he made the drinks himself; no telling what Jim in his anger would do or say to her. When she had gone Jim sagged in the chair and glowered from under the dark eaves of his eyebrows.

"So that's the kind you turned out to be."

Paul's fists knotted and relaxed with an effort. "Look, Jim. Is there any chance of you forgetting, just for a few minutes, what a big tough guy you are? I'm not bragging, but I can always fix you for keeps if you keep playing it this way. I spent a lotta time learning how to take care of myself. So no matter how long we fight, we got to talk it out in the end."

Jim moved his head very carefully, just to see if he could. "You think of anything that'll make it look prettier?" he asked.

"I don't know." Paul stood on the hearth and stared levelly at his brother. His lip had swollen fast and it made some of his words sound thick: "After I get the record straight, I don't much care how it looks to you. I denied it at first because I was trying to protect Mary; not because I was ashamed of it. And God knows not because I was afraid of *you.* But she feels the same way I do, so I'm telling you how it was. Maybe you got a right to know, but if you have—it's the only right you still got in this house!"

MARY came in with two drinks. Paul kept his face blank as he took one of them from her. This was one more screwy thing, like putting Shan to bed while Jim watched. He needed a drink and so did Jim, but they were observing a ritual that stood for friendship, when actually there was nothing but hate between them. Mary left the room without a word and he was glad of her going; the truth was easier when she was not here.

Jim took two deep swallows and said in a nasty, drawling voice: "Go on with your piece."

Paul went on, his narrowed blue eyes riveted on his brother's face. He put it all in: Mary's job with Joe Sellers after she had nursed Mollie for so long; the girls who stayed with Shan and had to be paid for it; the telegram and letters

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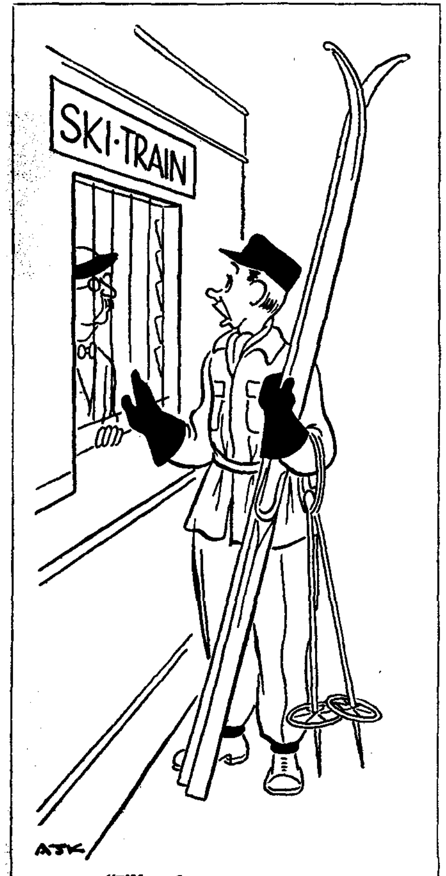
that Jim hadn't taken the trouble to answer.

"Even when I came home," he insisted, "she was through with you. I asked her about it first of all; not because I had any ideas about her, just because I wanted to know about trying to locate you. She said she was through, that you both felt that way even before you left. She didn't want anything from you but enough money to take care of your kid—and you wouldn't even give her that!" He drank and went on more quietly. "That's when she went to see a lawyer and he wrote to you the first time."

Jim moved impatiently. "I heard all that, but it don't let you outa this other thing."

"That's what *you* think; what you're trying to kid yourself with. Even knowing she was through with you I never even touched her, never gave her a thought, for a long time. I just went on supporting her and your kid—on a fourth of the money you been making."



"I'll take a one-way. I'm just learning"

COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS

He lashed the words out, cutting Jim across the face with them.

Jim's mouth was white, his eyes were black holes under the heavy brows. "I guess this is where I'm supposed to bust out crying and get down on my knees?"

"No." Paul's voice was beginning to tremble. "This is where you get out and stay out."

Jim laughed—an ugly sound full of malice and triumph. "With what I know? You *must* believe in Santa Claus."

"It's still your word against mine," Paul reminded him softly. "And don't think I won't lie if you make me. If you stick around and try to make trouble you'll find yourself up against a rap for desertion and nonsupport. We sorta figured on this, and the only thing Mary has to do is sign the warrant."

Jim laughed again. "I got a bigger hole card than that one, louse."

A suit for divorce, he meant; on the only other grounds recognized by the state of North Carolina. With his brother as corespondent. . . . Paul's fists ached and he unclenched them slowly before he answered:

"You're even dumber than I thought you were. You need proof for that kind of charge. You haven't got a thing and you won't get it; you can't even afford to bring in us living in the same house, because it gives *you* away." He threw his head back and glared down at Jim. "Play your song over for Merritt Street—when you've posted a bond to keep you out of jail—and see how far you get with it. It'll go good with your record for the last year or so."

But he was sick with worry and fear. Even though he didn't think Jim would get far with his threat, the attempt would be bad enough. Jim was not looking at him now; he was staring at his empty glass and Paul could almost hear his mind working.

All at once Jim seemed to fold into himself. "I feel funny," he croaked. "I feel like I'm gonna die. . . ."

Paul's breath stopped for an instant. It could be a bluff; it was almost certain to be a bluff and an effort to play for time. He sprang across the room and reached for Jim's pulse, and although Jim thrust him off, the strength with which he did it was reassurance enough.

"You better go to bed," he told Jim coolly. "We'll thrash it out tomorrow. You can sleep in my bed."

Jim leered at him. "I'll bet."

"I'm sleeping on the couch in here, damn you!"

One more reel in the nightmare. Mary came out of her room, still dressed and looking white and shaky, and he explained it as if Jim weren't there. "I'll look after him," he added. "You go on to bed and try to sleep."

He took Jim's suitcase to the back room and opened it, ignoring Jim's snarling protests. "I'm not prying into your damn' secrets," he snapped. He dug out a pair of pajamas and threw them at Jim, then turned down the bed. "Get in there and sleep on it. Maybe your mind'll work better in the daylight." He got his own work clothes from the closet and left the room.

MARY was still in the hall when he came back and although he tried to smile at her he didn't touch her. As long as the menace of Jim hung over them he didn't want to.

"Go on to bed, baby," he said wearily. "I don't think he'll try to make any trouble tonight but—lock your door. I'll be on the couch in the sitting room."

Mary nodded steadily. "I wish I could be the one to sleep there."

"You know I wouldn't let you." He made a move toward her and let his hand fall without touching her. "See you in the morning."

He had said that on his first night at home, a long time ago. It had been full of contentment and promise then, and the promise had been fulfilled in a way he hadn't expected.

Her eyes were worshiping him but she didn't move nearer or try to comfort him. "I'll get a quilt," she said. "There's one in my closet."

He shook his head. "Don't bother, baby. I'm gonna sleep in my clothes."

She ignored him; came back with the quilt and thrust it into his hands. "It gets cold toward morning, even in your clothes."

"Okay. Thanks."

Turning away she hesitated, then words were dragged out of her: "What's he going to do, Paul?"

"I don't know, baby. Nothing, I hope. He was all set to raise hell, and when I reminded him about what you could do to him he pretended to throw a fit and went to bed. He was playing for time and that ought to be a good sign."

She was in desperate need of comfort but this was the best he could do for her. He couldn't wrap her in his arms and coax her into sleep; he had to stand and watch helplessly while she went back to her room and closed the door.

In the sitting room he took off his good suit, folded it on a chair, and dressed in his old clothes. He went out and

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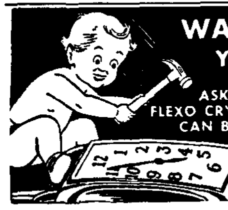

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banked the heater carefully, then came back and lay down, wrapped in the quilt like a cocoon. His lip throbbed, but aside from the dull pain he felt numb, physically and mentally. He was unable to plan what he would do or say tomorrow, he was even beyond acute unhappiness, with nothing in him but this dull weight.

He lay and stared into the darkness, with one corner of his mind alert to any sound from Jim's room; any indication that Jim might try to take his revenge on Mary. The house was quiet with the stillness of death; it was waiting for daylight, the way he and Mary were waiting. He reached out hungrily toward sleep but it eluded him in the darkness and stayed just beyond his grasp, like a wary animal. After a while his thoughts began to march again, and he tried to stand away and look with detachment at what he and Mary had done.

Unless you knew how and why it had happened, there was a terrible sound to it. There might even be a justification for Jim's anger: My wife and my own brother. . . . Maybe there was no sin Jim could have committed that would excuse Mary and him. He writhed inside the quilt while his thoughts cried out to Jim in protest: What's the relationship got to do with it, damn you? You deserted her; you don't even care now, except it gives you a chance to rant and wave a big stick. You didn't even come back for her; you just knew you had to take her along with the cash. . . .

None of it satisfied him wholly, but after a long time he fell asleep, drugged by exhaustion.

THE house was cold and still when Jim slipped out of bed; the gray fingers of daylight were just beginning to explore the room. He dressed quickly and silently, avoiding the bathroom because he knew the slightest sound in there might wake Mary. He could get a shave at Tom Sykes' barbershop as soon as it opened and kill two birds at once—a barbershop was the most fertile soil in the world for planting news.

He opened his door with great care and slipped down the hall like a burglar. Mary's door was closed, Paul was submerged in sleep on the lumpy couch. Jim grinned, knowing that last night had worn them out and that they would sleep until the alarm clock dragged them back to consciousness. His watch said five minutes of seven and he knew he was getting out with no time to spare.

The street was gray and dim, with only one hunched figure in sight. A raw wind swept dirt from one spot and dumped it in another; a gray cat, low-hung and gaunt, flicked its head in Jim's direction and went on its way. Merritt Street was still indoors, getting ready to meet another day.

Jim hesitated on the sidewalk, wondering how he could kill the next hour. He would have preferred to spend it in bed but that would have meant seeing Paul and Mary, and taking up the wrangle before he was primed. When he saw them again, he wanted to be ready to check out. Joe Sellers' restaurant would be open but Joe probably wouldn't be there for another half-hour or more, and seeing Joe was part of his schedule. Lottie's place would be open too, and Lottie's morning staff probably consisted of Lottie and nobody else.

He sauntered down to the Elite, shouldered open the door and went in. Lottie was there, all right, handing a plate of ham and eggs to a lone customer at the far end of the counter. She looked up as Jim straddled the stool farthest from her other customer and when she saw him her face went blank and empty. She nodded distantly, took her time about coming over to him.

"Hello, Jim. What'll it be?"

He gave his order. "And this time, you oughta give me a kinder word than you did last night. I'm checking out today—for good."

He waited for questions that didn't come. "That right?" she said, and went over to the grill. Silently he cursed her broad indifferent back.

The other man wolfed his food, paid and went out. When the door had closed behind him Jim took up his story. "Yeah, I was the sap, all right." He laughed venomously. "Come crawling back on my belly, wanting to do the right thing by my wife and kid, and find my brother's moved in—in more ways than one."

Lottie's big hands paused over the grill, she pivoted slowly and looked him over. "Jim Shannon, it's a pity somebody didn't pinch off your head when you were born. And if I was you I'd be ready to move fast: when Paul hears about this he's liable to kill you."

Jim shrugged. "Next time you see him, ask him how he got his lip split open. You don't see any marks on me, do you?"

She squinted at him with the eye of a connoisseur. "You must not of looked in the mirror this morning. One side of your jaw looks mighty suspicious to me."

Off guard, Jim craned and stared at himself in the dingy mirror behind her. The bruise showed, all right, faint but unmistakable, and he cursed himself for having invited her attention and comments.

"Oh, he hit me, all right; then he broke down and confessed. Both of 'em did." He lifted his shoulders in a gesture of deep contempt. "Well, he's welcome to her. I wouldn't touch her—now—if I had on gloves."

Lottie moved slowly toward him. One hand held a lethal-looking fork pointed, by accident or design, straight at his throat. "It's time you were getting outa here, Jim. I don't like to have my place smelled up with people like you. Get your breakfast somewhere else—if they'll sell it to you."

He slid backward off the stool. "You think I'm lying?" he shouted.

"I know you're lying. I don't know what happened and I don't care, except that I wish Paul had broken your jaw. He had plenty of reason to. Now I'll thank you to get out."

"Okay," he snarled. "Wait and see. I couldn't believe it either, till I had to. I was so dumb I never suspected it till I tried to take Mary back West with me."

Lottie laughed. "I heard about that; about why you got so loving all of a sudden and how you figured on supporting her out there. We all heard about it. We been waiting for you and laughing up our sleeves."

JIM left, white-faced with fury and muttering, safely under his breath, about sluts and tramps taking up for each other. When he had gone, Lottie turned back to the grill and stared blindly at two desiccated eggs and a charred slice of ham.

On the sidewalk he decided that he ought to have known better than to expect any moral judgment from Lottie; she didn't know what morals were. Joe Sellers was different; he was strict as a preacher and he was the czar of Merritt Street. When Joe blackballed you, you might as well leave the North Side. Jim whirled and started toward Joe's restaurant.

The morning was older, now, and there were several customers at Joe's place. Jim passed up the tables and took a seat at the counter, his eyes looking to right and left in search of Joe. He gave his order to a girl he didn't know, and decided to fill his stomach, this time, before he sang his song of betrayal.

When his order came he ate it slowly, killing time until Joe could show up. Joe's wife, Sarah, came in from the kitchen and Jim slid off his stool to greet her with deference and warmth.

"How are you, Mrs. Sellers? You're looking mighty well."

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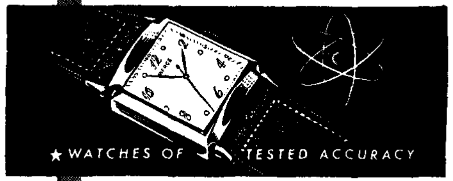

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She recognized him only after a second look and he apologized with a grin. "Barbershop wasn't open when I left the house, so please excuse the whiskers. I guess I look like a tramp."

Her small sharp eyes bored into him. "I'm used to men needing a shave," she said calmly. "You back to stay?"

Nothing about being glad to see him, or hoping that he had come back to stay. Just the same blank and distant politeness that Lottie had handed him. He shook his head and gave her a smile full of meaning.

"I *thought* I was coming home to square myself and take Mary and the boy back with me. At least that's what I thought. . . ."

Her little eyes stopped him cold. They were hard and opaque, expressionless as agates. "I guess Mary likes it better here at home. You going back right away?"

"I'll say I am." The poison threatened his careful deference. "Joe come down yet?"

She gestured with her head. "He's in the poolroom."

Made to order. Joe alone in there, where nobody could overhear. "Like to speak to him before I go. Just say hello and goodby."

"You do that." She smoothed her hands against her clean white apron and turned away too quickly.

Jim paid his check and drifted through the connecting door. Joe Sellers was moving softly among the shrouded tables, pushing a broom. He was a queer little guy; he moved and spoke so seldom that you were always surprised when he did either. It was like watching a statue come briefly to life. The top of his bald head gleamed in the light and his hands on the broom looked pale and soft and curiously dangerous.

When Jim came into the room he paused at his sweeping and peered from under his bushy, graying eyebrows. He didn't lay aside the broom and come forward with his hand out; he stood where he was and let Jim come to him.

"Hiya, Joe?" Jim stuck out a hand and Joe Sellers took it slowly, released it quickly. "Haven't seen you in a coon's age."

"That's right." Joe's voice was soft and expressionless. "You been away a long time."

"Too long. Or maybe," the words grew heavy with sarcasm, "not long enough. Looks like I ought not to come back at all, but I can take a hint so I'm checking out for good now. Just thought I'd drop in and say goodby."

Joe Sellers watched him steadily, denying him the satisfaction of questions. Jim went on defiantly, hating Joe's bland, impassive face; hating Joe for not being interested or curious. "You were good to her, Joe, when I let her down, and I appreciate it even if she don't."

"She appreciates it," Joe said. "And I wasn't specially good to her. She earned all I paid her and maybe more." His hands closed over the broom as if he wanted to get on with his work.

"Well, she's earning it another way, now, and I'm kinda sunk about it." He began his story gravely, tuning it to his audience, and for an instant Joe Sellers went back to being a stone image.

THE broom hadn't moved in Joe's hands but it seemed loaded with danger. "That'll be all from you, Jim. You made nothing but trouble for that girl since the day you married her, but I didn't think even you'd be low enough to blacken her name after the way you treated her. If I was you I'd catch the first bus outa this neighborhood, before folks gang up on you. Paul and Mary got a lot of friends around here."

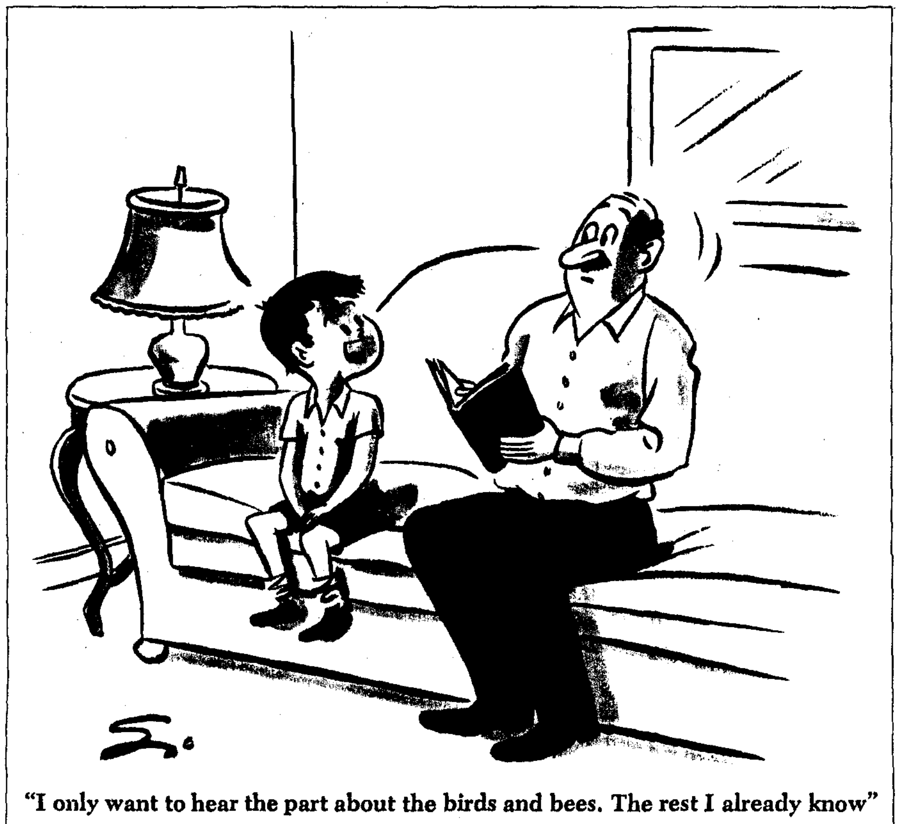
Jim lost his control, two veins sprang out on his forehead. "Damn it, Joe, I'm a heel but I'm not *that* low! I'm telling you the truth the way they told it to me. I just can't stand to think about 'em fooling everybody that's been good to 'em. She's my wife till the law says different, and he's my brother. What I've done ain't a patch on that and I hate to think about 'em fooling you all, while I get invited outa town. You ask 'em," he barked, "and watch their faces. You see how quick they get married after she gets shut of me. And God knows *I'm* not gonna stop her from getting a divorce; I don't want her any more than she wants me!"

"If it was like you say," Joe Sellers pointed out, "there's nothing to stop you from getting a divorce yourself."

"Because they had the nerve to say they'd deny it and that nobody could prove it. And they're right." Abruptly Jim abandoned the argument. "Okay; have it your way. I'm leaving this dump for good."

"And it'll be the luckiest day this dump ever saw, Jim. I'll bid you good day."

The broom began to move again slowly and inexorably, followed by Joe Sellers' plump, powerful figure. Jim



"I only want to hear the part about the birds and bees. The rest I already know"

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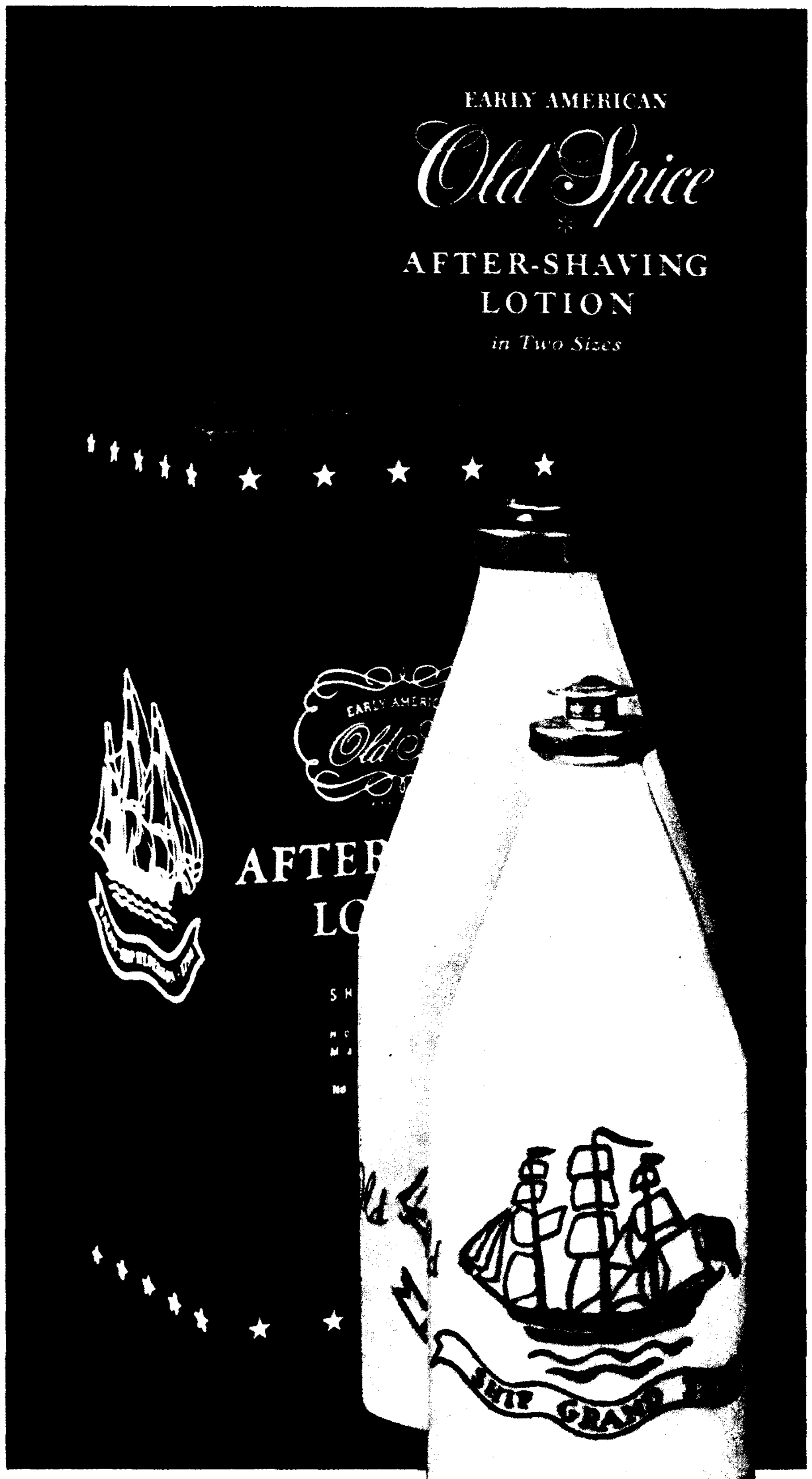

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watched him for a minute, then stalked into the restaurant and out the front door. But this time, the barbershop ought to be open. . . .

There was a hand on Paul's shoulder and a voice penetrating his sleep. Mary's voice, crying his name: "Paul! Paul!"

He groaned and opened his eyes. Mary was standing over him, frantic with fear. "Jim's gone! He's not in his room!"

Paul kicked off the quilt and sat up, fighting his way back to consciousness. "Gone?" He repeated it stupidly, trying to understand. "Where?"

"I don't know. When I went back to fix breakfast his door was open and he was gone. He's not in the house."

Hope stirred in him. "Did he take his suitcase?"

"No; it's still lying open on the floor. He dressed, though, so I guess he's not wandering around somewhere, out of his mind."

Mary must have been worried, too, about the blow that laid Jim out. Paul stood up and stared vaguely around the room as if he had never seen it before. "I'd go look for him," he mumbled, "but I don't know where to start."

"No. It's better just to wait, I guess." She made a small gesture of resignation. "I'll go start breakfast."

Her world could fall in, but a woman had to start breakfast. Or dinner, or supper. She had to make the beds and wash out the baby's clothes no matter what was happening inside her. Paul watched her with brooding bitterness, then went out to shake up the stove; to shave and get ready for another day. A man did certain things, too, as automatically as a woman did, because the machinery kept turning and death was the only thing that could stop it.

Before he went in to breakfast he telephoned to the filling station. Ed was there.

"I'll be late," Paul said gruffly. "I hate you having to do it all, but I'll make up the time later on."

"Forget it." Ed's voice sounded sane and cheerful. It reminded him that a lot of people were getting up and starting out to an ordinary day's work. "I held down the place for a long time by myself," Ed pointed out. His voice dropped a little. "Everything all right, Paul, or is he making trouble?"

"I don't know," Paul said. "I guess he is. Let you know later."

"Well, don't you worry about the station And don't you worry about anything else, either. Everybody's on your side."

The words were a thin gleam in the darkness. Paul thanked him gruffly and hung up.

IT WAS funny how everything could be so familiar and so strange. Shan grinning and munching in his play pen; the rich smells of bubbling coffee and frying meat; Mary with an apron over her brown skirt and yellow sweater, with lipstick on her mouth and a defiant yellow ribbon in her hair. But her eyes had purple shadows under them and the music had gone out of her voice and movements.

They made the gestures of eating, of answering Shan's cheerful gibberish. They looked at each other and looked quickly away, each tortured by a dread of seeing the other hurt.

"What on earth you reckon he's doing?" Mary said at last.

"God knows. Taking the Street maybe, to tell 'em what he's found out."

Any other woman in the world would have said: I knew he would, but you were so bent on admitting it. . . . Mary just squared her chin. "We'll soon find out, I guess. You going on to work?"

She wouldn't plead with him but he heard the appeal behind her question. "Not till we've seen him. I phoned Ed."

Her fingers pulverized a piece of toast. "Suppose he doesn't come back all day?"

"Then I'll go out and hunt for him no matter how it looks. He *could* get into trouble."

His body ached with hunger for her: to hold her and take comfort. But so long as Jim threatened he couldn't make himself touch her hand. Jim was between them like a drawn sword.

They lingered over the meal because it was a tangible, normal thing to be doing. When it was finished they couldn't sit in the front room and wait; they would have to go on.

"It's almost nine o'clock," Mary whispered. "He must have been gone nearly two hours, because I got up a little after seven."

Paul shoved back his chair. "No use sitting here watching the clock any longer. I'm going to clean out the stove and bring in some coal."

He stood up purposefully, and just then they heard the front door open and close. He froze where he was; Mary rose like a robot and turned to face the hall.

JIM came down the hall without haste; stood in the doorway and looked them over, stripping them naked with his eyes.

"Sweet little domestic scene, huh? I bet you been crying your eyes out because I wasn't here."

Neither of them answered him; they were too intent on his face, trying to find the clue to where he had been and what he had done. His face puzzled them because it held both triumph and anger; he had taken his revenge somehow, but the revenge was not so sweet as he had expected it to be.

"All right," Paul said into the silence. "You're witty as hell and we're laughing our heads off. Go on from there."

Jim leaned one shoulder against the doorframe and kept on looking at them. He was freshly shaven, with a careful layer of talcum over the bruise on his jaw.

"I just came back to get my bag," he drawled. "I'm not one to hang around where I'm not wanted."

Mary's pride broke. "Where've you *been*, Jim? What made you sneak out of the house before it was good daylight?"

He grinned at her, a grimace so full of hatred that her skin crawled. "I been around seeing a few of my old pals, sweetheart. After all, I been away a long time and I'm gonna be away from here out, so naturally I wanted to pass the time of day with 'em. You know—dish the latest dirt." He lighted a cigarette elaborately.

Paul's hands gripped the back of a chair. "So you had to get up before daylight to go out and spread your filth. I bet everybody fell on your neck and said they'd known it all along and that you oughta have a medal or something."

Jim's face changed. Watching him narrowly, Paul felt weak with hope, because the rage was naked on Jim's face now, and Paul sensed that the Street had rejected him and his story. Or that it had, at least, rejected Jim himself.

"They pretended not to believe it," Jim admitted surprisingly, "but they will. They'll keep coming back to it and after a while they'll know I was telling the truth. It's written all over you and they were just too damn' dumb to read it till I showed it to 'em." His mouth twisted. "God, but you had 'em fooled! I never saw such a closed corporation in my life —and you can have it!"

He slouched across the room and looked down at Shan, alert and eager in the pen. "This is the only thing I hate about it," he said in a different voice. "If I had any way to take care of him I'd never leave him here."

"You have no choice," Mary said quietly. She had gone beyond anguish into a dead calm. "With your record, no court in the world would let you have him and you know it. So stop trying to scare me. And now that you've done all the damage you can, get out of this house."

He looked at her. "Don't worry; I'm going. From now on, you two'll be able to . . ."

"Shut up!" Paul's voice was as quiet as Mary's, but Jim grew taut as he took a step forward. "I was easy on you last night, but it'd be a pleasure to kill you now." He kept on moving forward as Jim fell back. "Get your bag and get out. The only thing lacking, up to now, is that you haven't tried to shake me down for the price of a railroad ticket."

Jim's teeth gleamed but he was not smiling. "I wouldn't take it from you if I had to crawl. I feel like I oughta pay you for the bed and my supper last night."

He wheeled and went out. Paul and Mary stood still, not looking at each other, and listened to the swift sounds of Jim's departure. They heard him moving around the bedroom, then the snap of his suitcase as he closed it. A minute later they heard his heavy footsteps in the hall and the slam of the front door behind him.

MARY sagged like a rag doll, dropped into the chair beside her and bowed her head on the table. Paul groaned, "Oh, baby; don't!" and came to her quickly. "Come on, baby." He was coaxing her the way she might have coaxed Shan; soothing her and crooning over her. "Let's go in the front room where it's comfortable."

Jim's presence hung in the sitting room like a miasma. It had to be exorcised sooner or later, so he led her to the big chair, sat down and pulled her into his arms.

"Okay, baby. Go on and cry a while, then you'll feel better."

His voice was steady enough but he was standing on the lip of a precipice—looking down. He was close to cracking, the way he had seen men crack out there. The way he had cracked once himself, for a little while.

He wanted to reassure Mary and convince her that everything was going to be all right, and he was so deeply, soddenly *tired*. Besides, he needed reassurance more than she did.

Thousands of women divorced their husbands without losing caste; a lot of women even loved men illicitly and got by with it. But what was your standing when you had taken your brother's wife? What would swell guys like Ed and Joe and Mr. Hammill think of you? . . . He didn't know, and he had no confidence left to share with Mary.

Invited to cry, she stopped abruptly; laid a hand against his cheek and examined his face, feature by feature. He held the smile even though his muscles ached, but she looked straight through the smile and into the tumult behind it.

"Paul . . ." Her chin took on the square, stubborn look that had always amused and pleased him.

"What, honey?"

"I'm sorry I acted like a baby and I'm not afraid or ashamed any more, if you're not. I'm sort of glad he's been here and gone, because we don't have to worry about him any more."

The shock of his relief almost undid him. It was like a tide that threatened to sweep him from his moorings.

"I'm glad too, baby." It occurred to him that he was telling the truth: You could live in dread all your life, but the thing you dreaded could only happen once. It had happened now, and they could go on from there.

"As far as people knowing," she mused, "Gussie knows already and it hasn't made any difference to her. . . ."

He grinned and pushed his fist gently against her jaw. "You said, once," he reminded her, "that you weren't worth all the trouble you made, and I said you were worth anything you cost. Remember?"

She nodded.

"Okay. It goes double now. A million times, if you want to be accurate about it." He lifted her off his lap and stood up. "I got to get to work."

"I have, too," Mary said. "This is my washday."

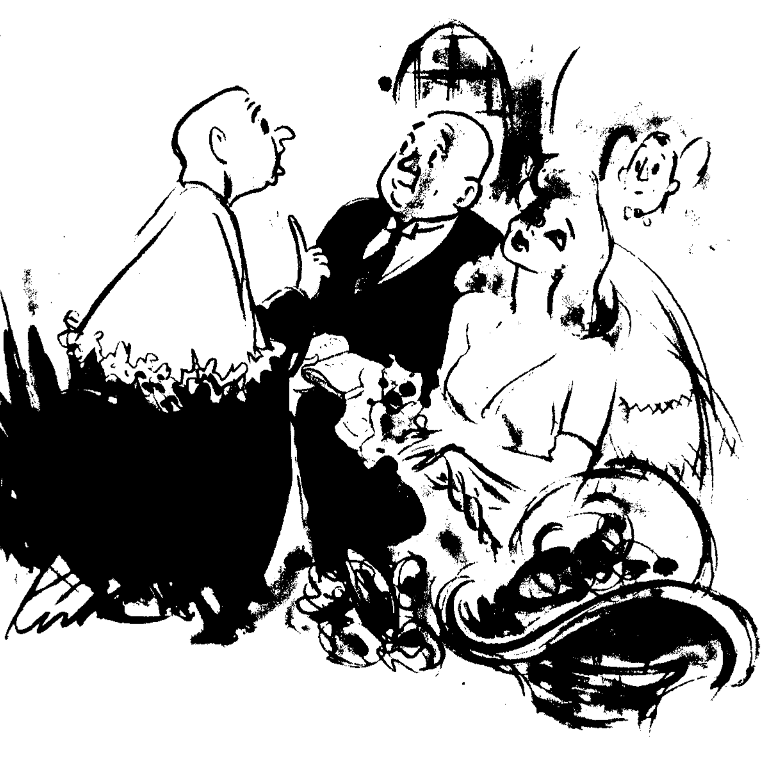
The machinery kept turning and you moved with it. They were both bluffing, but with this sort of teamwork you might be able to reinforce a fiction until it became a fact. When you were so determined to convince the other partner you might end by convincing yourself, and if you didn't weaken you might end by convincing everybody.

He paused at the door. "Any errands you want run?"

Mary thought a minute. "Yeah. I won't have time to go to the store this morning, so please stop by Mr. Hammill's and get a bunch of carrots and a small head of cabbage."

"Okay," Paul said. "Be seeing you, baby."

THE END



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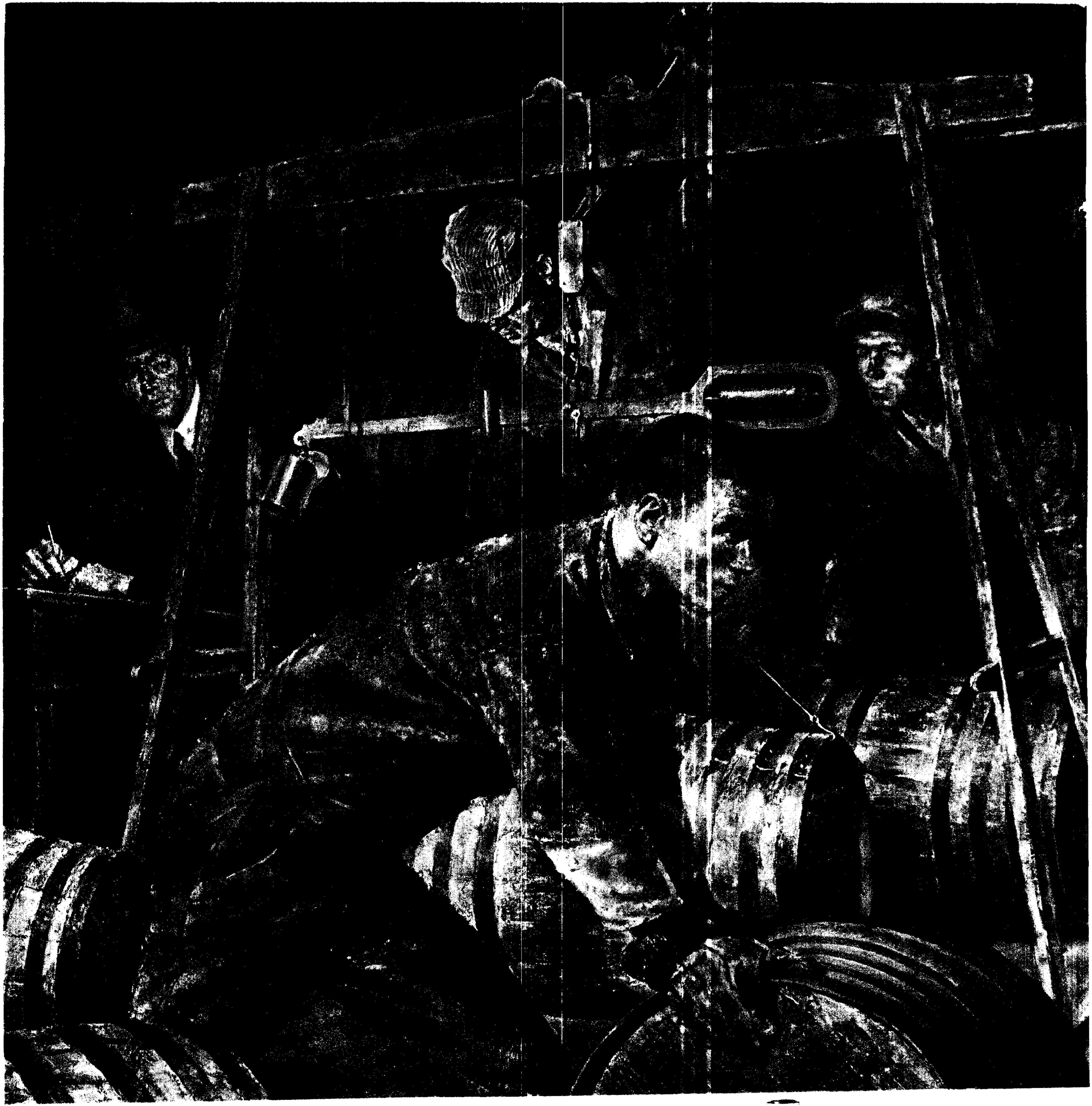

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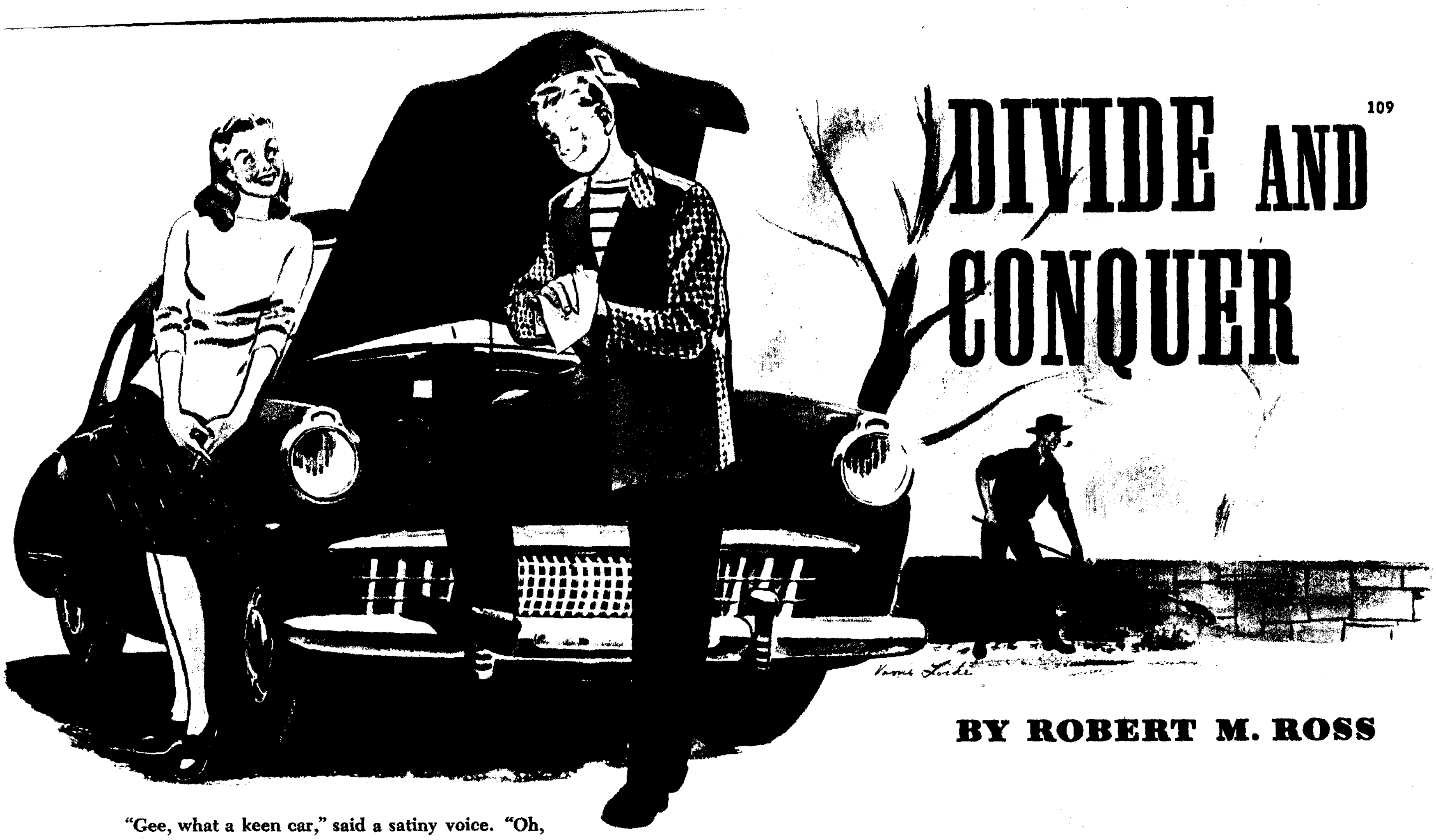

DIVIDE AND CONQUER

BY ROBERT M. ROSS

"Gee, what a keen car," said a satiny voice. "Oh, hello, Greta," said Danton trying at nonchalance

DANTON stared glumly at his reflection. A chromium goddess perched on his shoulder and a stainless steel strip glistened in his hair, but the adornments failed to brighten his disposition. He turned away, kicked viciously at a dandelion head and entered the house.

"Dad," he began.

His father was reading a paper. He didn't look up. He merely uttered a sharp and unequivocal, "No."

"Aw, Dad," Danton persisted. "Just around the block."

Mr. Wentworth crumpled his newspaper noisily. "For the two hundredth time I'll admit you are an excellent driver. I'll admit that Mr. Partridge might have backed into anyone last spring, particularly into anyone who was parked where you were. I'll admit speeding tickets in the past have occasionally been issued unjustly. I'll admit that anyone afflicted with absent-mindedness could, with intense concentration, try to drive in a garage without first opening the door. I'll admit anything you say. But for the two hundredth time you aren't going to get your hands on that car until we've had it a while."

Again the printed barricade went up. Danton sighed. Further frontal attack appeared useless.

They had liver for lunch. Danton ate three helpings.

During peach pie he broke his studied silence. "You'd think we'd never had a new car before," he said, addressing his mother.

"I've told you, Danton," his mother said gently. "It's your father's automobile and whatever he says goes."

"I'll bet he wouldn't even let you drive it," Danton ventured.

Mr. Wentworth sniffed greedily at the bait. "Fortunately," he said, "your mother does not drive."

"If she could, I'll bet she could drive as good as you." Once spoken, he held his breath. He had only guessed what would come next.

"Being a woman," his father said, on the beam, "I seriously doubt it."

Danton switched his eyes anxiously to his mother, like a spectator following a tennis serve.

"Frank," she said. "I don't feel that's being fair. Lots of women drive as well as men."

"Yes, and lots of them don't. That's why mechanics can smoke fifty-cent cigars."

"Look at Mrs. Crampson," countered his mother. "She always drives their car."

"You look at her," Mr. Wentworth jeered. "Look at the scuff marks on their tires, too. No, sir, women are only partly conscious when they're driving. They're too busy thinking about bridge, or hats or something."

"Well, I can't say you're perfect," Mrs. Wentworth responded tartly. "What about the car you hit going to Chicago?"

"It was all his fault and you know it."

The argument was showing fire. Danton tossed in a log. "He's just being selfish when he says that." The remark didn't quite fit in, but no one noticed.

"I believe Danton is right," snapped his mother. "There's such a thing as being too fussy about your precious car."

"I only asked to drive it around the block," reminded Danton in an aggrieved tone.

Mr. Wentworth arose angrily from the table. His words were for Danton but he glared in the direction of his wife. "All right, drive around the block. I'll do better than that. I'll give you half an hour. But don't figure on a precedent. You are definitely not taking a brand-new automobile to that dance Saturday night.". . .

Danton handled the car with all of the tenderness of a mother wheeling her first-born. There were several guys he would have liked to hunt up, but showing off involved risk and this was strictly a business trip. He sacrificed even a potential pool of admiration in the high-school yard as he carefully circled the town and stopped in front of a rambling house. Here he climbed out and lifted the hood.

Poking at distributor wires had become slightly monotonous when he heard expected footsteps behind him.

"Gee, what a keen car," said a satiny voice.

Danton emerged from beneath the hood with a try at nonchalance. "Oh, hello, Greta," he said. "Just checking over the spark plugs. You got to watch spark plugs in new cars like this one."

"It sure is keen." Greta seemed in a rut but Danton wouldn't have known. With girls like Greta he never paid much attention to what they said.

"I want her in good shape for the school formal."

"Are you really going to drive that, Saturday night?" She put plenty of meat on her "that."

"I guess so. Got to get some miles on her."

A radiant, practical smile suffused her wonderment. "Who's going with you?"

His pulse beat soared. She dazzled him. "I haven't decided yet," he managed.

"Well," said Greta archly. "I was going with Jimmie Reynolds, but I've been so many places with him that I don't think he'd care if I went with somebody else."

"How about going with me?" he demanded bluntly.

"In that car?" Greta bubbled. "I'd simply adore it."

THE daze in which Danton was traveling had nothing to do with the accident. He had come to a full stop at Elm and Fisher when a truck swung too snugly around the corner, nudged him with its jittery rear and careened on its way. The jolt was light, but acute tremors bounced along Danton's spine. He sat stunned, too paralyzed to move.

At length, drawing on some heritage of courage, he eased out the door. The side of the left front fender carried a cup-sized dent and three fingers of scratches were etched where the truck's tail gate had swept by. Materially the damage was not great; spiritually it was catastrophic.

He had not settled on the details of his explanation when he reached home. His father's feet were chewing the lawn. He jerked open the front door and slid across into the seat which Danton vacated.

"You're twenty minutes late," he growled. Before Danton could speak, he had driven away.

Danton went miserably to his room, got some stationery and commenced to write. His first version started off, "Dear Greta," and said: "As much as I regret being called out of town . . ." The second version dealt with illness in the family, which he diagnosed vaguely as "something like cholera." He was on his third, describing his decision to forsake social life for the good of the team, when he broke off in panic. His father had parked outside and slammed indoors. His shouts exploded from the lower floor.

"Ruined!" he screamed. "Utterly ruined!"

Danton heard his mother rush from the rear of the house. "What is it, Frank?" she gasped.

"The left front fender, ruined."

His mother sounded disgusted. "Is that all? Can't you have it fixed?"

"Of course, I can have it fixed," Mr. Wentworth stormed. "That isn't the point. I was crossing Wayburn Avenue, perfectly in accord with my legal rights, when Old Man Sowders barged into me. With all the battered wrecks in the streets, why in heaven's name did he have to pick on the newest car in town?"

Danton quit listening. He happily tore up Version Three and reached for his golf clubs. He still didn't know about Saturday night, but he wasn't worried. His mother would be solidly in his camp and, besides, the Wentworths' car wasn't new, any more.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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THE STAR LAKE MURDER

Continued from page 93

"Aren't we going to play bridge?" Mimi asked innocently. "It's one no-trump to you, Dort."

"I don't care if it's seven no-trump," Dort said. "Give with the gory details, Mimi, honey! We only know what we read in the papers."

"Do they know yet that she was really murdered?" Sadie demanded. "I mean, people are always drowning in lakes and places."

Mrs. Jordan nodded knowingly and decisively, clasping plump, white, freshly manicured hands under her chin. "She was murdered, all right. Isn't it awful? Her pictures were quite attractive."

"Too fat," Sadie decreed. Sadie weighed 105 and wore a size nine.

"Oh, I don't know." Jess wore a size sixteen in a "better" dress. "Go on, Mimi."

DORT interrupted: "Were you there when they—that is, did you see the —the remains?"

"Did we!" Mimi groaned. "My dears, it was dreadful, just grisly! Those little bones all covered with green slime and moss and that huge anchor chain . . ."

"Anchor chain?" Sadie sat forward.

"To keep her from floating, you know."

"Well I know *that,*" Sadie said, "but I didn't know what kind of a chain it was."

"Well, it was an anchor chain. The chain and the anchor come with the boats. Alfred and I had one like it in the boat we rented, and I tell you, it just made me think!" She paused as it made her think again.

"Go on!" Dort urged. "Did you see them bring her in?"

Mimi shuddered so vigorously that her chartreuse-flowered hat slipped to the back of her head. "Bring her in! Darling, we saw them bring her *up!* Our boat was quite close when Dickie Ewarts began shouting how he had hooked a big fish, and Mr. Ewarts said he'd land him for him, and Dickie said that wasn't fair, and . . ."

"Mr. Ewarts was the man the newspapers said found her," Sadie said.

"Well," Mimi snapped, "it wasn't Mr. Ewarts. It was Dickie. Dickie's ten. He's a darling. He reminds me of your Bub, Dort."

"Bub is eleven, isn't he, Dort?" Sadie corrected.

"Just," Dort agreed. "Go on, Mimi!"

"That's what I say!" Jess urged. "What difference does it make how old Bub is? Let Mimi talk."

Mimi smirked. "I thought we wanted to play bridge."

"All right," Jess said, "I apologize. I never dreamed you were at Star Lake when it happened. You know how crazy I am about mysteries."

Mimi's forgiveness was swift and gracious. "That's what I said to Alfred. I said, 'Jess is so crazy about murders it's just a shame she couldn't have been here.' "

Jess smiled her gratitude at this piece of thoughtfulness.

"Not," Mimi, said, "that it wasn't just awful. You see, we were right there on the lake, as I said, which was the funny thing, because you know how Alfred is about exercise. I almost had to pry him off the hotel porch even for a little stroll in the evenings, and then this morning when it's almost too hot to move, he's hired a boat before I've even come downstairs. I almost dropped dead before I remembered what day it was."

"What day was it?" Dort asked, obviously not much caring, but knowing Mimi wouldn't proceed until the question was asked.

"Our third anniversary," Mimi preened. "Now, wasn't that the sweetest thing? He wanted us to spend it alone together. He'd planned we'd row out to this little island about a half mile out and have a picnic. He says it's a perfectly lovely spot with a little beach on the far side most people don't know about. I was just sick we didn't get to go, but naturally the police made everybody come in off the lake the minute they got there."

The word "police" revived her audience.

"It must have been terrible for you," Dort sympathized. "I mean, the police."

Mimi's shrug was eloquent of good sportsmanship. "It was one of those things. I didn't mind for me, but poor Alfred was such a wreck he could barely talk. I thought he was going to be literally ill. He's so squeamish, bless his heart."

"He eats tripe," Sadie said. "I've seen him eat tripe."

"That's a very special recipe. French. Anyway, you can't imagine how tense it was. Mr. Ewarts pulled her right up to the surface before he realized. We could have reached right out and touched her. Of course, he knew it wasn't a fish the minute he took Dickie's line, but he thought it was a snag, or some rubbish like an old tire, and he kept joking how he'd been needing a new spare for five years. He felt just awful when he saw what it was. We all did."

Dort couldn't see how they stood it.

"Well, one thing." Mimi was brave. "We thought at first it must be some animal. That's what Alfred thought. He said, 'Looks like you got a dead sheep there, Ewarts. Didn't know you were fishing for mutton.' And then, another thing, she'd been in the water so long she was all sort of—I mean, you don't think of anything that old as being human."

"Five years," Sadie said. "The papers said she'd been dead five years."

MIMI nodded. "Five years in August. Our chambermaid at the hotel said she remembered them, and they seemed such a happy couple. Mrs. Jennings told her it was their second honeymoon, and the night before she disappeared she was all excited because Mr. Jennings had a surprise for her, she said. I guess it was a surprise, all right!"

"What did the maid say about him?" Jess demanded.

"Oh, it was because of Arthur Jennings that she noticed them particularly. He had a beard—sort of a professor's beard—and beautiful manners, and was always so tidy around the room, and so immaculate about his person."

"That sounds like your Alfred," Sadie said, "all but the beard."

Mimi giggled. "Doesn't it though? That's what I said to Alfred, and do you know, he was actually a wee bit sensitive about it! I told him, 'My goodness, honey, I wouldn't change you for the world. I like a neat man.' My first husband was just terrible that way, downright sloppy. All I did was pick up after him." Mrs. Jordan paused upon this remark, added reflectively, "Of course, I was just a girl when I married him, and he was a wonderful provider."

The girls accepted this addendum with appropriate reverence, having frequently speculated on how the Jordans "did it" on what Alfred made.

"Another thing that will just kill you, Sade," Mimi went on, "is that this Arthur Jennings was just like Fred about his hands, always washing them and trimming his nails. The maid said you could tell in a minute he'd never done a day's hard work with them in his life."

"Soft and white and graceful like a woman's. That's the type," Jess confirmed, drawing on her familiarity with the detective story.

"Just think," Mimi said, "there was that poor little woman all in a romantic mood, and in love with him and all . . ." She broke off abruptly to look determinedly on the bright side. "Well, anyway, girls, it *was* exciting, gruesome as it was. Mr. Wister didn't have a single clue to start on, poor man, until this dentist down in Le Rond—that's where the Jenningses lived—recognized her teeth and wired Mr. Wister."

"That's the detective?" Jess suggested.

Mimi nodded. "And the sweetest man. Alfred and I were both crazy about him. I don't think I ever could have made Alfred stay on if Mr. Wister hadn't been so pleasant and seemed to sort of depend on him—on Alfred, I mean. At first Alfred was all for coming straight home. I simply put my foot down. Why, you couldn't have dragged me away! Here it was sneer coincidence we didn't miss the whole thing. If I hadn't sent Fred back to the hotel after sandwiches—if that wasn't typical of a man, planning a picnic and not a thing in the boat to eat—we'd have been out to the island by the time they found her. I told Alfred I just couldn't help feeling we were *meant* to be there. He said he guessed maybe I was right. And another thing, girls, believe it or not, the minute I stepped into that boat that morning I knew just as well as anything something was going to happen. I get that way sometimes. Naturally I never dreamed what it was, but I had a funny nervous feeling, and I almost told Alfred I thought we shouldn't go, except I knew how disappointed he'd be. I don't claim to be psychic or . . ."

"They say," Dort steered firmly, "nobody in Le Rond was a speck suspicious when Mr. Jennings came home without his wife."

Mimi took the hint without resentment. "Why should they be? He was real clever about it. He told their friends Mrs. Jennings had decided to stay on in Peterville for a while. She was subject to hay fever, and you can't imagine the relief you get at that altitude. Later on he pretended she'd phoned him to say her sister had passed away in the East and she was going back there. He acted perfectly natural about it. They didn't think a thing when he said he thought Mrs. Jennings would appreciate it if he'd go back too, for the funeral. He didn't try to sell their house in Le Rond for nearly a year afterward. Then when he did, he wrote how he'd found a better position and had this friend sell the furniture and never questioned what he got for it."

JESS, who wanted all details cleared up with last-chapter thoroughness, was not satisfied. "What I still don't see," she said, "is why the hotel staff didn't miss her. The way they talk about how hard it is to get out of a hotel if you owe a bill."

"That was the beauty of it! Arthur Jennings was there to pay the bill. He told the hotel Mrs. Jennings had had bad news and had to leave on the late train, so he'd driven her to the station directly from off the lake. They'd gone out on the lake for the day, you see, and it was after dark—in fact, it was during supper when he claimed they came in, which is why the boatman wasn't on duty at the boathouse to see Mr. Jennings come in alone. Mr. Jennings didn't leave the hotel for more than a week. Can you imagine anyone that cold-blooded? There his wife was at the bottom of the lake, and there he was, night after night, sitting on the veranda looking out over the water and smoking his pipe!"

"Cigar," Sadie corrected. "The papers said he smoked cigars."

"Men!" Dort shuddered the sex into one unflattering category.

"One thing," Mimi was comforting. "Mr. Wister says he won't get away with it *this time*. Of course, this isn't out yet and it's strictly *entre nous* and the fence post, but it seems there was a case down in Texas they think Arthur Jennings was connected with. He was calling himself Ambrose James then. The jury acquitted him, but they still have the fingerprints and all. His wife was supposed to have taken poison by mistake. Of course, they don't really know yet—that it was Mr. Jennings."

"Well, then they're pretty dumb!" Jess was contemptuous. "Ambrose James—Arthur Jennings. Same initials. They always do that."

Dort gasped. "Then he's one of those fiends, a real fiend."

"It's all psychological," Jess explained. "That's what they always prove in court when it's multiple murder. It's psychological, and then they get acquitted."

"It just doesn't seem fair," Sadie said. "If my Tom murdered me, I know darn' well I'd want him to hang for it."

"Wouldn't we all!" Dort said.

MIMI smiled. "I know, girls, but we just don't realize. I mean, however much they say about what a nice woman Mrs. Jennings was, I don't think she could have been a really good wife. Husbands just don't go around murdering good wives, do they? So I guess all of us are safe enough."

"Well, I should hope!" Sadie agreed vehemently.

"Alfred and I have been ideally happy," Mimi said. "I know how everybody talks about second marriages, but it isn't true. I know you all think it's been my money, but it hasn't been. Not a bit of it. He wouldn't touch it. I've kept saying to him, 'Alfred Jordan, I thought we agreed marriage was supposed to be fifty-fifty.' 'Did we?' he'd say. 'You know darn' well we did,' I'd say. 'My money's as much yours as mine.' 'I don't want it,' he'd say. 'I don't say I couldn't use some of it on this deal I've got going, but you keep it, Mimi.' And I'd say, 'Well, you'll just get it all when I'm gone.'"

"Look." Jess seemed embarrassed. "Why don't we play bridge?"

Mimi ignored the interruption. "Alfred said, 'Don't say that, Mimi! Please, hon, don't say that sort of thing.' He *is* sensitive!"

"I'll review the bidding," Sadie offered.

"You don't get to know Alfred until you've lived with him," Mimi insisted. "He's such a lamb, but he is sort of impractical. He wasn't at all well when we got home from Peterville, but he insisted on going off on this Chicago trip, sore throat and all. I said it was smoking some awful old Christmas cigars, but he said it wasn't. Well, I just went ahead and had some of that prescription gargle made up for him anyway. And then I got it all packed to send him and thought I'd telephone to let him know, and it turns out he isn't at the Drake or the La Salle, so now I don't know what to do. Hotels are really the limit! At the La Salle they said, 'There's an Albert Jurgen registered, madam.' And I said, 'What good does that do me, please? I'm inquiring for Mr. Alfred Jordan.' They didn't have a word to say to that."

"I'll review the bidding," Sadie offered again.

"I wouldn't be worried at all," Mimi said, "but Fred was carrying quite a lot of money. He needed cash to close this Chicago business and the banks weren't open, so I made him let me endorse a couple of bonds. It came to more than—well, quite a lot of money."

"You opened with a heart, Mimi; Jess said a spade, I said one no," Sadie said. "It's one no-trump to you, Dort."

"What I mean is," Mimi persisted, "you hear about such awful things happening to people in Chicago."

THE END

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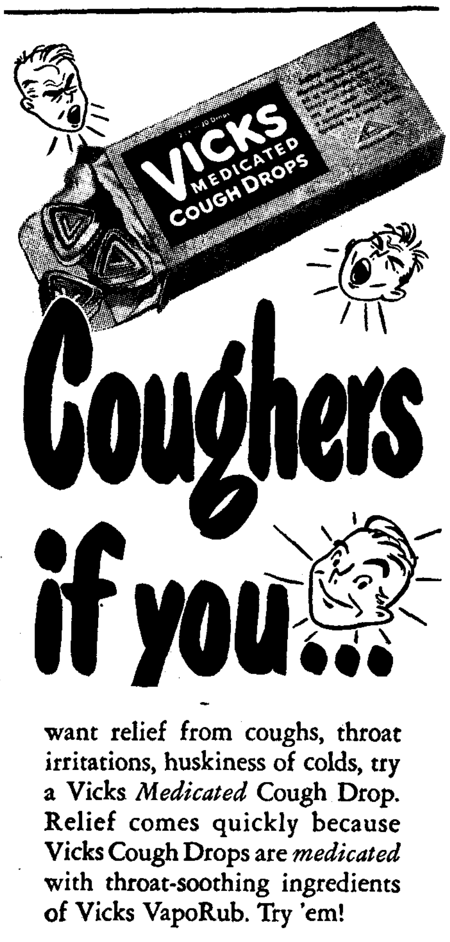
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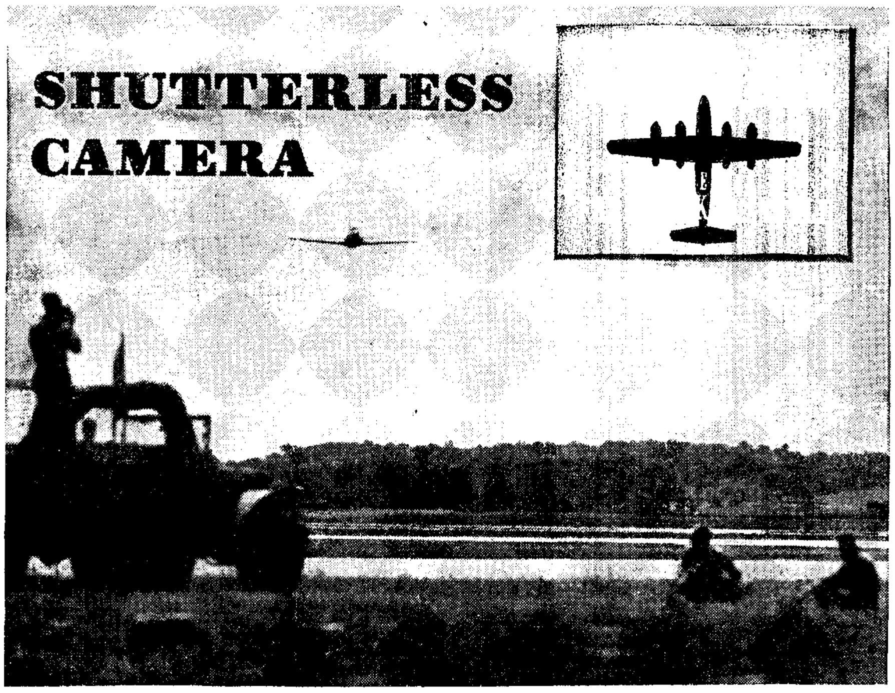
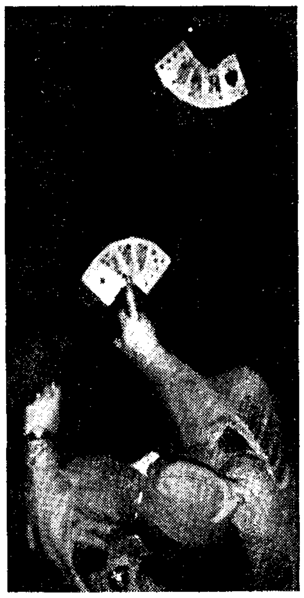
SHUTTERLESS CAMERA



Making its run at nearly 450 mph at an altitude of about 200 feet, a P-80 with strip camera photographs the men at right above. Card-game photo at left is a blowup of ¾-inch-square image



THE photographer, who said he had a very fast camera, stood in the middle of the runway at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, anxiously scanning the sky for a Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star that was to come swooshing across the field. Suddenly, there was a tiny, shiny speck in the east. The cameraman steadied himself. Seconds later the silver streak flashed by like Superman across a cartoon page.

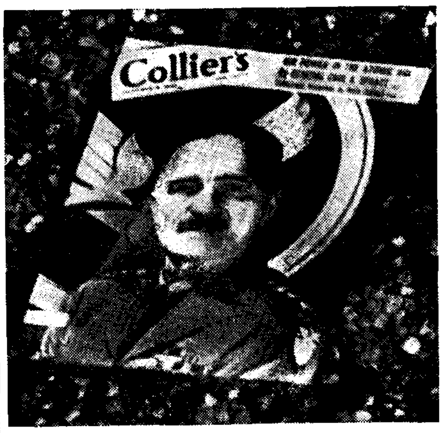
Click went the camera's high-speed shutter, and the photographer—one of the best in the Air Forces—turned to the small group near by with a proud, satisfied grin. "Got it," he said.

Later, the sleek airplane appeared as a slightly blurred three-quarter image on the enlarged photo print. Except for a few fuzzy lines the camera had "stopped" the speeding plane as it flew 200 feet above the field.

But the miracle "shot" was one made from a camera in the plane itself. Mounted in the nose of the P-80 was a continuous-strip high-speed shutterless aerial camera. Before he started the low swoop over the field, the pilot pressed a button on his control stick and supersensitive film began whirring across the open slit in the camera which enabled the lenses to record everything below—the tiny wires bordering the field, the tar strips between the concrete runway slabs, our busy photographer on the ground, even the buttons on his shirt. And when this strip film was processed you could see all of these details clearer and sharper than on the picture of the plane itself made with the ground camera.

Furthermore, someone had placed an issue of Collier's on the runway. They blew up this part of the negative and made a print from it and here it is, a reproduction of the photograph of General Carl A. Spaatz, chief of the Army Air Forces, which appeared on the December 8, 1945, cover. That's an example of the progress made in aerial photography since the Army first made pictures from an airplane at College Park, Maryland, in 1911.

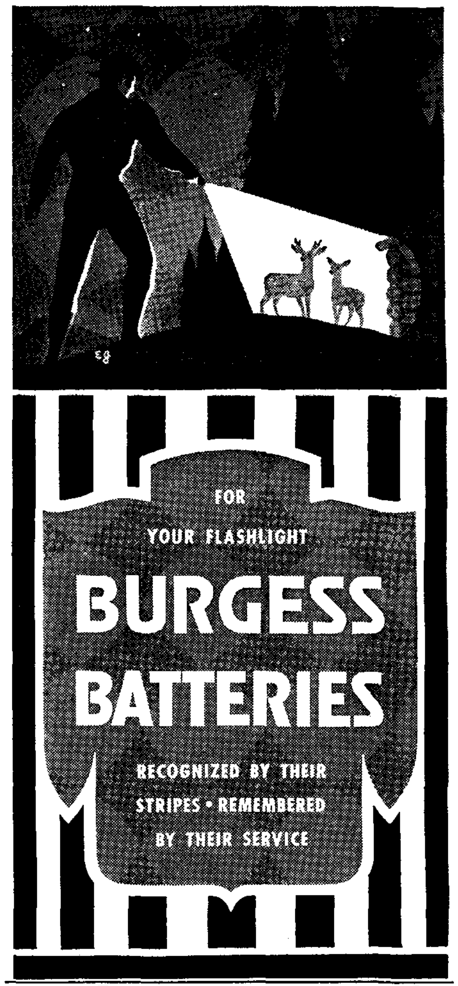
At same speed and altitude the shutterless camera photographs a magazine placed on the gravel road



Colonel George W. Goddard, chief of the AAF's aerial photographic experimental program at Wright Field and pioneer of the art of taking pictures aloft, says that "the day is not far off when we will be able to take photographs from airplanes or guided missiles flying at speeds far and beyond the speed of sound. The camera is ready to do the job now; we're just waiting for the aircraft that will fly that fast. We will be able to put camera platforms 12 miles in the sky and, with the aid of high-power telephoto lenses, take a picture of your car parked out front and tell you the make and model."

Already Goddard's engineers, who for years have been perfecting the aerial camera at the risk of their lives—flying in superfast planes at all altitudes in all kinds of weather, night and day—have some astonishing tricks up their lenses. They can, for instance, with a modified P-80 photo plane, map a strip of territory 25 miles wide from Tallahassee to Toronto in about two hours time. Flying at 30,000 feet at a speed of 500 miles per hour, this Shooting Star which is fitted with five special cameras can "shoot" 2,500 individual pictures, one every two seconds—in black and white or color.

But that's just a sample of what you can expect. Say you're a big railroad executive and you want an accurate report of the condition of the line's roadbed from Chicago to Denver. A fast-flying photo plane equipped with a continuous-strip camera can photograph the entire rail strip in a day's time. And there you have it, every foot, every inch of the track projected from stereoscopic strip films onto a screen in front of the board of directors. What's more, they'll give you a pair of special glasses and you can look at the picture and see it third dimensionally. You'll be able to spot with unfailing accuracy a missing spike, a defective rail or a rotted tie.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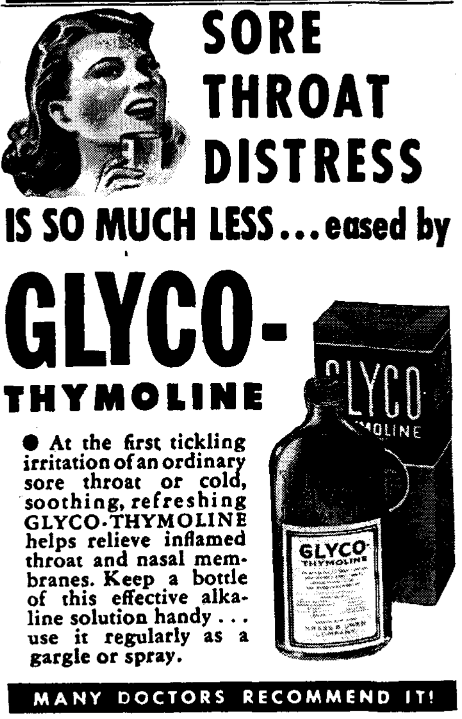
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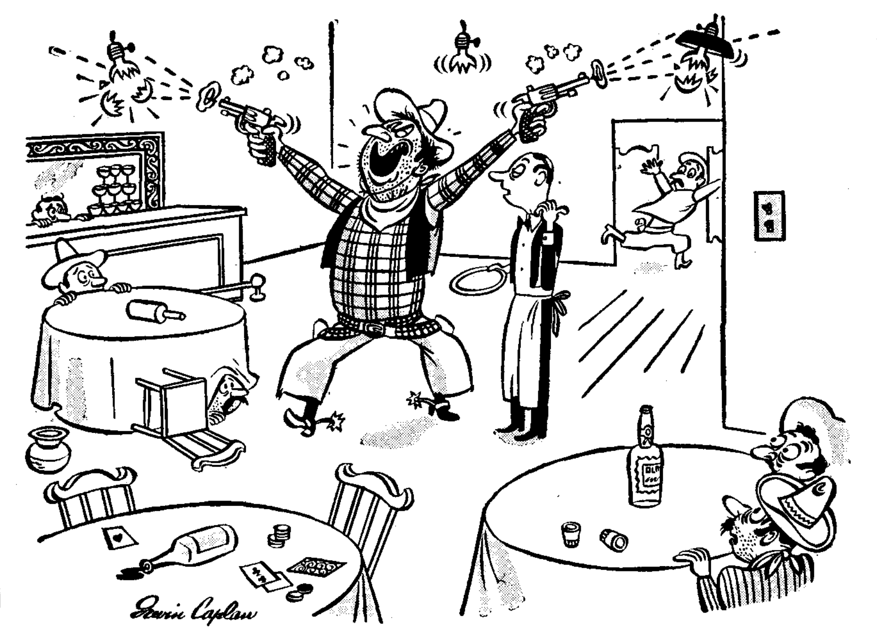


"If the lights are too bright for you, sir, the switch is right over there"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

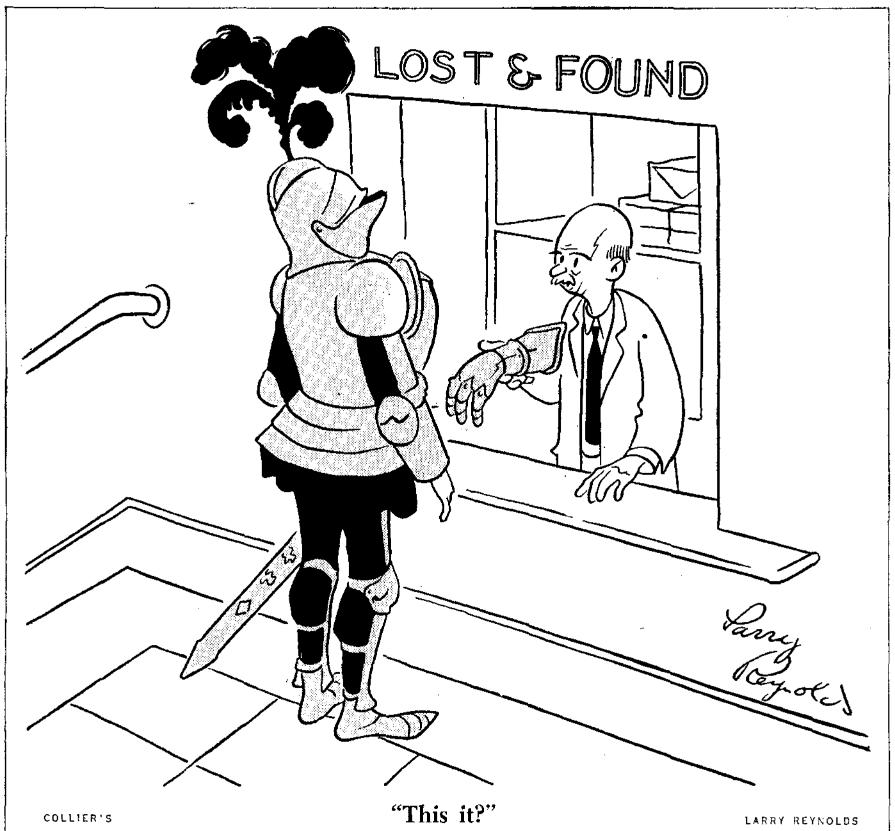
This type of photography isn't limited to black-and-white pictures alone. The strip camera works equally well using Kodak natural-color film.

The secret of such miracle photography lies in a camera that was almost shelved because of its unconventional characteristics. It was beyond the wildest imaginations of some that a camera without a shutter would ever amount to anything. But for a few individualists like Goddard and a handful of others at Wright Field and in the aerial-camera industry, we might still be trying to click a shutter 10,000 times a second to get comparable results.

Imagine you're riding in a streamliner as it slides over the rails at 90 miles an hour. Look out the window and try to count the telegraph poles. Well, an ordinary still camera yields the same blur. Now watch what happens when another streamliner on the track opposite tries to pass your train. For a few seconds the two trains are neck and neck. If your eyes are good you can even read the labels on the bottles in the club car across the way. You've stopped motion with equal motion.

Camera technicians eliminated the shutter entirely and synchronized the film to move across an open slit, 1/20,000th of an inch at a speed equal to the rate at which you whiz by the telegraph poles. The result is, each individual pole makes its own imprint on the negative. Since they already had supersensitive film and excellent precision lenses it was no magic trick to mount the camera in a plane and time the speed of the film over the open slit to a ratio that equalized the speed of the plane.

It took several years to perfect the idea, however, and neither George Goddard nor his engineers claim full credit. Goddard was first to see its potentialities in the airplane; and Fred Sonne, a Chicago aerial photographer of note, contributed so much inventive genius that the camera is called the Sonne Strip Camera. But before Sonne, Lorense Del Riccio and an associate, Russell Vought, both of Los Angeles, put the camera wizards on the right track. Seven years ago, Goddard and Del Riccio modified a 35-mm. camera and installed it in an airplane. Shortly after this, Fred Sonne came into the deal and the combination of his ideas and Del Riccio's, plus some ingenuity on the part of the technicians at Wright Field, produced today's camera. DOUGLAS J. INGELLS



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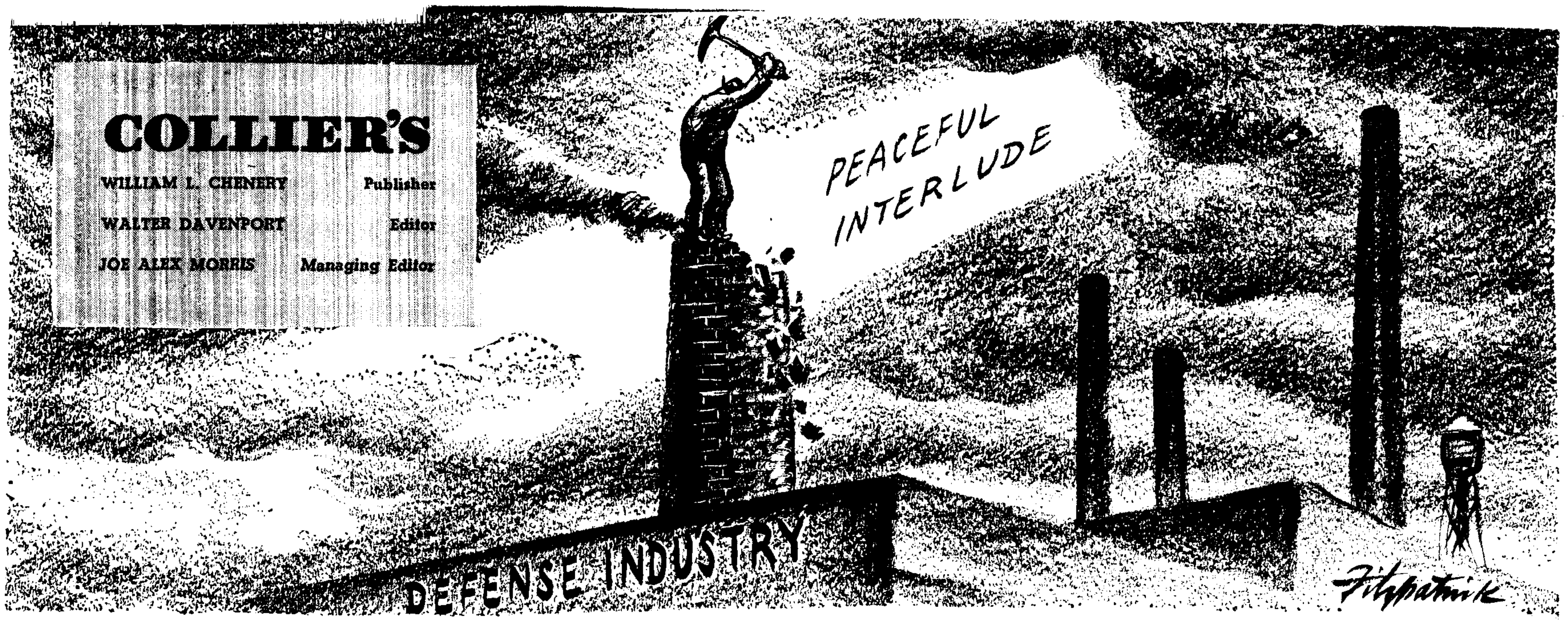


HEY! WAIT A MINUTE

MAYBE we're mistaken—hope we are—but we seem to detect the beginnings of the rebirth of a between-wars state of mind which cost us, in World War II, perhaps a couple of hundred billions of dollars and 200,000 good American lives.

Wartime scandals are now being uncovered. Part of the Garsson story has come to light. The Mead Committee went out of its way a while ago, it seemed to us, to plaster grave accusations on two of our most eminent wartime service chiefs, General Brehon B. Somervell and Admiral Ernest J. King. There has been a good deal of half-baked chatter about the alleged failures of the famous 4.2 mortar, or goon gun, in action on various fronts. All this is right and proper in its way. We wouldn't want to be misunderstood as urging that any wartime profiteer or grafter, civilian or military, be allowed to escape his just deserts.

What worries us is the fact that we went further than that after the previous war. We let ourselves be kidded and cajoled by pacifists, radicals, foreign agents and kindred ax-grinders into thinking that anybody and everybody connected with making or using implements of war was necessarily an antisocial character who was bent on selling more and bigger wars to the human race. The "merchants of death" notion ran rampant in this country in the 1930s, and in the British Empire.

That notion was meat and drink to Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese ruling caste. These people inferred from it not that we were a peace-loving people bent on rubbing war out of the world, but that we were decadent slobs who were too weak and cowardly to fight. They got the same impression of the British, Australians, South Africans, etc.

In this sense, we invited World War II. We won that war in the long run, after mortal effort and at huge cost. Had we been realistic in those years between the wars—had we recognized that the armorers had their place in a world which had not abolished war—we could most likely have saved much of that effort and that cost when war came.

Nowadays, the rulers of another powerful nation—Russia—are preaching a variation of the Hitler-Tojo-Mussolini doctrine of the democracies' decadence. This variation has it that capitalism, our brand of democracy, is doomed.

We can encourage this crowd to try to take us, just as we encouraged the Axis powers, by falling once more for the "merchants of death" nonsense, and by once more reducing our armed strength below the safety *minimum*.

We can best hope to avert a fighting showdown with Russia by keeping our defenses strong and our war-research activities up to date and well financed. As long as Russia is aware that we can and will fight if attacked, Russia will be unlikely to attack us—and if Russia or any other nation does attack us, we'll be in shape to defend ourselves.

We've learned this lesson twice, the hard way, in the 20th century, and have forgotten it once. Are we going to be foolish enough to forget it again?

EXPERT TESTIMONY

HERE'S a recent United Press news dispatch, from Columbus, Ohio, which writes its own editorial:

> The Woman's Christian Temperance Union does not seek the return of prohibition, its president, Mary B. Ervin, said here today.
>
> The temperance leader said the W.C.T.U. wanted to encourage total abstinence from use of alcoholic beverages, but that "we have tried prohibition and it is not the answer for the W.C.T.U."

To which we can only add that it proved to be not the answer for the American people, after 13 years' trial of federal prohibition.

Prohibition simply does not prohibit, and cannot, as long as human beings continue to be human beings.

And now, if the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals would wake up to this fact of life as completely as Mrs. Ervin of the W.C.T.U. has done, it would be a great blessing to our great country.

PLAIN PEOPLE CAN BE HEARD

ONE of our current heroes is William G. Williams, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Williams is the plain citizen, without political or other pull, who got mad when Tito's thugs shot down those U.S. planes in Yugoslavia. Williams got mad because he read in the paper at the same time that 80 ice-making machines were being got ready for UNRRA shipment to Yugoslavia.

He climbed on the office telephone, and began shouting angry messages at various government agencies. And in due course he got the shipment halted.

There's no argument here about the human obligation to aid the needy and suffering anywhere. The point we're getting at is that this average citizen was able to make his indignation known to public officials who needed to know about it. Not wishing to brag, but it wouldn't happen in Yugoslavia or Russia, while it did happen here.

If you're a plain citizen with a legitimate squawk about some piece of public business, you can most likely get yourself heard, too. Just write, phone or wire the kick to the person or agency that you think is responsible. Don't waste words. Give your name and address. Request an early and specific reply. If you don't get prompt action, repeat the process; let them know you're no quitter.

We're talking, of course, to substantial citizens; not to the group known to the Secret Service as pin wheels or hooples, who fly off in all directions at the slightest provocation and write wild letters to public officials, generally the President.

The average responsible citizen with a legitimate complaint, however, can make himself and his objections heard in this country, as Williams did, if he will only go about it sensibly, and stick to it.

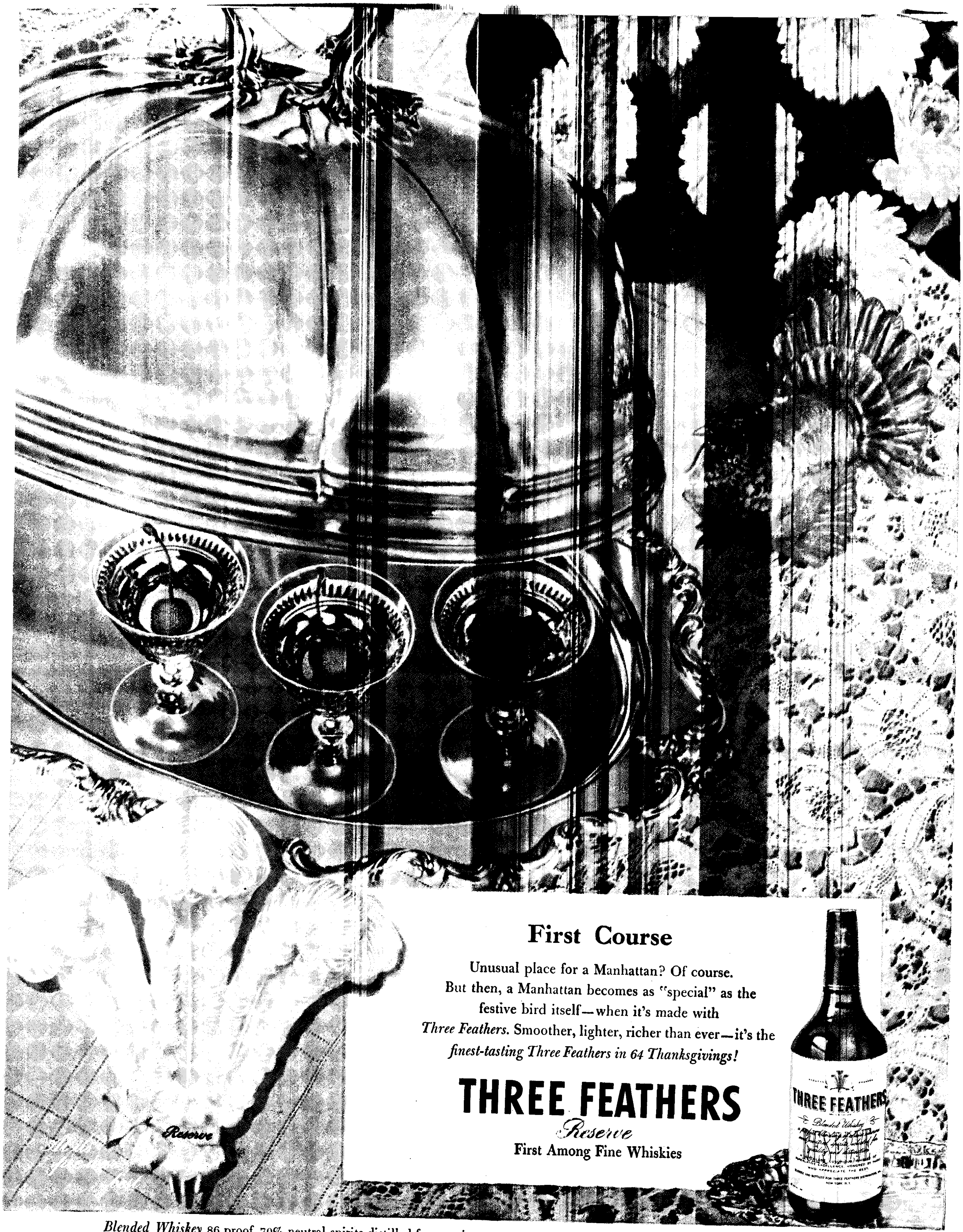
NEWS ABOUT WOMEN DRIVERS

WHEN some man says women make good automobile drivers, it's news. A man who ought to know said exactly that recently, the man being H. O. Carlton, high up in the American Automobile Association's safety department.

The statistics show, Carlton insists, that women by and large are better drivers than men—use their heads more and their muscles less, slow down when they should, and are far more cautious on the road.

We just thought we'd mention this report in passing. All we know of our own knowledge is that we've known plenty of women drivers who were at least as capable at the wheel as any men drivers we've ever ridden with.

If this editorial moves some men to re-examine their own driving habits, and to quit berating the women for theirs for a while, we'll feel that we've done our good turn for the week.



First Course

Unusual place for a Manhattan? Of course. But then, a Manhattan becomes as "special" as the festive bird itself—when it's made with *Three Feathers.* Smoother, lighter, richer than ever—it's the *finest-tasting Three Feathers in 64 Thanksgivings!*

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